Price 15c.

Outdoor America

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

VOLUME 2 JUNE, 1924 NUMBER 11

Gene Stratton-Porter—Zane Grey—Struthers Burt

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Remington Hunting Knife

The blade is shaped right for sticking and skinning and will take a strong, keen edge. Lock back. *Genuine* stag handle, pierced for lanyard or thong. Length open 8⅛ inches.

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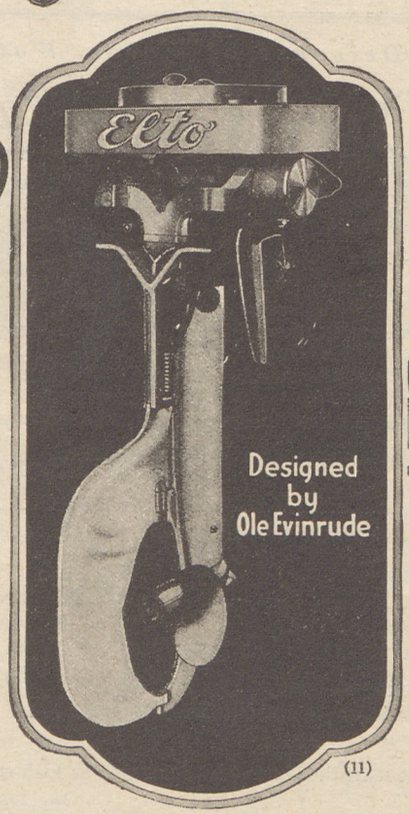

(11)

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3 H. P.

Fastest Light Twin

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Lightest of all Motors for its power. Less than 17 lbs. per H. P. Most compact, balances in hand for easy carrying.

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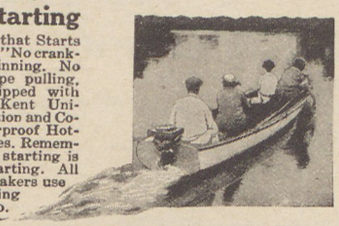

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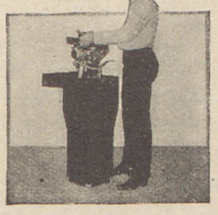

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Extra Long Life

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And Now — Get into the Boat and see for Yourself

GO to the Johnson dealer and "get into the boat and see for yourself." He will be glad to give you a demonstration.

He wants you to appreciate the great difference between the performance of the Johnson and that of all other outboard motors.

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No matter what you think of detachable boat motors in general—no matter what experience you have had with them—no matter what your friends have said about them—do not confuse the Johnson Motor with any other outboard motor you ever saw or heard of.

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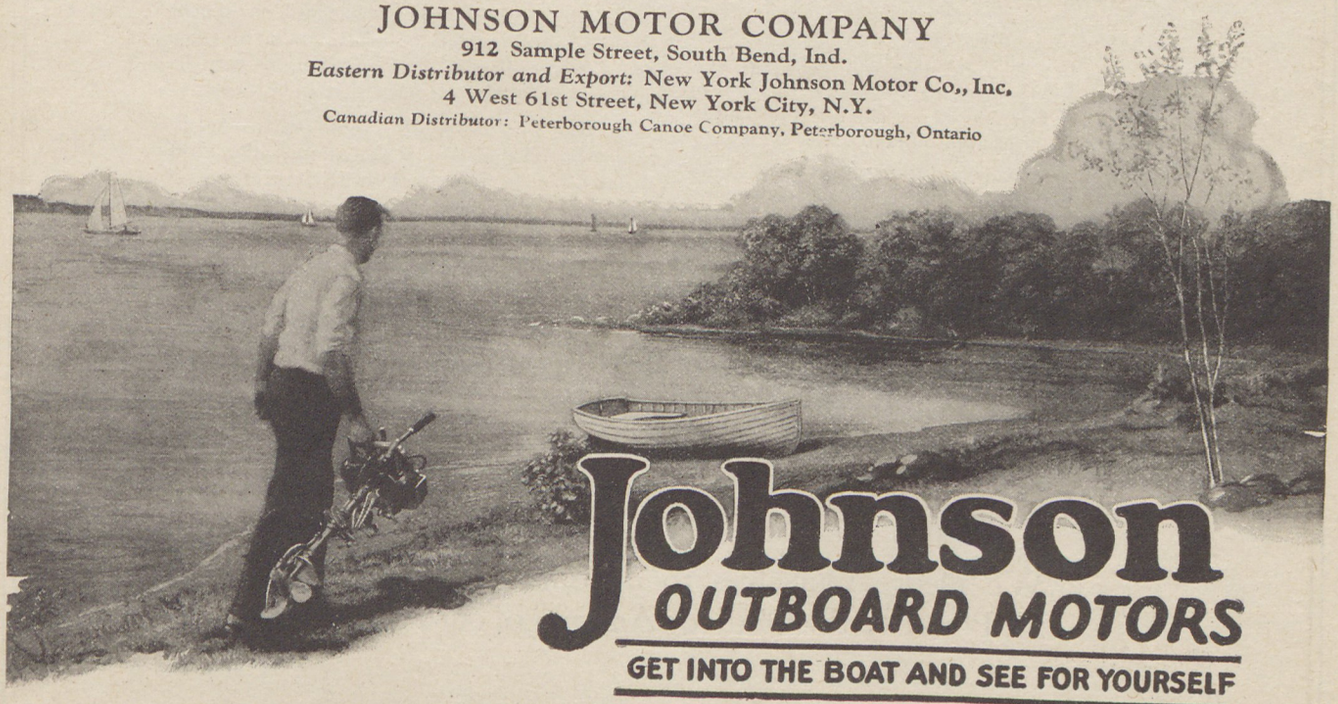


THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though but twenty six months old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

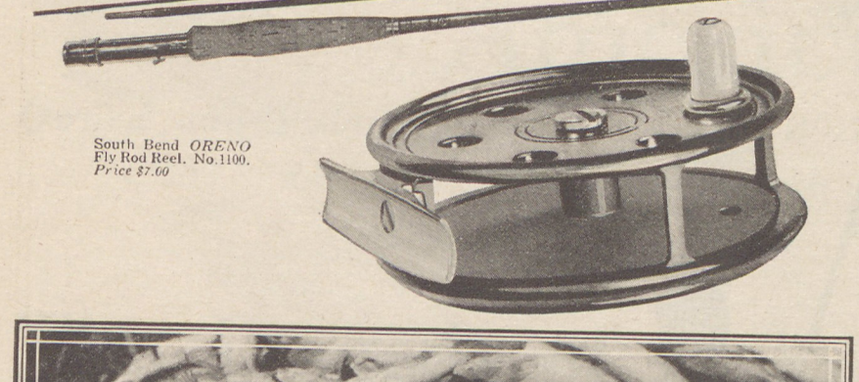
13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

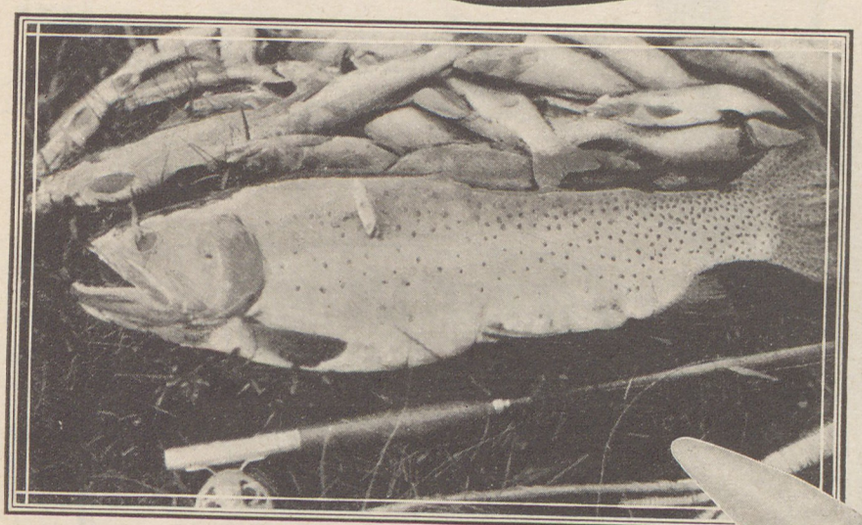
14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

South Bend Split Bamboo Rods are made of the finest A-1 selected, butt-cut Oriental cane. Superior construction insures perfect balance and action. No. 19 here shown is 3-piece with extra tip. (No. 20 is bass weight.) *Price $18.00*

South Bend *ORENO* Fly Rod Reel. No. 1100. *Price $7.00*





for FLY ROD FISHING

From the finest of light, whippy split bamboo fly rods, to the most tempting of fly lures—South Bend Fly Rod Tackle is *complete*, fit to fight an eight ounce or an eight pounder.

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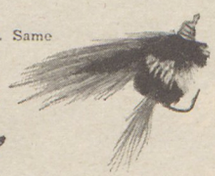
South Bend Enameled Silk Lines — of choicest pure Japan Silk. Six brands, each in all sizes.



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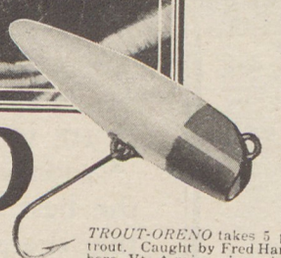
FUZZ-ORENO. a rough body bucktail fly. 12 colors.

SQR'L-ORENO. a squirrel-tail trout fly. In 3 natural colors.



TROUT-ORENO takes 5 pound 11 oz. trout. Caught by Fred Harris, Brattleboro, Vt. A prize winner in South Bend Bait $2,000 Fish-Photo Contest.

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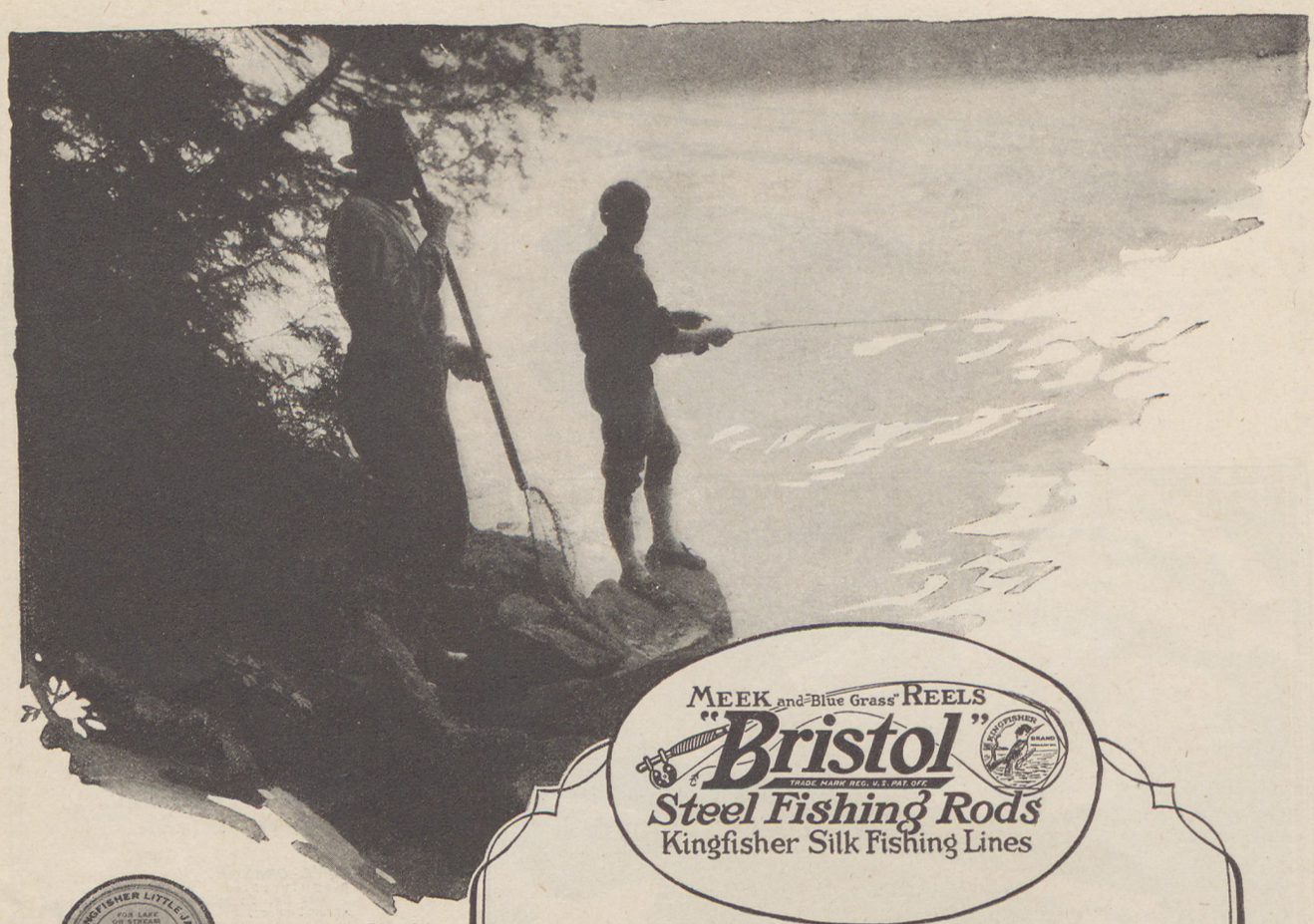

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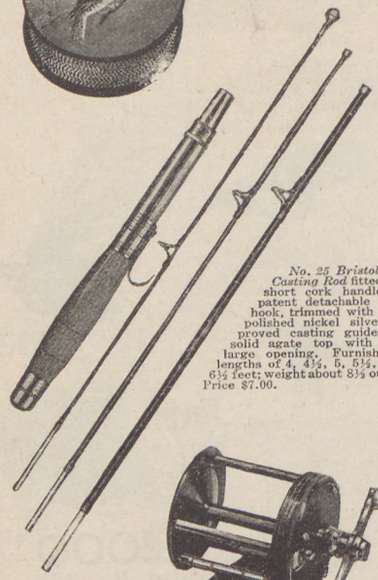
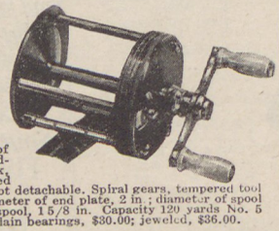
Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines

Kingfisher Little Jap Line. Oriental design: for bait casting where speedy line is desired. May be used for lake and stream fishing, but not for trolling and hard service. No waterproofing. Put up on 25-yard spools, 4 connected, 100 yards in box. Colors: mixtures of black and white. Price per 100 yards 12-lb. test, $2.75; 16-lb. test, $3.25.



No. 25 Bristol Bait Casting Rod fitted with short cork handle and patent detachable finger hook, trimmed with large polished nickel silver improved casting guides and solid agate top with extra large opening. Furnished in lengths of 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6 and 6½ feet; weight about 8½ ounces. Price $7.00.



No. 7 Meek Reel made of watch nickel silver; quadruple multiplier, with click, double handle, new patented oil caps, adjustable but not detachable. Spiral gears, tempered tool steel pivots and stud; diameter of end plate, 2 in.; diameter of spool head, 1⅝ in.; length of spool, 1 5/8 in. Capacity 120 yards No. 5 *Kingfisher* line. Price, plain bearings, $30.00; jeweled, $36.00.

THE name "Bristol" made the steel fishing rod famous. It was the original and is today the best known. So popular has it become that there are many who believe that all steel fishing rods are Bristols. Certainly there must be extreme merit behind such popularity, but on the other hand you must be sure that you really get a Bristol. There is only one.

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DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

The Tragedy of Jackson's Hole

Photographs by
J. T. GRATIOT and DAVE KENNEDY

By STRUTHERS BURT

"Here is a country that can be made the most valuable jewel of its kind in the crown of the United States."

IT is an old saying that beauty and distinction invariably have their penalties, and unlike most old sayings this particular old saying is true. The application fits not only beautiful and distinguished men and women, but beautiful and distinguished countries. The lovers of beauty discover a certain place or country and are rejoiced over their discovery, and for awhile manage to guard their secret, but eventually the news spreads, and other lovers of beauty not so scrupulous or well trained are added to the circle.

Between the intelligent opening up of a country—and almost all will admit that it is only fair that everyone willing to make the sacrifice should be enabled to see a beautiful country—and unintelligent exploitation there is a fine line. That is, there is a fine line in the beginning, although of course in the end intelligent development and unintelligent exploitation are miles apart. America, blessed with untold natural resources, unfortunately has never yet learned the principle of intelligent development. With us it is "whole hog or nothing"; either a wilderness or the most hideous forms of so-called civilization. That development can be made wise and beautiful, retaining all that is best of the past, seems never to have occurred to most of us. In all the world there is no citizen so careless of his inheritance as the American.

Scenery is a business asset. If we don't know that simple fact we can discover its validity by investigating the histories of such countries as Switzerland and Norway and Scotland, and even England, Germany and France. In Germany there is a medieval town named Rothenburg where, if a house falls down or has to be pulled down, it must be rebuilt exactly as it was; in France there is a town named Carcassene where a similar law obtains. But in America we are subject to a curious lack of logic which makes us buy motor cars to see scenery and then permit the destruction of the very scenery we have bought motor cars to see. And we call this progress.

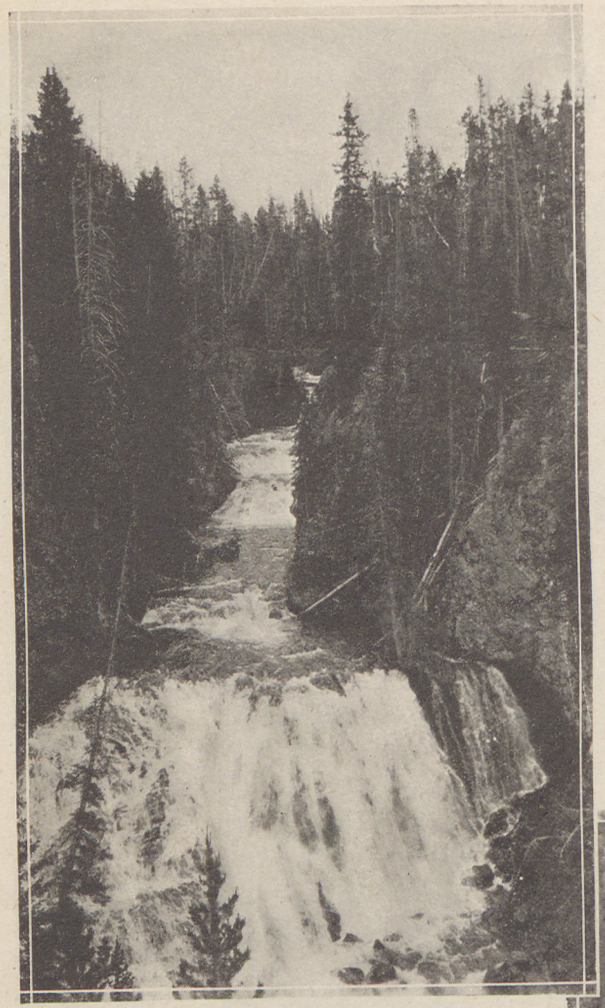
We post our roads with signs so that we can't see the fields, we give no thought to the ugliness of our towns, we cut down our forests, and we pollute our streams. Perhaps when we die we go to Heaven, which is a beautiful place. All right, that is fine, but in the meantime, and in these modern days, only a fanatic will refuse to admit that in the short span of days granted us on this earth we are fools if we do not surround ourselves with all the natural loveliness we can. And remember this, the earth is a lovely place until man enters it, and it can still be a lovely place even after man enters it if he will use a little common sense.

The out of doors, whether it be owned by a government or by an individual, is something held in trust. A man has no more right to ruin beauty, or, on the other hand, prevent other people from seeing it provided they behave themselves, than he has a right to steal money for which he is a trustee. Men cannot live by bread alone, but in America there are still a great many people who think they can.

The circle is narrowing. Opportunities to find some degree of solitude and the unobstructed beauty necessary to man's salvation and sanity are one by one being taken away from us.

And it is not enough to get into a motor car and join a thousand other motor cars on a dusty road.

At the extreme western edge of Wyoming, separated from Idaho by high mountain ranges, lies the loveliest mountain country in North America. I except neither



"Some degree of solitude and unobstructed beauty is necessary to man's salvation."

Canada nor Mexico, for this mountain country I speak of is both spectacular and peaceful. A man can find there immense serrated peaks—The Tetons, The Wind Rivers, The Absorakas, The Shoshones, and he can also find wide shining valleys into which sunlight falls from early morning until late evening. Both Theodore Roosevelt and Owen Wister have called it the "most beautiful country" they know and "the finest camping country."

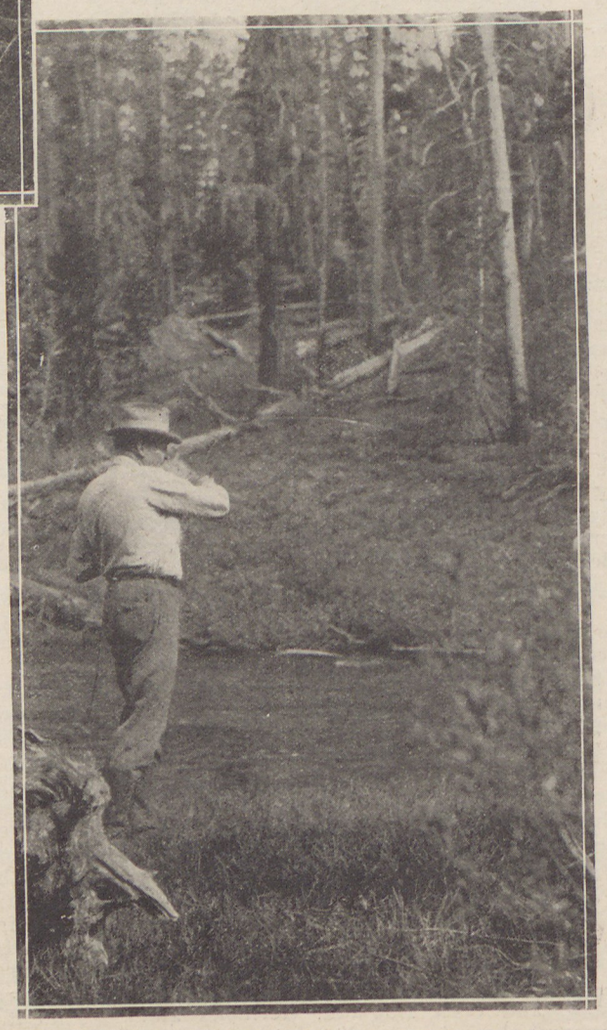
Scenically and for the sports of the wilderness this is an unique country—using that ugly and abused adjective advisedly. Its future should be governed by its own rules. What applies to it does not apply to the average country, even the average beautiful mountain country. And every American should take an interest in this country whether he or she has seen it or not, and, if he or she hasn't seen it, should make up his or her mind some day to do so.

The country has another distinction besides its incomparable beauty. Here—in the Cody country, the Wind River country, the head of the Green River country, and especially in the Jackson's Hole country, to mention all the valleys that compose it—are gathered the remnants of the big-game of America; it is here the big-game is making its last stand. You must remember that most American big-game is not native to mountains. The elk is a plains animal, at one time extending as far east as Pennsylvania; deer, antelope, moose and buffalo are by nature citizens of the open country; only the mountain sheep and the bear belong in the country which now shelters all the species named. The other species, fleeing desperately from their worst enemy man, have found some sort of refuge in the immense forests and spreading canyons of western Wyoming and are still there by their hundreds—a moderate amount of moose and deer, a dwindling supply of antelope, a sadly shattered herd of elk, reduced from perhaps thirty thousand a few years ago to not over fifteen thousand, if that many, at present.

It is not in the least difficult to prove that the country I mention is a distinguished country, but it is extremely difficult to find any men, either private citizens or Government men who have any clearly thought out plans as to what should be done with this distinction. Meanwhile, unless some plan is adopted, and adopted speedily the distinction will be lost forever, and another irreparable tragedy will have happened; another monument will have been built to the folly of Americans.

There are, of course, two sides to every question. Whether philosophically it is necessary for mankind to exist or not, long ago mankind made up its mind that it would, and so there is no use considering any country, however beautiful, as if man and his needs and desires were non-existent. These needs and desires must be considered as perpetual factors; as points of departure. The object of all intelligent progress is to give man all he legitimately should have but at the same time prevent him from performing his favorite trick which is to kill the goose that laid the golden egg—to prevent him from buying motors, in other words, in order to see the scenery and then destroying the scenery he bought motors to see.

Mr. J. T. Gratiot, a trout and a pool at the foot of the rapids.



I will be concrete; I will take my own country. I have given you already some idea of what it is; I will tell you now what is happening to it. Do not forget that here is a country that can be made the most valuable jewel in the crown of the half desert state of Wyoming. Do not forget that here is a country that can be made the most valuable jewel of its kind in the crown of the United States. And what are they doing to it? By "they" I mean many of its own citizens who will not look ahead, and by "they" I mean the governmental agencies who refuse to make any definite or intelligent plans.

One by one, quietly and insidiously, every asset that

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Miss Dorothy Kennedy and "Sheep."

combines to make the country's main asset is being taken away from it. Unless something drastic is done within ten years the timber will be cut, the lakes will be dammed, the game will be destroyed, and there will be nothing left but a dusty crisscross of unnecessary motor roads and barren sheep range. Yes, don't doubt it! The picture is not an exaggeration. And when that time comes the very motorists who once came into the country because of its beauty will not come any longer, but will hunt for another country undergoing the same process of destruction.

Do you think that is a tragedy? I do.

And what is the point and necessity for it all?

Some countries are designed for farming countries, and some are not. Some countries are designed for grazing countries, and some few countries are especially made for tourists and game. If you try to farm in a country where, owing to many conditions you can't, you lose money, and so does every one else. If you try to graze in a country where you can't the same thing happens. But more than that happens. You not only lose money but in the process you inevitably destroy partially or wholly, whatever other assets the country may possess. You wouldn't try to bank in a building designed for a department store, would you? And you wouldn't try to run a department store in a building built for a church.

So here is a country primarily and completely designed for big-game and tourists and yet short-sighted people are trying to turn it into everything from a farming country to a feeder for railway ties and pulp mills. They cannot accomplish the first, they can only accomplish the latter by destroying the country itself.

But it is necessary to go a step further. Even were the actual values of the country as a tourist country realized, and a good many people after all do realize these values, it would still be necessary to use care and forethought in the realization. Nothing is more dangerous than the tourist business stupidly and thoughtlessly handled. The motor car is an excellent thing, and it is here to stay, but it must be controlled or in the end, as I have already said two times before, it will defeat its own ends. If you settle up with sprawling camps and shacks every lake in the wilderness, if you push unnecessary roads up every lovely and sequestered valley eventually you box the compass and have once more a complete wilderness, only this time, instead of a beautiful wilderness, a wilderness of dust and destruction through which all sensible people hurry as fast as they can.

What we in America need more than anything else is the appreciation that moderation in all things is the only intelligent rule of life.

"A mountain country that is both spectacular and peaceful."

If God has made certain countries beautiful and adapted for loneliness by means of high mountain ranges and secluded valleys, then for God's sake let us try to preserve as best we can the primary functions of such countries, and when we have to alter them to changing conditions, alter them with some common sense and foresight.

The problem is not such a difficult one. Mountain countries are especially adapted for solving it. In any heavily forested or high mountain country you can absorb a multitude of people, and give them all they desire, and yet at the same time leave a margin of virgin wilderness for those to whom such a thing is vital. They manage to do this even in such a cramped tiny island as England. But we are generous. We find out what the majority want and since, in the main, the majority want ugliness we supply the majority with ugliness in

(Con. on p. 75)

"A man has no more right to ruin beauty than he has to steal money."

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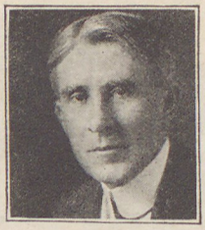
Outdoors *with* Zane Grey



UNDER this heading will appear stories and articles by Zane Grey on a wide range of outdoor subjects. Second only in interest and charm to accompanying Zane Grey on his wonderful fishing, hunting and camping trips are these stories by this world famous writer and sportsman.

THE EDITOR

Birds of the Sea

By Zane Grey.

THE last letter I received from W. H. Hudson, the English writer and naturalist, was written with a death-stricken hand; and therefore the more to be treasured were his words: "I was glad to read about the wild and beautiful birds of your lonely coral reefs."

This message from one of the great golden-mouthed Englishmen made me feel infinite regret that I had not devoted more study and love to birds of the sea, as well as to the fish. And I resolved that I would begin at once to rectify my mistake and make up for lost opportunities.

The birds that inspired Mr. Hudson's letter to me were the boobies and the man-of-war pelicans, or frigate birds. The natives of Yucatan, who took me out to coral reefs in the Caribbean called this huge black sea hawk *rabiahorcado*.

The man-of-war bird preys upon the boobies by stealing their fish, even to the extent of making them disgorge it. These hereditary foes live on the same islands and nest together. A striking provision of nature, however, is manifested in the fact that though the boobie will kill the young of its enemy, the man-of-war pelican will never hurt the young of the bird it preys upon.

The mature boobie is a bird larger than a gull, of an exquisite pure white color, with black tipped wings. He has a long sharp bill. On the wing he is a swift and powerful flier, even stronger than the shearwater of the Pacific. He goes out to sea and returns with a flying fish in his gullet for his young. He sticks his bill down into the wide mouth of his offspring and disgorges the flying fish.

The mature frigate bird is verily the falcon of the sea. He is shiny black with white breast. His sweep of bowed wings reach seven feet across. His tail consists of several long feathers, sometimes folded in a narrow point and at others forked. This frigate bird seems born of the wind. He has the most beautiful flight of any bird I have ever seen. How he sails, floats, soars with never a movement of wings! Like thistledown he rides the wind, yet how perfectly he is master of it. Over the water he glides, sometimes low, mostly high, watching for the return of a boobie. Like a thunderbolt he shoots down. Even the eagle in his magnificent swoop is hardly comparable to this sea bird.

Along the keys of lower Florida the frigate bird is seen occasionally, a smaller bird, not so wide of wing or large of body, yet evidently the same species. His mode of life, however, is different. In

Nesting frigate-birds.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Suggestive of wild, lonely, wind-swept coral reefs, haunts of the birds of the sea.

the Caribbean he preys off another bird; on the Florida reefs he fishes for himself. And he is a past master at the art. Along these reefs his marvelous sailing flight is even more striking than in Yucatan. Miles he covers with never a movement of wing! Then how he wheels, how he darts! I have seen one swoop down to catch a live fish in his bill. He does not plunge down like osprey or fish hawk, or with the plummet drop of the tern; he curves down, swift as light.

One of my boatmen, Captain Knowles, who has lived his life along these reefs, claims the frigate birds devour young turtles. Along the sandy beaches of Cape Sable the big turtles make their nests and lay their eggs, hundreds of them. When these hatch the little turtles swarm out on the sand. Only a few ever reach the water they were destined for. Wildcats, raccoons, and the voracious man-of-war birds seem to lie in wait for this birthday of the little turtles.

ZANE GREY
in every
issue of
Outdoor America

Zane Grey among the boobies on coral reef of Caribbean Sea. The mother of young boobie about to attack.

Nesting boobies on a coral reef. Both unhatched eggs and baby boobies in various stages.

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My Great Day

By
GENE STRATTON-PORTER

This story was published in the October, 1922, issue of the League's magazine, but because of countless assurances that "This was the best bass story I ever read in my life" and of repeated requests to reprint it, we have decided to give our present vastly increased number of reade s this privilege.
THE EDITOR

AS I first knew Indian River it was a narrow, winding, shaded water-way, six miles of unalloyed delight and beauty, no place else to compare with it. On the map it lies near the Straits of Mackinac and connects Mullet and Burt Lakes. There was charm in the shadowy depths of that dark, marshy, old Northern forest, in the rushy, moss covered swamp, in the swiftly flowing water, and the clear, cool air, perfumed with dank odors and the resin of pines. Forests of spruce, cedar, pine and birch locked branches across the little river; the swamp on either hand was scarlet with fox-fire, while curious ferns, mosses and lilies lined the channel. Perfect little cedars, not a foot in height were growing anywhere from one to ten feet above the surface of the marsh, on the trunks of decaying monsters of their kind, that had seen their time, died and lodged at every conceivable angle, in the thickness of the forest in falling. In places the river narrowed until we dodged branches as the boat swept past, and again it widened until the deep, dark pools were lost to sight, in the dim, lichen covered, moss grown recesses of the forest of unfamiliar trees and bushes, where graceful deer came to browse and drink and clumsy bear to eat the berries, fish in the shallow pools and play havoc with the housekeeping of muskrat and beaver. Fancy peopled these spots with dusky painted faces and one could almost hear the water dripping paddle-blades and the twang of the bow-string.

Where the sunshine found an interstice it picked out diamond, emerald and ruby in the glittering bits of quartz that boiled up in the white sand of the river bed with the swiftly flowing current. Green and gold dragon flies with crisp, transparent wings, swayed on the grasses; blue wasps and yellow hornets buzzed past to their conical homes of lint and lichen and overfed, pollen dusted bees hummed by, honey laden.

Like wind-driven thistle down, all through the marsh, forest and about us down the river, now rocking on a sunbeam, now resting on a shadow, now fluttering in aimless flight, were great, golden brown velvet butterflies. Fat flycatchers tumbled through the air, in an insane effort to follow three bugs at once and plump breasted snipe, with sharp dainty bills, tilted stilt-legged along decayed logs and probed the mosses for worms.

King-fishers with the clear cry of freedom in their throats and the purple of royalty on their wings, zig-zagged down the river in front of us and wild ducks drummed the air as they rose on startled wing. Bass, pickerel, mullet and occasionally a sturgeon from the great lakes, shot to and fro affrighted by the boat; muskrats swam for dear life, leaving a train of shining ripples in their wake, turtles drew in their heads and waddled off the logs clumsily, and frogs took graceful flying leaps for the oozy marsh bed, there, feeling secure they drummed in loud defiance. Trout streams came leaping and dashing through the woods and under brush and at the mouth of the little Sturgeon, the black marsh muck was churned into innumerable sharp small prints by the feet of many a graceful fawn and many a noble stag that came down to drink of the clear, cold river water. Coiled on stacks of drying rushes recently thrown up by a dredge used to clear the channel, were big rattlers, blue racers and black snakes and the men of the party peppered away at them with their revolvers.

In the length of the river were several hunting cabins, the most delightful outing places imaginable, built of logs, with stumps for foundations, the walls inside and out covered with guns and rods, bear and deer skins, fish heads, bird wings and every variety of trophy of forest and stream. Boats were tied up at the verandas, for to step off was to go in over head, and eager deer hound, pointer and setter paced to and fro, whining for the chase.

We fished Indian River from end to end with all the luck one could desire and there was one glad, golden day; rich with experience and pleasure, one perfect day, all my own, the best outing day of my life. The Deacon went out and trolling down the river before breakfast, took what he called a pickerel, but it must have been a hoo-doo, for try as he might, not another fish could he land that day. We started immediately after breakfast, the weather was perfect, "One of those Heavenly days that cannot die," and before we had gone a mile I had pulled in a fine pickerel and drifted down on a pair of ducks and had the opportunity to secure a good picture.

A few miles further on, just above muskrat landing, came a great piece of luck. A group of four snipe, on the log chain that held back the marsh, light fleecy clouds above them, green rushes behind, rippling water in the foreground and a strong hazy sunlight off back of us. I took off my hat, set a camera on the end of the boat, lay down beside it and we drifted down on them. I made one exposure, and a second just as they rose in flight. They alighted only a few rods further down and a second time we drifted toward them. That time they stood close together, grouped as prettily as one could have placed mounted birds and I took them once, quivering with excitement, and yet again as close as they were in focus and then the Deacon softly lifted the oars and we rowed away and left them there, **while the joy in our hearts was a high and holy thing,** compared with the feeling any hunter ever could have had over the crack of a shot-gun and the gathering up of four mangled, bleeding little bodies.

We went on to the end of the river, through the old bridge, out across Mullet Lake and landed in the mighty birch forest back of Pikes, where we spent several hours, and the injunction to expose for the shadows had to be held in mind.

Just beyond the old bridge on the return I landed two fine pickerel and when we pulled up at muskrat landing, where the Deacon announced that he was going to stop long enough to land a thirty-pound muscalonge that had been seen there the day before, I turned in the boat to see if a patent minnow with which I had been trolling was coming up free from weeds and there, trailing in after it, not eight feet from the boat were three bass ranging from a little one of two to an old stager of six.

"Deacon!" I cried, "Can you see them? Oh! what shall I do?" and I began lowering the patent minnow among them.

"Pull that minnow out," ordered the Deacon as he handed me my casting rod that lay baited with a live frog beside me; "Lower that frog among them and don't try to take their pictures!"

I took the rod in my left hand and lowered the frog with my right. The smallest bass came up at a graceful curve and swallowed the bait at three gulps. I let it run only forty feet and then rounded it up with a sharp set and reeled it in and the Deacon, waiting with the net landed it. The frog was somewhat dilapidated but I was in a hurry and I lowered it a second time. Then old father Christmas darted from under the dock and caught the frog in the middle. I let him run a good sixty

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feet and then set him and worked him in just as fast as I could for I was in a hurry and there was not time to play. The Deacon scooped him up and had a fresh frog ready and I sat there and manipulated it with my fingers and the third fish took it and I landed it also.

It is nothing unusual to see your fish bite on Indian River or to see half a dozen varieties sail past your boat all the way from a sunfish to a ten pound pickerel or a big sturgeon or mullet, but this was at so much closer range than I had ever taken a fish before that I can only account for it on the supposition that they could not see us for the dock beside which we lay.

I had frequently seen fish take the bait on Indian River before but this made me a record of three good bass, every one of which I had fed the bait with my fingers, as it were, and had seen start on its run. Inside the following two hours I took two more good ones and then we started for the Village. **It was my day,** I was intensely delighted with the opportunities I had had for pictures, I had three good pickerel and five splendid bass and if that doesn't make a fine, large, rosy tinted outing day, what does?

The Deacon stopped and tied up the boat along a corduroy dock a mile or two above the village and although he said nothing, he climbed on the dock and he fished as if fishing were serious business. I sat on the end of the boat and watched a pitched battle between a kingfisher and a raven over a rock bass some one had thrown on the bank. I thought at first the kingfisher would win out but the raven was reinforced by its mate, the very largest specimen of its kind that I had ever seen and that settled it; the kingfisher lost a tuft of his royal crest and fled for safety and the ravens tore up the fish and carried it to the top of a charred pine where four young ones waited the outcome of the fight, open-mouthed and crying.

At last from sheer distaste for idleness, I took up my precious little lance-wood rod and began making lazy casts thirty and forty feet up the river, letting the current carry the bait past the boat and down the river the length of the line, then reeling in slowly and casting again. Presently I had a good rushing strike away up the river, but this time I could not see what I was doing and I failed to hook the fish. I cast a second time with the same result and yet a third with very little hope and got such a strike as very nearly jerked the rod from my hands and despite the drag, the reel hummed like a buzzsaw.

It seemed to me scarcely fair. I had caught all the fish I really cared to take for one day; I had made a record sufficient to satisfy anyone and there was the Deacon walking that dock and working like a deck hand to take just one decent fish before we went back to the village. We had been casting over the same water, with practically the same tackle and bait and there was my reel playing a tune that promised to be the prelude to the fish fight of a lifetime and the Deacon reeling in to be out of my way. It was manifestly so unfair that I entered the fight with very little enthusiasm. When my line ran low on the reel, I thought it time to take in a little as I did not want a stripped reel. It was then that my blood began to warm lightly for I gave my fish a nasty set and made an effort to ply the reel and it was an effort only, for he jerked the crank from my fingers, stripped the reel and cut such monkey-shines away off up the river that I could barely hang on to the rod, while all the line I could recover was when he made a dash my way. When he turned back up the river he jerked the crank from my fingers and stripped the reel repeatedly. The Deacon climbed into the boat and came and stood behind me with the net.

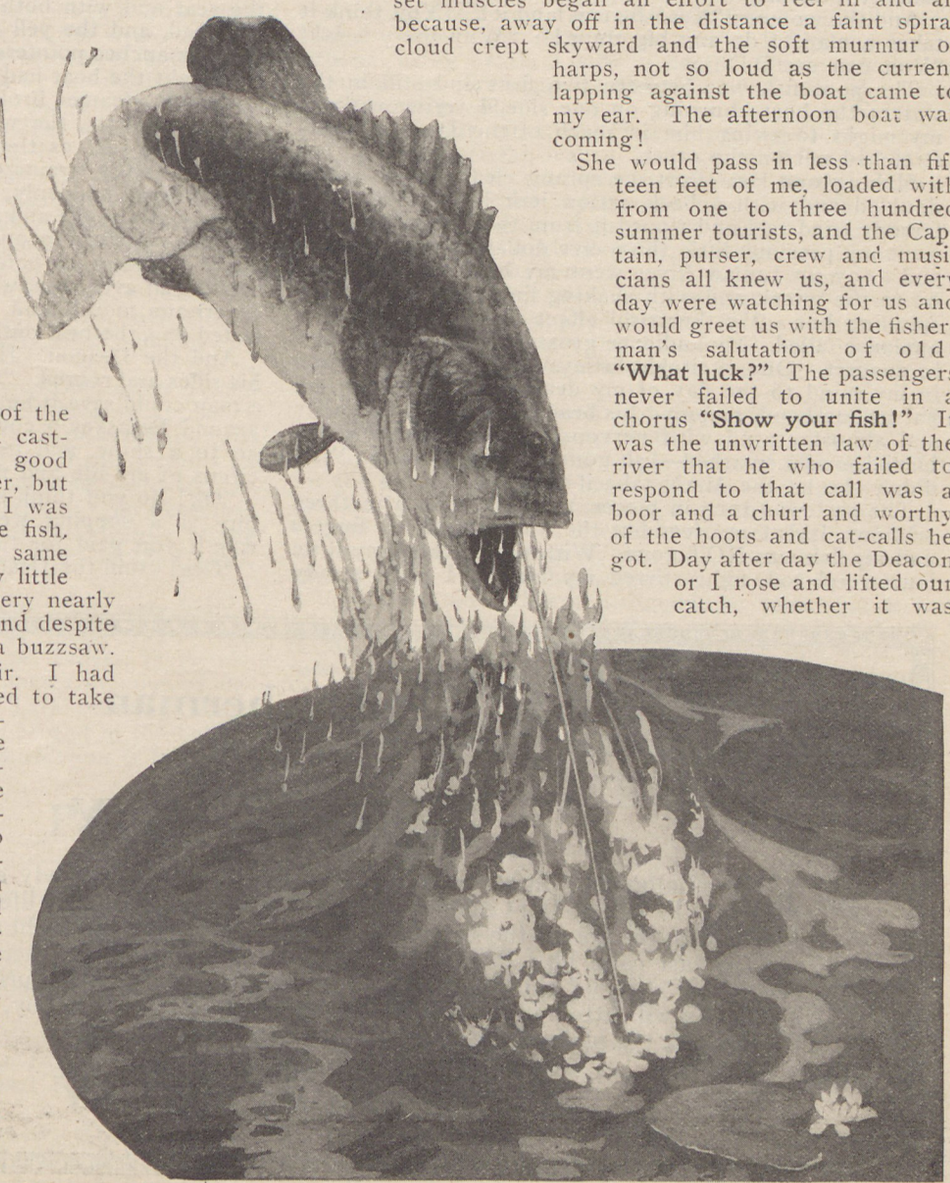
There was a time a few years gone, when I would have asked him to take the rod; latterly I had fought my own battles and since coming to the river I had taken three good fish to his one, so I could not see why I should turn over the battle of a lifetime to him merely because he was a man.

"Can't you keep that crank in your fingers?" he queried.

"No, I cannot, or I would," I replied half provoked, for I knew fish a little bit and mine were hands that could row a boat an upstream pull of miles, and wrists that could manage a spirited team and here I was letting a fish play horse, yes, worse than any horse had ever played with me. For fifteen minutes I worked, the fish stripping the reel with no restraint except the drag and I recovering what line I could when he came my way. Gradually a desire to win was warming my blood and quickening my pulses.

Then in a flash something went to my head like wine and I knelt up on the boat seat, clinched my rod and with set muscles began an effort to reel in and all because, away off in the distance a faint spiral cloud crept skyward and the soft murmur of harps, not so loud as the current lapping against the boat came to my ear. The afternoon boat was coming!

She would pass in less than fifteen feet of me, loaded with from one to three hundred summer tourists, and the Captain, purser, crew and musicians all knew us, and every day were watching for us and would greet us with the fisherman's salutation of old: **"What luck?"** The passengers never failed to unite in a chorus **"Show your fish!"** It was the unwritten law of the river that he who failed to respond to that call was a boor and a churl and worthy of the hoots and cat-calls he got. Day after day the Deacon or I rose and lifted our catch, whether it was



light or heavy, while the jolly tourists laughed and applauded and cameras clicked like bullets in a battle and it was all right. It costs no more to greet three hundred of your fellow-citizens with a smiling face and grant a reasonable request than to show an ugly disposition, and as for being photographed promiscuously, I never failed to place the boat where the light would fall directly on the lens of any camera turned on it, so that was all right too. The boat was coming!

I would execute a coup d'etat, I would land that hardened veteran of the bass family, just as the boat passed. I would show what fishing on Indian River was! If the Deacon wanted to add to the effect by holding up the heavy catch, he could, but I would land the fish; so I endeavored to work him to that end, while the harps throbbed louder and the jarring of the engines was added to the sounds up stream.

The same idea struck the Deacon. "Now here is your chance," he said, "keep him deep and get ready to reel. The boat will drive him right down to you and you can land him for the entertainment of the passengers." It happened that way up to a point. The steamer did drive the fish and I reeled for dear life. The Deacon, net in hand, leaned far out.

The day was fine, there was as large a crowd as I ever had seen on the boat. People went wild with excitement. Fifty men yelled advice and the women shouted and waved.

"She'll never land it!" "No woman has the wrist to land a fish like that!" "Why don't the man take it?" yelled the men.

And the women; "Yes, she can land it!" **"You think it takes a man to do any big thing!"** "Why there it is!" "You can see it!"

The poor fish was between two fires and still in the water; the boat churning on one side, I trying with all my might to swing him in reach of the Deacon's outstretched net on the other.

Making one last effort, he sprang clear of the water, doubled and with a back action jerk he smashed that terribly tried reel and ripped it from the saddle. Crack! went my precious little thirty-five dollar lance wood rod and away up Indian River went my bass, while I hung on to the wreck and with shaking fingers caught at the spinning line. My theatrical effect did not work. The applause failed. My audience groaned one mighty groan in concert. One excitable little man, whom I shall see in my mind to the day of my death, danced wildly, his hat in one hand, mopping his beady brow with the other and almost crazed with nervousness shouted: "Reel's busted—rod's smashed—fish gone—**I told you so!** Why didn't she let the MAN take it?"

The reel was torn in pieces, the rod, broken in three sections, lay at my feet but the line was in my fingers and my fish was NOT gone. With the crack of my little lancewood rod, fight stirred my blood. I grew steady and cool, my heart stopped hammering and my muscles set, but each separate hair of my head struck my scalp like an electric needle. I was possessed with one flash of the spirit that quickens the soul of a warrior or sportsman as he stakes his life for his quarry and I knew in my soul that I would land that fish if I went to the bottom of Indian River after it. Overhand I grimly hauled him in.

Twenty feet from the boat he tried a break, but he was not dealing with a reel. Then he used his last resort. Rushing straight at me a yard, he dashed sidewise into the logs of the corduroy dock built from the river bed up. The line drew tense and, try as I might, I could not budge it.

"Unchain the boat and back it up until I say stop, then hold it firm," I ordered the Deacon, and again I hauled in line.

The bass had entered the logs three feet under water, I could see half of him. There was a good bit of lead on the line to add weight in casting and to hold down the bait in the stiff current, the line was drawn through a crack in a log end and the sinker was firmly wedged into it. Here was another beauty of Indian River made manifest. Any place else I could not have seen the trouble and might have pulled on the line until I broke it and so lost my fish after all.

"Steady now," I commanded the Deacon and then I made the plunge, head first. In a flash the lead was out, one gentle pull with my right, and the fingers of my left entered the bass's gills and my thumb curled into his jaw. I came up dripping but triumphant. I stood on the seat and with both hands held that fish high above my head, **and the yell that I emitted would have given the Comanches pointers for a new war-cry.** One second I thought the boat had gone too far to see me, the next the whole steamer broke out in white, waving handkerchiefs and hats, the whistle blew, cheers sounded distinctly and just as they went from sight came trailing back to us the strains of "Glory Hallelujah."

I sat down suddenly, dripping and panting, holding my fish in both hands and grinned at the Deacon.

After all the big ones don't all get away.

For I held in my hands the fish of my life, the gamiest bass I had ever seen, with glistening back, shining sides, cavernous mouth and it was a golden, glorious, rosy-tinted day, the best outing day of my life!

And the Deacon. He laughed and laughed and held his sides and roared. "Only to think," he groaned, "what a man could save if he knew. I spent fifty dollars laying around Petoskey a couple of days last week, waiting to go to a show, and here I've had a show, the biggest circus of my life and not a cent to pay."

"Oh! do you think so?" I retorted with as much dignity as a sopping wet individual may assume, "what was it you paid for that rod and reel?"

"Gee!" said the Deacon, "I didn't think of that!"

The Fisherman

A Novel by

ZANE GREY

THIS serialization will cover a period of years, and will embody all that any fisherman loves. It will be The Compleat Angler of America told as the life story of an American. The brooks, the ponds, the streams, the lakes, the rivers, the bright unquiet Atlantic main and the vast calm blue Pacific, the South Seas and the cold emerald salt waters of the North! A story of childhood and youth, of manhood and maturity, of mellowing age! Zane Grey will attempt to give the world the meaning of the joy, the beauty, the thrill, the religion, the philosophy, and the soul of angling.

Beginning in JULY

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
Most Famed of Americans on This Subject
Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

Concerning Artesian Wells

By DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Their Agency as a Factor in the Purification, Augmentation and Oxygenation of Polluted Waters

IN one of the early issues of the Izaak Walton League's magazine I alluded to a matter brought forcibly to my mind while trout fishing in the hills near Warren, Pa. It was at the time of the oil furor in that section when numerous wells were sunk, some striking oil, others gas or water, and still others were but "dry holes."

Fishing down a lively creek I came to a small tributary that was strongly impregnated with sulphurous acid gas. Upon investigation I found that the source of the stream was from an 8-inch iron pipe standing vertically about four feet high, with a short horizontal elbow, from which the water gushed forth cool, clear and strong with the odor of sulphur. The constant flow made a little creek for a hundred yards when it entered the larger stream. The stones and rocks of the little stream, also those of the main creek, were stained black by the sulphur water.

Lighting my pipe I sat in the shade of a hemlock while I ruminated upon the possibilities of artesian wells in supplying artificial ponds, and in augmenting the volume of dwindling streams. This was some years before our inland waters became seriously polluted. Years later I was in charge of the Federal Fisheries Station at Tupelo, Mississippi, where the ponds for the propagation of black bass were supplied by ten artesian wells four hundred feet deep. By pumping eight hours per day the flow from a four-inch pipe was sufficient to cause an overflow from the spillway of a pond of two acres in extent.

When the evil days of pollution dawned upon us and the contamination of our streams became so serious a menace, I began to think of the use of artesian wells as a means to help in the purification of our streams by increasing their volume, and by aerating the water as it flowed from the wells to supply the oxygen necessary to animal life. In an article read at the meeting of the American Fisheries Society in September, 1923, I advocated this use of artesian wells.

Artesian wells are of great antiquity; they were known to the Chinese and Egyptians of remote ages. In Europe the oldest known is that at Lillers, in Artois, France, from which province the name artesian is derived. This well was sunk in the 12th century. Wells were sunk in various parts of Europe and in the Sahara Desert. Wherever the geological formation is favorable water may be procured from the inexhaustible "waters under the earth." Artesian wells, some of great depth, have been sunk in various parts of the United States. At St. Louis there are several, one more than 2,000 feet deep, and at least one other between 3,000 and 4,000 feet in depth. Chicago has several varying from 700 to 1,200 feet deep. One in Columbus, Ohio, is more than 2,500 feet. One in Louisville is 2,000 feet in depth.

"In Queensland 500 artesian wells, some 4,000 feet deep, but averaging 1,170 feet, produce nearly 195,000,000 gallons of water daily, and have transformed much country from aridity to fertility. East of the coast range are about a score 13,200 feet deep. Notable artesian wells exist in Europe, one in Schladebach, in Prussia, being nearly a mile in depth. The ornamental fountains in Trafalgar Square, London, are supplied from artesian wells."

Many of our cities and towns procure their water supply from artesian wells. Most of the farms in Mississippi and other southern states now have artesian wells for their water supply, and many artificial ponds are supplied in the same way. The largest eastern tributary of the San Antonio river, in southern Texas, is Salado creek, at one time a small, intermittent stream, but since 1912 has become a permanent, perennial stream, being now supplied by one of the largest artesian wells in that part of the state. This well is on the land used by the Government as a training camp during the world war.

In lieu of what has been said, and in consideration of my experience with artesian wells, I can confidently advise and earnestly urge the employment of artesian wells for the purification of polluted streams, and at the same time to increase its volume and augment the supply of oxygen so necessary for the maintenance of animal life. As the scheme is an entirely new one, never having been advocated by any one but myself, so far as I am aware, it may seem somewhat questionable to some, but it is reasonable, self-evident, and does not admit of a doubt in my opinion. If the well is a flowing one, nothing more is required, otherwise the water must be pumped by a deep water steam pump, or still better, if an electric current is available, an electric motor requires but little attention, and can be operated constantly both day and night.

Pollution in Virginia

MY dear Doctor Henshall:

Noting in Outdoor America that you wish information regarding pollution of inland waterways in the states, I am only too glad, as president of the Piedmont Field and Stream Association of Virginia, to give you all the information I can on the subject as concerns this state.

For the past twenty years the pollution evil as affecting our beautiful inland streams has been growing worse, without any effort on the part of anyone except the sportsmen to correct it.

The chief source, is of course, as in other states, the effluent from industries; principally pulp mills, extract plants and tanneries, as we have very few cities of sufficient size to affect a large stream by sewage. There is one pulp paper plant on the headwaters of one of our longest and largest rivers that despoils this stream for a distance of three hundred miles, and has completely ruined it for angling, as the water is so badly discolored and turgid that even if there are any fish left they cannot be taken with any kind of lure. This plant is operated on what is called the "Sulphite" method and when any attempt is made to proceed against it the owners claim that there is no known method of purifying their waste and that if the law is enforced, and we have sufficient laws to compel them to act, that they will

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be compelled to close down and leave the state. Our legal officials immediately swallow this nonsense and it is impossible to enforce the law.

This stream (James River) was once such a noted resort for the small-mouth black bass that Grover Cleveland, while president and also afterwards, came annually to enjoy the sport of angling in it, switching off his private car and remaining a week or ten days at a time. He pronounced it the finest bass stream east of the Rockies. But, alas, that has become a past memory, and because of practically this one industry.

As I have said, we have sufficient laws now on our statute books to stop this condition if enforced. I make this statement on the authority of the Attorney General of the state; but our Fish and Game Department is so permeated with politics that we cannot secure enforcement; though it is incumbent on the Commissioner of this department, and he is under oath of his office to do so. Hence all efforts to secure action against any industry in the state guilty of polluting the streams has been without avail, although in addition to the fish interests there are thousands of acres of land as well as valuable factory sites affected; as well as domestic interests as relating to live stock, etc.

It is the intention of the sportsmen to institute mandamus proceedings to secure enforcement of the law; but as our legislative body is composed principally of corporation lawyers it is doubtful if we meet with any success. Any suggestions you may be able to make to aid us in this discouraging fight will be gladly accepted. Thirty-two of our inland streams are ruined by pollution from industrial wastes, in which our finest game fish waters are included.

Our two legislative bodies, which have just adjourned, did pass a joint resolution, which was unanimous, memorializing our representatives in Congress to request the Federal Government to take steps to relieve the present condition. But as I understand it, the Federal Government only acts in cases where the streams are navigable, and then only when navigation is seriously affected. Therefore, I see no hopes from that source for relief to our smaller rivers and streams where the great damage is done, on account of conflicting with States' rights.

It is to be hoped that the people will soon awake to the fact that unless drastic action is taken our beautiful inland waterways will be completely despoiled forever and that the question of potable water supplies will become a most serious one to our nation.

I note from Outdoor America that you have recently celebrated your eighty-eighth birthday, and I hope you will not think that I am taking undue liberties by one of the profession, and an ardent sportsman as well, when I offer my heartiest congratulations, and express to you also the hope that you may enjoy many more in perfect health and happiness among the myriads of friends, both known and unknown, to you, so made by your life of devotion to the greatest form of recreation.

Very truly yours,
George P. Hamner.

Pollution in New York

AS a member of the Anglers Conservation Association of this State and the Izaak Walton League of America, the writer feels that he is duty bound to protest against the pollution of one of the finest bass fishing lakes in Southern New York.

Rockland Lake, situated just northwest of the City of Nyack, is noted for the purity of its water. It is a lake supplied by a number of natural springs and mothers two other lakes immediately adjacent to it, namely, Swartout and McGuiness. These two lakes are also noted for their game fish and the combination of the three lakes are without a doubt the finest breeding and feeding grounds for game fish in the district. Large and small mouth bass, pickerel and perch together with a natural supply of bait inhabit these waters. Bass taken from these waters weigh from two and one-half to five pounds.

Conditions are gradually growing worse on Rockland Lake for the fish, owing to the pollution of its waters. Bungalows, camps, and so-called hotels and boarding houses including refreshment stands have been erected on the shore line of the lake. During the hot months these hostelries fairly swarm the lake with bathers and automobile parties park at the refreshment stands to allow all hands to go in for a dip. In spite of the fact that signs prohibiting bathing are posted around the shore line of the lake, bathing is not only permitted but openly solicited, some of the proprietors going so far as to hire out rowboats for this purpose.

This practice, if permitted to increase and continue, the neglect of proper precaution as to the disposition of latrine and the throwing of paper and trash into the lake will drive the fish out of the waters and eventually exterminate them. There are points on the Hudson River more easily reached than Rockland Lake where bathing is better and more in order. The prohibiting of bathing in Rockland Lake would not work any hardship on the public with other bathing points so near by and easier accessible.

It is said that one of the cities near Rockland Lake derives its water supply from this water. If this is a fact, then for the sake of hygiene and the conservation of the game fish in these lakes, something ought to be done to prevent the pollution of these waters.

The aid of your publication is requested to end this nuisance and the thanks of the undersigned and his brother anglers is extended for any assistance you may be able to give.

Very truly yours,
George E. Whipple.

Pollution in Connecticut

THE interesting reports under "POLLUTION"—in the last issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, brings back to memory some of the experiences gained, while living on the banks of one of America's prettiest streams, the Connecticut—or "long river." Especially from the river dam and falls at the paper manufacturing city of Holyoke, Mass., almost to its mouth—this clear New England river might be appropriately called the drain or sewerage pipe for western Massachusetts—and for a large area of Connecticut.

It has been a most common, everyday sight, while motor-boating on the Connecticut river to note the countless numbers of dead fish lying along the shores. However, nowadays the dead fish comprise chiefly the "sucker" variety, simply because there are now no game fish left in the river to die—from poisonous acids, etc. —that are thrown into the stream by the many manufacturing plants along its banks.

Some fifteen or twenty years since acquaintance was made with a very aged inhabitant of western Massachusetts—then almost a centenarian, who told of what excellent shad fishing he had experienced, at about the middle period of his life—and before progressively modern industry—of countless manufacturing plants were scattered along the stream. As the period was prior to the legal restrictions on fishing, the same man declared that he had marketed enormous quantities of shad—and other attractive game fish—from the very section of the river where the suckers are now being poisoned by thousands. But, as the old fisherman declared, "there were so many fish in those days that the mere matter of catching them could never have exhausted the supply—oh, no, it is another result, against generous nature, of man's progressive industry and greed."

There have been many occasions, of crossing the pretty river, in the midst of a hot summer season, when the stench that arose from the water seemed almost unbearable. Simply another evidence of reckless pollution by the hands of thoughtless civilization. Frequently the questioning thought arose—"what would stoical braves of the Agawam Indian tribe, that once had their hunting grounds in that same territory,—think and say, while sniffing that vile odor—of decaying fish and many other forms of polluting animal matter, as the birch bark canoes glided silently down stream?"

It might be easily imagined that the sons of the forest would repeatedly sniff the air—make ugly grimaces, and exclaim—"Ugh! pale face brother heap stink!—bury pale faces, cats and dogs in pretty long river." Numer-

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ous personal appeals were made to Congress, through the able representative from that district. And aside from courteous assurances that appropriation was then being gotten through, by the efficient law makers of the land, for adequate improvement of the rivers, nothing more was heard of the matter. Only the pretty, but badly polluted stream was looking very sick and stinking as strongly as ever, when last seen in the summer of 1920.

A small string of very pretty bass were caught some five or six years since, about six miles above the Holyoke dam. And the latter experience clearly indicated that game fish were still alive in the above dam section of the stream. It was also noted that the almost crystal clear river water in that section was cool and palatable for drinking. A native informed me that a fourteen pound muskellunge was caught by a fisherman in that same territory. In both instances it was clearly proven that the game fish of the upper waters had been too instinctively wise to venture below the Holyoke dam.

In what was at one time a fine section of the country for fish and game—the New England States, an angler of western Massachusetts or Connecticut contemplating "going a-fishing," unless he is prepared to travel many miles from the haunts of modern civilization (if he does not happen to be a member in good standing, of some fishing club, that leases a fine brook and propagates its own game fish) would need to emulate "Simple Simon"—for "all the water he got, when fishing for the whale—was that he found within his mother's pail"—indicating unsuitable water to fish in.

A certain very unfortunate American characteristic has been frequently referred to—as that of habitually "seeing things and conditions afterwards" — apparently when it is too late to avoid serious misfortune—maybe many disasters. And such would assuredly be considered the habit, as it relates to the ruthless carelessness in fish and game protection and conservation in one of the finest natural game countries of the universe —America. If we, as a great nation, maintained the great universal characteristic, doubtless it was divinely purposed, of respecting and obeying the laws of the land, since legal protective measures became necessary to prevent complete extermination of fish and game, there would yet be ample time for generous Dame Nature to restock and replenish the forests and streams.

However, it is another lamentable fact, quite apparent in our own country, that, when progressive Americans are not reared and trained to respect both the laws of God and of man—the only other seeming alternative is to make them fear the penalties. But—unfortunately—there do not seem to be enough impressive penalties to go around. Or in other words there cannot be sufficient enforcement of the laws to frighten and deter the destroyers. The burden, therefore, must largely rest upon the real sportsmen at heart, and their various game protective organizations.

DR. ROBERT H. MACNAIR.

CITY drinking waters are made safe by modern filtration plants. It is not safe to drink the water from streams, lakes or wells. It is not safe to bathe in water into which untreated sewage and industrial wastes are deposited. Typhoid, intestinal disorders and nose, throat and eye infections follow the vacation season and are attributed mostly to polluted water. By all means seek the out-of-doors and play, but Play Safe.

HELP MAKE THE KIDS' PLAY SAFE.

What's the Matter with Kansas?

MR. GEORGE HILL, of Independence, Kansas, writes as follows: "During the past year I have informed the State Game Warden of the pollution existing in the streams of southeast Kansas, but he insists that it is up to the State Board of Health to act, and nothing is done. For a hundred square miles in this part of the state there have been drilled many oil and gas wells, and this will continue as long as these valuable products are found in paying quantities. The leakage of oil and salt water from these wells is permitted to flow into our best fishing streams, Elk, Caney Salt and many others, in which there used to be an abundance of black bass, crappie, perch and channel catfish.

Last March five of us drove up to Salt Creek and fished for two hours without a strike, where formerly we could have filled our creels. The water of the creek was thick with rancid salt brine. I think it would be a good thing to enlist the services of our Governor, who is a real dirt farmer and likes to fish, though his greatest interest would be from the practical standpoint of furnishing good, pure water for the farmer and for towns."

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The Birth of a Chinookist

By RUTH MAE LAWRENCE

Illustrations by FRANK STICK

"I AM old," said the Man's friend, "and my heart is bad. I don't want to go out into the woods alone; but if you'll go with me, I'll give you half the yew wood we get."

"Oh, no!" protested the Man. "Of course, I'll go with you, but I don't want any of the wood."

"Why not?" queried his friend. "It makes the finest rods for salmon fishing that are ever made."

"Really, it would be of no use to me. I don't go salmon fishing, so I don't need a salmon rod," the Man demurred.

The two friends sallied forth across the river, with their axes and wedges, and cut down a yew tree distinguished from its comrades by the straightness of its grain. Because the friend would have been so disappointed if he had not accepted it, the Man finally took his share of the wood. He carried it home, and slung it in a corner of the wood-shed. "I'll never do anything to that," he thought as he carelessly tossed it there.

The yew stayed forlorn and forgotten in its corner of the wood-shed. It had cured completely before the Man chanced to find it in one of his periodical upheavals of his dwelling. He took the six-foot rough slab of wood from its hiding-place and studied it closely. The grain was beautiful—the color was beautiful: the Man loved fine woods, and time hung heavy on his hands. As he studied the wood, he resolved to make him a rod out of the piece of yew.

That very afternoon he set to work at it, ripping his rectangular strip from the mass of wood. It took months of odd moments to accomplish his purpose, but finally the rod evolved. Slender, graceful, tapering, strong with the strength of yielding steel, the yew became a rod. The Man would take the tip and the butt in his hands, and bend them slowly until the two ends came nearly together. As the rod sprang back into place with never a snap or a crack, the Man would shake his head admiringly. The guides were wound on.

As the varnish was drying on the rod, the Girl made cautious circuits around it. Her father had promised her a bow such as jolly Robin Hood's men used from that piece of yew. Yet, what a wonderful, wonderful rod! How supple it was. She would never dare to bend the little rod she used in the reckless manner her father bent this rod. The more she coveted a rod of its ilk, the less she thought of her promised bow of yew. She wanted a rod. She longed for it, until her shy little spirit finally broke forth in a bashful request.

"Dad," said the Girl, standing on one foot, swaying slightly, and nervously pulling her long braid of hair—"Dad, will you make me a rod like that? I'd rather have the rod than the bow."

"Huh? Oh, a rod?" said her father, glancing up from his paper. "What would you do with a rod?"

"Oh, nothin', I guess, but I'd love to have one."

"Well, we'll see about it," and her parent settled back to his papers. The Girl started to slide from the room. Her father put down his paper. "Why, yes, I'll make you a rod," he promised.

The Girl did slide then, quickly, so that spectators might not see her riotous dance of delight.

It was about the middle of the spring when the Man again thought of the rod. Now that he had the rod, he might as well use it. He made arrangements with two of his sons to go fishing for salmon above Jennings Lodge on the Willamette river. The three men agreed on the time, the place, and the tackle. The Man looked forward to his little vacation eagerly. He had fished for pike, pickerel, muskellunge, small-mouth and large-mouth black bass in Wisconsin; but he had never fished for any of the Western fishes in the ten years he had been in Oregon. He remembered the fire and verve of the small-mouth, prince of fighters, and in his heart he ridiculed the glowing tales he had heard from the few salmon anglers he knew. It was impossible that fish could fight in the manner they described; at least he'd give them a fair trial, though.

The night before his fishing trip, his youngest son came to him hesitantly, and said, "Say, Dad, will you be so awfully disappointed? There's some extra work in the office, and they say they can't let me off tomorrow."

The Man swallowed a little bit. "All right. Of course you can't do anything else," he replied. After the boy had gone, the Man and his wife walked over to the other son's home to make the final arrangements. But the other son had to work the following day, too. He wanted to go very, very much, but he couldn't leave the office in the lurch. The Man turned toward his home. He was bitterly disappointed. He had looked forward to a day of rest and enjoyment on the wide, swift-flowing river. He was cheated out of it.

"I'm not going, either," he told his wife; but behind his determined tones, the Woman read his unhappiness.

"Why not?" she asked, surprised.

"I don't want to go alone," the Man explained. "I think I'll go back to work tomorrow, too."

"Why, I'll go with you if you want me to," the Woman answered.

"Will you?" the Man turned to her eagerly.

"Of course, I'd love to. Besides, the lunch is all packed," she added, with the irrational way women have of explaining their reasons.

It was black night when the Woman and the Man started. Rods, tackle-box, lunch-case, and gunnysacks to bring home their victims encumbered them. It was black night—cool, and soft, and cold, with frosty stars

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shining aloof and pensive. The arc light on the street corner shown fitfully over them as they waited for the owl car. It was chilly, and the two solitary figures stamped their feet and blew on their fingers. They heard the roar of the approaching interurban car echoing far down the deserted thoroughfare. It came, swaying and rocking. It creaked to a halt. They climbed aboard. Pale shafts of light from the coming dawn were fingering the sky and dulling the bright stars when they transferred to a second train. The conductor smiled understandingly as he took their tickets. "Y' going fishin', Judge?" he asked. "Well, I caught a good one up at the falls myself, last Sunday."

"We're not going as far as the falls; only to Jennings Lodge," the Man explained.

"They say that's almost better fishin' than clear up at the falls," the Conductor nodded. "There's a lot of men going up there this morning. Well, I sure wish y' luck," and he passed on.

The Man and the Woman glanced at their fellow-passengers. The car was almost crowded for so early a train. Men with rod-cases, or rods leaning against the window sills, filled the plush seats; a silent lot taciturn but not morose—men bronzed of face, clear of eye, and low of voice.

"Pretty decent looking set," the Man whispered to the Woman.

"Yes indeed," the Woman whispered back. "Don't you think we ought to ask them something about their style of fishing? We don't know a thing about it."

The Man shook his head decisively. "No," he said, "we might as well learn for ourselves. At least," and he grinned, "at least, we know how to catch fish."

"You mean you do," the Woman corrected.

They rode on. Miles of bewitching country, mystical blue-gray in the faint light, flew by. The sun heralded its coming with banners of glowing colors flaunted boldly over the gray sky. A meadow lark sang clear and high above the rush of the train. The brakeman came hurrying along the aisle, calling their station. They picked up their baggage and followed the retreating figure as the train jarred to a stop.

Prairie land lay before them, dotted with neat homes, and conventional fir groves. The Willamette was not in sight, nor did the contour of the country give any indication of its course.

The Man and Woman stared around them. "I suppose," the Woman said, "that we follow that road to the west. The Willamette must be somewhere in that direction."

The Man turned to the three men who followed them from the train. "Can you tell me how to reach the boat-house at Jennings Lodge?" he asked them courteously.

"Just follow us," one replied. "We're going there," and away the three men swung, taking the middle of the west-going road. The Man and the Woman followed them, walking slower. They passed a much-traveled cross-road, rounded a dense thicket to a winding path. The men were out of sight, although they had seen them disappear around this curve. They hurried along, their breath making white puffs in the frosty air. A chipmunk darted up a gnarled fir trunk, and chattered shrilly as they hurried past. A half-mile on, the path forked. They disputed over which path to take.

"But that road leads to a farm-house," the Woman expostulated.

"Don't you expect some dwellings where the boat-house will be?" the Man argued. The Woman hesitated. "Well, we'll go that way, just to show you the boat-house isn't there," the Man said impatiently. They followed the chosen path in silence, and turning a sharp corner, saw the three men shuffling down a flight of stairs. The Willamette was before them—broad, powerful, but no longer the placid, stately river they were accustomed to. She sang now, exultant in casting off her bondage of sedateness. Her waters tumbled and boiled, streaked with foam and froth. The very air seemed dominated by the river's exuberant, joyous life. The two wondering mortals cautiously descended the long flight of rickety steps. A boat-house was moored fast to the steep bank, the river singing around it.

They hired their boat, and as the Man picked up the oars he turned to the genial man that had satisfied their needs. "Say," he explained, "this is my first attempt at salmon fishing. I know about the tackle, and such things, but where shall I go to get fish?"

"Out on the river," the genial man grinned, then sobered. "Well, they always catch fish in that line of boats. See, right down there, opposite that bend, with that big rock sticking up. Have you heavy enough leads? And where's your gaff hook?"

"My gaff hook?" the Man echoed.

"Yes, your gaff hook! To bring the fish in with! Well, you are green. Here's one. Be sure and bring it back," and the genial man handed over that very necessary article. The Man grasped it, and the boatman turned away to other customers.

The Man pulled the little row-boat out into the current. He turned the boat's nose toward the close-packed line of boats the man had pointed out to him. He rowed steadily, until the Woman's gasp of alarm caused him to glance over his shoulder. He was nearly on top of the row of boats. He threw the anchor overboard, but he had gone too far downstream, carried away by the deceptive rush of the current. When his boat steadied to the end of the anchor rope, it was between two and three boat-lengths below the line. He stood up. The men above him were plainly amused. They saw, though, that the Man was tired and nervous. "That's all right," they called to him, "stay where you are, Dad." But the Man, chagrin and embarrassment flushing his face, pulled up his anchor and jammed his oars into the oarslock.

"Let us try it again," the Woman ventured.

"No!" the Man snapped. "We're going to shore for a minute, and then we'll go home. I've had about all the salmon fishing I care for." He scowled sullenly as he struggled to hold his boat against the masterful river. Tussling with the current, and pulling his boat by main strength against the eddies and swirls, he reached the shore and beached his boat on the bank. There he sat, his face dark, his chin in his fists. The Woman sat quite still, pursing her lips. Of course, he was sick, and discouraged, and humiliated, but she knew that if he didn't go salmon-fishing that day, he never would. Yet she sat still, silent as he.

A boat beached beside them. A small, elderly man, brisk, and whistling cheerfully, chirped the friendly Western greeting. "Hello!" he called, and smiled. The Man grunted. "Forgot my lunch, and have to go back after it—just when the fun's starting, too," the little man explained regretfully. "Say," he smiled a little wistfully, "can't I help you?"

"Why, yes," the Man said. "This current deceives me, so if you'll tell me where to drop my anchor when I get above that line of boats, I'd be awfully grateful."

"Sure," said the helpful little Man. "Row close to the island until you get opposite that big fir tree, then shoot out above the line, and I'll wave my arms when you should drop your anchor."

The Man thanked him, and pushed the boat out into the stream. The Woman glowed. The Man rowed along the island, finding the labor surprisingly light compared to battling the tumbling current. Opposite the big fir tree, towering high and lonely, he swung the boat into the middle of the stream. Down the current carried it towards the line of boats. They did not seem to be halfway to the string of boats when the small figure on shore frantically waved his arms. The anchor splashed as the Man unhesitatingly dropped it overboard. The river snatched the boat along. The anchor-line burned the Man's fingers as it slipped through his hands. The line of boats seemed to race toward them. They met. The rope tightened, and the boat swung between two others, with but an inch or so difference. The Man rose to his feet, and waved his arms to the waiting figure on shore. The figure turned and climbed the bank.

"Wasn't that lovely of him?" the Woman breathed. "What a kind old man!"

"It sure was nice of him," the man answered, busy with his tackle. His good humor was restored. He

rubbed his salmon spoon violently, until it glittered and glowed. He stood up and dropped it carefully in the fierce water. The spoon whirled and whirled, every revolution throwing a shaft of light through the clear, gray water. Slowly the line slipped from the reel. Foot after foot sped silently out.

"How much line do you let out?" the Man asked his nearest neighbor—a smooth-faced man with interested eyes.

"Let it run until it reaches the bottom, then lift it up, and loose some more line until it hits the bottom again. Work it out that way. I generally have out about fifty yards, though it depends on how much line you carry," he answered. He evidently knew that the Man was a beginner, giving him such a full explanation as he had.

The Man thanked him, and worked out his line in the manner his neighbor had advised him. The plunk-plunk of the line as the lead hit the rocks on the bottom of the river thrilled his sensitive fingers. At last, satisfied with the length of line out, he hitched his line around his reel in the manner he noted his neighbor had. Then he sat down and waited.

Men at the opposite end of the line were standing up. Some one was playing a fish. Finally he decided which man it was by his straining attitude. This man did look as though he were fighting with all the strength in his body, and his rod was bent in an arc that jerked and snapped. Still, it might be just that these men pretended to have a harder time than they did. It was silly of them to go to all that trouble. He turned his eyes wearily away. Out of the corner of his eye, a huge swirl of foam below the boats caught his attention. The miniature whirlpool frothed the waters. The current slowly tugged it away.

"What was that?" he asked his neighbor.

"A Chinook," the other informed him.

"Was he on anyone's line?" the Man asked.

"No. Wish he was on mine. They make swirls like that sometimes." His neighbor leaned back and lit his pipe. "They sure are marvelous fish. Believe me, it's the most entertaining and enthralling sport imaginable."

"There isn't much that is entertaining or enthralling about sitting still in a boat," the Man answered.

"Oh, then you never have caught a Chinook!"

"Why, no. This is the first time I have been fishing here in the West."

"Brother," the neighbor leaned toward him impressively, and his voice was solemn, "Leave this place immediately."

"What's the matter?" cried the astonished Man.

"If you ever catch a salmon, you'll be spoiled for any other fishing," the neighbor warned. The Man laughed derisively. The neighbor lifted his eyebrows, and settled back into his seat.

"I can't get crazy about anything that won't bite," the Man apologized.

"It is funny that the Chinook aren't striking here today. Yesterday this side of the line got practically all the fish; today they seem to be petting the other side. However, when you've caught a few salmon, the joy of looking forward to them will be almost as much as the joy of having caught them." The neighbor wiggled his rod, and scratched his head pensively. He yawned frankly. The Man settled back into silence.

The Man grew restless. He had seen several fish taken down the line. The men that caught them had heaved and strained, standing like that for long periods of time, then a flash of silver would glint in the water, leaving a frothing pool behind it. Finally a ray of light would appear at the side of the boat, a man hauling it in with a gaff—or, and he saw several of them—men who suddenly slacked their tense attitude, their line trailing idly in the water. They sat down heavily, wearily, but their lines were soon in the water again, waiting for another fish. The Man yawned, and stretched his arms. He looked at the Woman. "Aren't you tired?" he queried.

"Oh, no!" the Woman protested.

"Well, I am," the Man retorted. He pulled his watch out. "We've been here two hours, and not even a nibble. I don't know what I came here for. We'll have our lunch and then go home."

The Woman silently served the lunch. She poured hot coffee from the thermos bottle and handed it to the brooding Man. He drank, sputtering over the heat. He started to hand the empty cup to the Woman, when his form stiffened. The tip of his rod gave a little, tentative jerk. He tossed the cup to the Woman, and his hand flew to the reel the very instant its staccato scream shrilled up to him. "I've got a strike!" He spoke the wonderful words in an awed whisper. The Woman caught her breath. "Good!" exclaimed the neighbor, his eyes dancing.

The Man was no novice at handling fish, and handling them coolly and carefully. But this fish! Such unmatched strength and spirit! The reel screeched, his rod bent heavily. This was hard work, muscular work.

"Hey, Dad! You're just caught into the bottom of the river," one young fellow called.

The Man shook his head staunchly. "Oh, no, I'm not," he denied. He worked on in silence. The fish was pulling furiously. It jerked yard after yard of line from the reel, culminating in a vicious run that tore twenty yards away from the resisting man. The Man's two thumbs were pressed tightly against the line, checking it with all the force he dared to use. The fish turned, jerking. The Man exulted to himself as he wound in the line. The fish settled close to the bottom, fifty feet below. The Man almost felt the whirl of its mighty tail through the vibrations of the line. The fish sulked until the Man started to lift his rod to pump. Down the rod was snatched. The line cut the water to one side, running swiftly. The reel cried aloud. The Man checked the reel heavily.

The neighbor stood up. His reel had yelled, too. "Say, your fish has wound around my line," he told the savagely fighting Man. "I'll let my line out when you do yours, and bring it in when you reel in, so the fish won't be snubbed off." The Man only nodded. "Say, I think I'll come over into your boat; then it'll be easier for us both," the neighbor drawled. The Man nodded again. So the neighbor stepped over and sat down on one of the seats. The Woman sat on the seat behind him, her eyes shining with excitement.

The reel had settled to a low moaning that the Man finally checked. He wound in a little bit of line, the neighbor cautiously keeping him company. The fish simply lunged away from the torture that held it. Again the reel cried its shrill warning. The dripping line was carried out. The Man swore softly to himself. He stopped the fish, his rod curving dangerously. He cranked his reel, lifting the fish from the bottom with the lift of the rod. He wound in line slowly, determinedly. That Chinook must surrender.

"What's that log way out there in the water?" the Woman interrupted. The two men raised their eyes a brief interval, in time to see the log turn, and as it turned, the sunlight glinted it to iridescent silver. They watched breathlessly as it turned over, slowly, and sank in a mad whirlpool.

"Your fish," and the voice of the neighbor was caught with a thread of wonder, "is a mighty big fish. I sure pray you get it." The Woman was praying, too, but her words were stifled in her throat.

Beads of perspiration stood on the Man's furrowed forehead. His shirt stuck to his back. His hands ached. His thumbs were blistered. This was as genuine hard work as chopping wood. A savage rush of the fish, which he tried hastily to stop, made him nick his knuckles on the reel handle, and small blotches of blood appeared where the skin had been scraped away. He stopped the fish, and turned it toward the boat again. That indomitable Chinook didn't have sense enough to quit when the whistle blew! The Man, who was in very poor physical condition, lifted up his voice for aid.

"I'll give a dollar to any man who will come and get me, and the gentleman whose line is tangled with mine, and take us to quiet water," he called.

"I'll be with you as soon as I can get my line in," a man in the middle of the line of boats answered him.

The Man fought on, grimly hoping that the fish would stay with him until he got to quiet water. He was sure he could handle it there, but he despaired of

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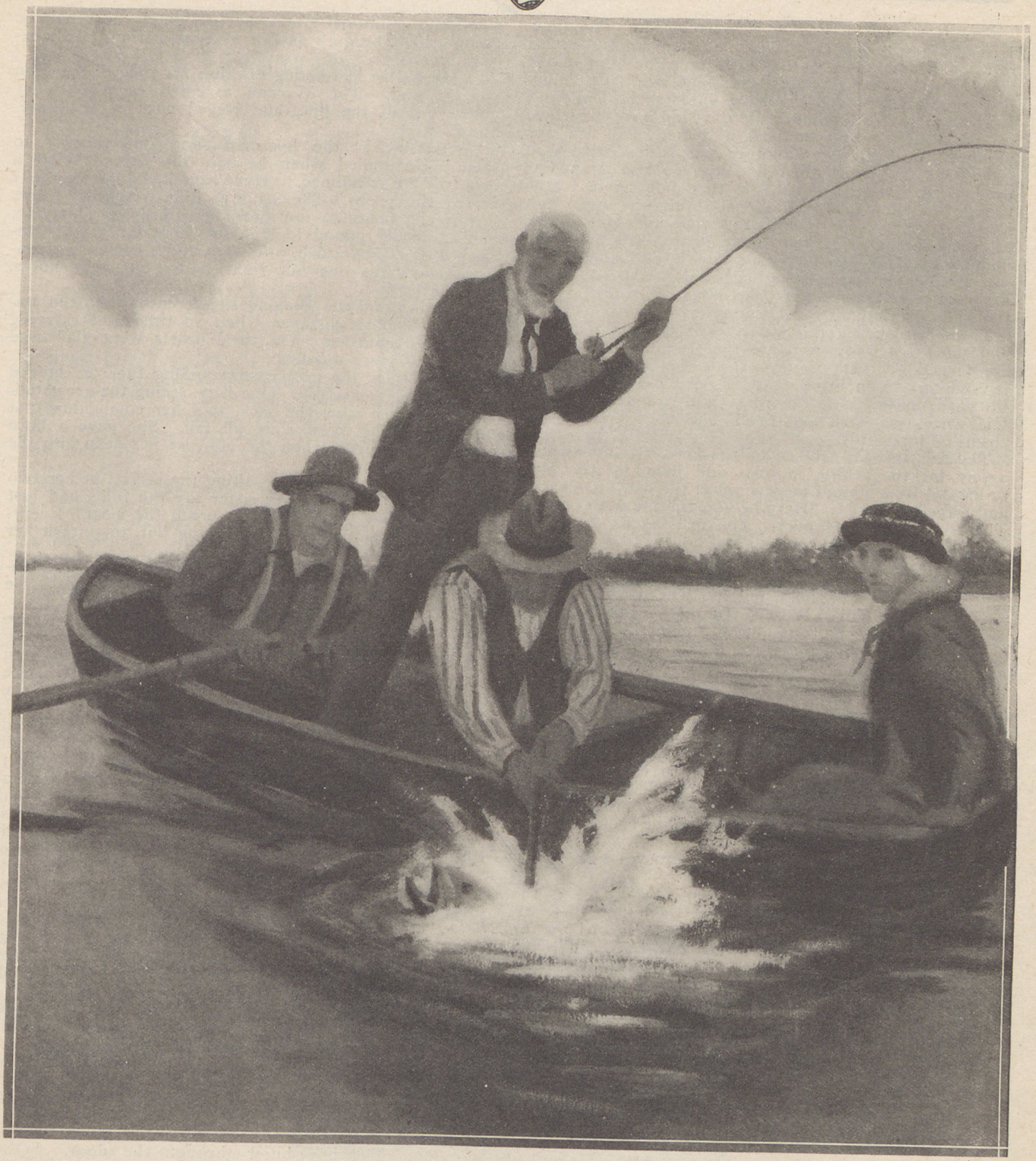


bringing the fish up to the boat against the raging current. The man by his side patiently reeled in, or slacked line, in response to the call of the Man's reel. The fish jerked, and jerked, until it seemed to the Man if the fish jerked once more, it would pull his arms from their sockets. The fish jerked on, and the Man endured.

The rescuing boat rowed slowly to them and paused by their side. The neighbor stepped over, and the Man followed him, his jumping rod tearing his grasp. The Woman left behind followed the boat with fascinated eyes. They drifted far below the line of boats, the Man keeping a tight line on the Chinook that struggled below him. Then the oarsman pulled slowly towards a big eddy, where the water circled back towards the falls. It was the quietest water anywhere near them. As they reached the eddy, the Man heaved a sigh of relief, but he did not slacken his hold on the fish. He now fought quicker, revivified by the change.

In the line of boats, one man turned to the Woman who sat alone. "I'm afraid your husband will never get that fish," he prophesied mournfully. "That's a very large fish, or at least it acts like one." Some men farther down the line stood up, and shouted advice to the three men in the boat in the eddy. The Woman turned to the man who had addressed her. "I think my husband will get him," she said confidently. "He is a greenhorn at salmon fishing, but he is not a greenhorn at catching fish." The man did not reply. His sympathy had been wasted.

Back in the eddy, the Man was having an awful time. His breath was coming in quick gasps. He had reeled in a lot of line, and they had even seen the glint of the fish through the smooth waters. The neighbor's hook had come along with the reeling line, and he had skillfully disentangled his line while the Man gave his whole attention to the prey so near at hand. The fish was nearly to the boat, when another mad rush carried yard after yard of hard-gained line away. The Man was dead tired. He struggled for that line again. One thought dominated his deadened brain—he must not lose that fish! He worked harder than ever, feeling his strength ebbing away, and knowing that the end must come soon. He ground in bit after bit of line. They saw the fish darting and tossing below the boat. Writhing, it came to the surface. The oarsman leaned far over the side, but the gaff barely scratched the fish.

The fish whacked the water terrifically with its tail, and the drops showered into the stooping man's face. He turned his wet visage towards the Man, his lower jaw white. "You bring that fish that close again, and I'll gaff him—even if I have to gaff him in the tail!" His voice was hard and dry. The Man nodded, too absorbed for words.

The fish, terrified, sulked on the bottom. It was pure agony for the aching muscles and joints of the Man to lift it. By skill and perseverance, the fish was coaxed and forced upwards. "Here he comes," the Man panted. The oarsman leaned over. The fish came, struggling violently. The water churned and boiled. The oarsman resolutely jabbed at the fish, caught it in the side, and with a dexterous thrust threw it into the boat. It flopped and tossed. The oarsman fell full length on top of it, crying for the club. It took the three excited men to subdue the fish, vigorous and as full of life as though it had not been fighting three hours. Under their repeated whackings, it gave one last shudder, and then stretched out still. The men leaned back, breathing heavily.

"I'd give fifty dollars to have caught that fish," said the neighbor. "I'm fishing in the contest the Portland Rod and Gun Club is staging; and if I had caught that fish on my six-ounce rod, I'd be the toast of the town." His voice had a catch in it, and one could almost imagine him weeping for the fish that was not his. Yet he turned to the Man. "Congratulations," he spoke heartily, and his voice had the ring of true sincerity, "You sure put up a wonderful fight." The oarsman offered his congratulations to the victor, too.

"Wonder where that fish was hooked?" asked the neighbor, as they were rowing back to the line of boats. "I don't know," answered the Man. "I picked up the hook where it had fallen during our tussle with the fish in the boat. It was on one of the seats." The two men leaned over the inert form.

"Here it is," the Man called, after they had examined the Chinook's mouth searchingly, and found no mark. "No wonder that fish didn't drown. See! He most likely grabbed the spoon and jerked the hook into his eye-socket from the outside. Look at the marks! And see how the spoon is all scratched up where the Chinook was chawnking it as he fought."

The neighbor examined it closely. "Sure, that's it. No wonder he was so full of life when he came over the side. It sure is a wonder you got him at all. If you had eased up that tension you kept on him for but one second, you'd never have seen the weight of this fellow!" The neighbor shook his head wonderingly.

The Woman was almost beside herself with pleasure and happiness, although she preserved her dignity very well under the occasion. All the men that had scoffed at him previously were yelling to the Man, "Hold 'im up! Hold 'im up!" His sore muscles could hardly stand the additional strain, but obligingly he lifted the great fish. The air was full of exclamations and congratulations.

"I guess I've had enough fishing for today," the Man wearily said. The Woman assented eagerly. They pulled out of the line, and rowed back to the boat-house.

"What luck?" the boatman sang out cheerily to them. He smiled when he saw the fish. "What a beauty!" he exclaimed. "Have you had him weighed? Here's the scales." The fish was duly weighed. "Such luck!" the boatman murmured enviously. "Thirty-six and a quarter pounds! Men fish here for years without getting such a fish, and then along comes a greenhorn and pulls one out right under our very noses. Such luck!"

The Man and the Woman staggered back to the station—an endless distance when so tired and carrying so heavy a burden. Yet their hearts were glad, and their souls were satisfied.

Going home, the people surrounding them exclaimed about the immense fish. One lady, seeing the great tail-fin protruding from the sack, told her companion that the fish in the West were all tail. She gave a little scream of surprise when the Man let her peep into the gunnysack's interior.

The Girl was anxiously waiting the arrival of her two fishermen. She heard her sister say the folks had just got off the car, so she hastily served the meal. Everything would be ready, and steaming hot, to refresh her adventurers.

She met them at the door, asking the question inaugurated by Mrs. Jonah. "Did you get any fish?" she asked.

"Yes—one," her father said and passed on into the house. Peculiar how he staggered so, carrying nothing but a gunnysack—and Mother was carrying everything—the lunch-case, the tackle box, and the rods. She hastily relieved her mother. "Where's the fish?" she asked. "Your father has it," her mother replied.

The Girl had caught croppies, and shiners. She had seen a few Chinook in the market, but they were all caught with nets. Surely a Chinook that could be caught with rod and line must be not very much bigger than a good-sized catfish. She turned, these visions filling her thoughts; but when she saw the vision her father was shaking out of the gunnysack, the tackle-box dropped with a thud from her nerveless fingers. That immense silvery monster seemed to cover the whole kitchen floor! She was dazed. When she caught her breath enough to talk, she quavered, "What—what is that?"

"A Chinook." Her father was enjoying her astonishment. The Girl stared, and rubbed her eyes. Yes, it was a fish—No! it was a CHINOOK! Her father smiled again, and far, far away she heard his voice, "And I'm going to take you fishing for them too, Girlie."

The son that didn't go fishing came home late in the evening. "Did you catch any fish?" he asked eagerly, the minute he was inside the house.

"Yes—a little one. It's hanging up in the cellar," he was told.

He clattered down the cellar stairs. There was a momentous pause when silence ruled. Then the listeners heard the clatter of feet on the cellar stairs—running. The boy burst through the door. "Oh! Golly! Golly!" he was saying softly, over and over. "Oh! Daddy! Daddy! How did you do it? You know, I got down there, and I looked. And then I hit myself on the head and said, 'Am I seeing things?'" and the boy jumped up, and raced down stairs again to feast his eyes on the graceful, glorious fish that swayed in the cool air.

Can you wonder that they are rabid Chinookists?

CROW CONTROVERSY

To Start In OUTDOOR AMERICA

Write us your opinion of the indiscriminate killing of crows

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Free Homes *in the* Forest

By ROBERT B. VALE

TWENTY-THREE elk became trophies of Pennsylvania hunters during the season which closed December 15, 1923. All of them were huge fellows from 800 to 1100 pounds with great racks of antlers.

Elk shooting in Pennsylvania? Elk herds in a state that sixty years ago sighed at the passing of its last monarch of the native forest? More elk brought down in one section of the East than in most of the Western states? Incredible? No.

Pennsylvania has taken its place among the big game countries of the nation with an annual kill of nearly 7000 buck deer, 700 bear and 23 elk; not to speak of 5000 wild turkeys, 32,000 woodcock, 50,000 quail, 750,000 grouse, 1,100,000 squirrels and 3,250,000 rabbits.

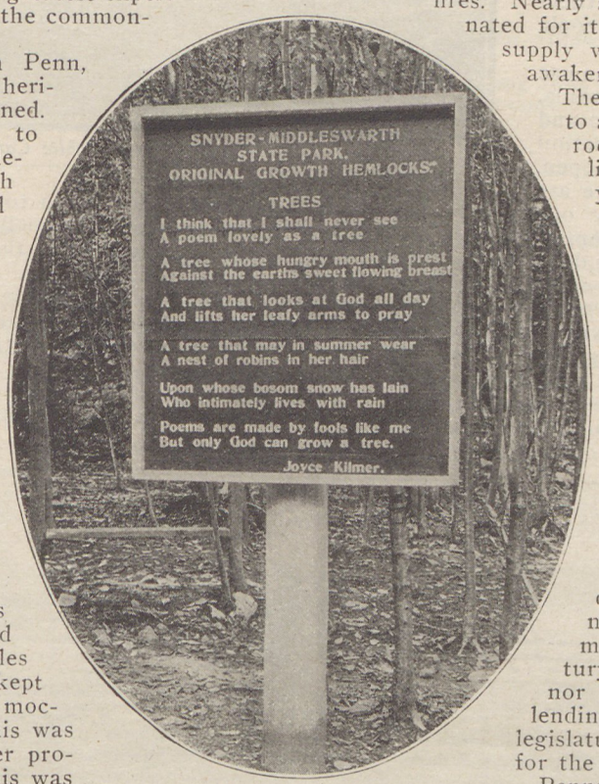
But this is not the story of a sportsman's paradise, a land in which all game is increasing, it is not the narrative of how under the protection of wise laws and manly, fairminded hunters who go afield when the sumac is red, Pennsylvania is to become rich in the furred and feathered things of Nature. Rather, is this the romance of Penn's Woods and the tale of a great experiment in idealism and conservation; the greatest experiment of its kind among all of the commonwealths of the Union.

For the vision of William Penn, founder, is being realized and a heritage almost lost is being regained. The forests are coming back to mountains and hills once denuded of stately trees and with the return of the spruces and pines and oaks the timid creatures of the wilds are creeping in and are multiplying.

Nearly two hundred and fifty years have passed since Penn in his Charter of Rights wrote this message:

"In clearing the ground care should be taken to leave one acre of trees for every five acres cleared."

Penn's Woods, wonderful acres of green wealth that stretched for hundreds of miles; beautiful groves of hardwoods and evergreens fringing rivers and glorifying the ridges and crests of the Blue Ridge and Allegheny ranges; silent temples of timber over which the eagle kept watch, on whose carpet pressed moccasined feet of the Indian. This was the playground that the Quaker proprietor sought to preserve. This was the rich gift that was almost thrown away by those who came after him.


SNYDER-MIDDLESWARTH
STATE PARK.
ORIGINAL GROWTH HEMLOCKS"
TREES
I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earths sweet flowing breast
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair
Upon whose bosom snow has lain
Who intimately lives with rain
Poems are made by fools like me
But only God can grow a tree.
Joyce Kilmer.

A Tree Appreciation Sign: "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer.

A young nation in the building is hardly to be blamed for drawing upon what seemed to be an inexhaustible resource; Pennsylvania was rich in trees and timber was needed. Houses, barns, fences, bridges, mills, factories, railways and mines called for lumber and so the forests were taken tree by tree, acre by acre. The Keystone state became an industrial empire but she had paid a great price and twenty years ago saw the last raft of logs float down the broad reaches of the Susquehanna. Penn's Woods were not cut away to gain fields that might be tilled, for they were far away among the hills and recesses of the wild, wide Appalachian mountain system mostly on soil unfitted for profitable cultivation and when the trees were taken away there was left what a recent wise governor, William Sproul, called the "Pennsylvania Desert."

Nature sought to cover the scars with second growth and scrub oak; low stuff, thick stuff, fodder for forest fires. Nearly all the game had been exterminated for its habitat was gone and its food supply was no more. Then came the awakening.

The man who aroused a great state to a great duty was Dr. J. T. Rothrock, now dead, but whose spirit lives in millions of vigorous young trees and grows great with them. He began his fight nearly fifty years ago. He gave more than thirty years to a fulfillment of Penn's vision. He saw his dream come true.

The people of Pennsylvania who have been called unsentimental and devoted solely to exploiting the wealth placed within their borders by the God of Creation; these people caught the enthusiasm of Dr. Rothrock and set to the task of restoring their forests. They began it ahead of nearly every other state, even ahead of the national government, and in more than a quarter of a century there has not been a governor who has not been earnest in lending a hand, there has not been a legislature laggard in voting money for the state forest system.

Pennsylvania contains about twenty-five million acres. To-day the state forests aggregate more than a million

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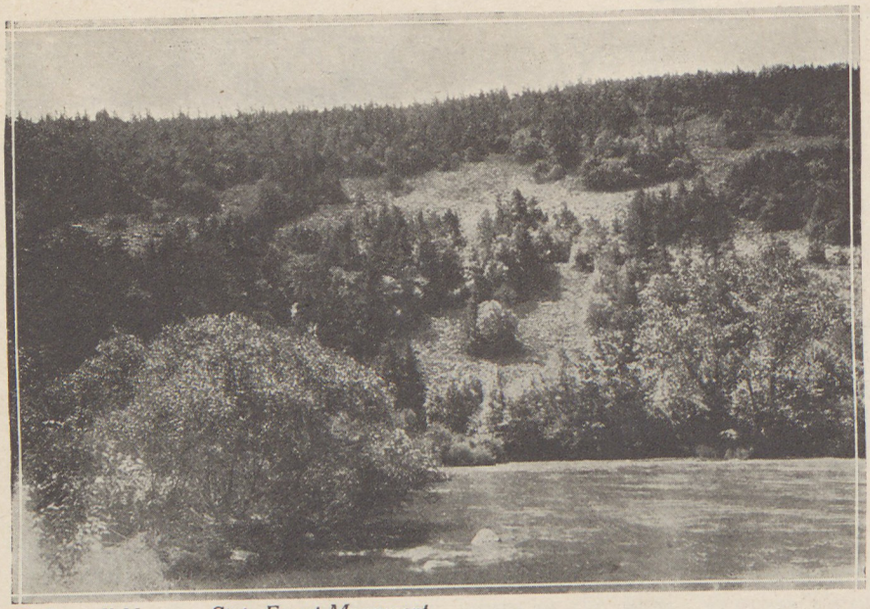


McConnell Narrows State Forest Monument.

and a half acres and plans are under way for acquiring three and a half million more. The ratio set by Penn is to be realized, one in five.

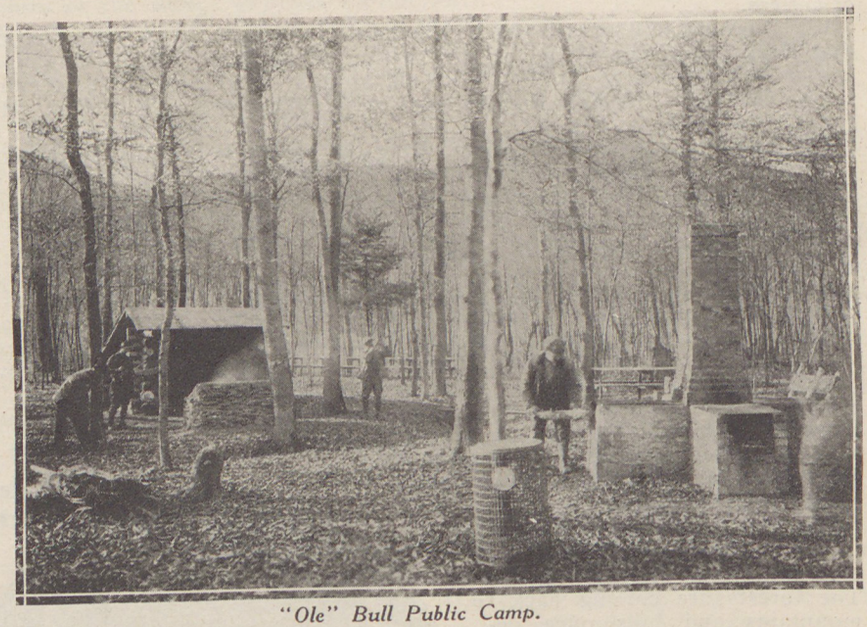
You can walk in Pennsylvania forests for one hundred and twenty miles and save for three small gaps, less than eight miles in all, your feet will tread state-owned land. You can travel in a straight line for more than seventy-five miles, also on reservation tracts. You will come across whole townships and villages tucked away in the state forests. The biggest work in Pennsylvania's great experiment is acquiring and grouping vast areas of unseated land. The second step is administering them and turning them back to the people for pleasure and for profit.

The forests are dedicated to the use of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania. They belong to the men, women and children as a place for recreation and health. They are wide-open. There is less red tape and there are fewer restrictions than in any other state forests in either America or Europe. From Forest Commissioner Robert Y. Stuart in Harrisburg down to the range rider following a fire slash or a fire warden high on one of the many steel observation towers that mark the crests there is a hearty spirit of service and helpfulness and when you enter the woods a sign greets you: "Pennsylvania State Forest. You are Welcome. Be Careful with Fire." That is all. Here is how the idea of giving the forest back to the people works out.

Any citizen of Pennsylvania may go into the great forests and lease a site. For a nominal rental ranging from $7 to $15 yearly he will receive a plot of ground. It may be on the edge of a lake or by the banks of a sparkling stream or along a winding mountain road hung heavy with the scent of wild grape blossoms. His lease is granted for ten years with the right of renewals so that this spot is his and his children's until such a time as they choose to relinquish it.

The holder of the lease can build a log cabin, or a stone or concrete bungalow or a mansion costing a hundred thousand dollars. He may use it as a hunting or fishing lodge or as a health-giving summer home or if he chooses he may occupy it the year round. Usually the site is large enough for a garden on which vegetables can be raised. Thousands of these "permanent camps" dot the woods from Lake Erie to the Poconos.

All around the possessor is a vast, wild park, noble mountains, great ravines, dashing, splashing creeks, rocks and foliage. By night the wild deer will come down to the streams at the hour when the whip-poor-will's mellow notes float out on the deepening gloom, by day the squirrels will chatter on the eaves of the roof.



"Ole" Bull Public Camp.

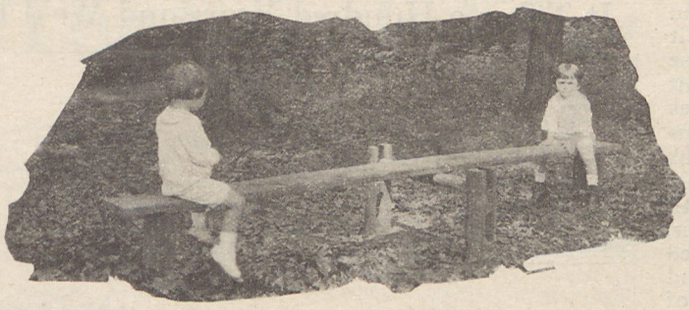
A wondrous experiment by a practical state—finding a way to take its sons and its daughters back to Nature and the health that Nature gives.

The Lincoln highway and the William Penn highway and other trails bend and lift and dip their way through Penn's Woods. Hundreds of thousands of automobile tourists visit the forests each season. For their comfort and convenience the Pennsylvania department of forestry has built glorified lean-tos out of logs and concrete. They are substantial, attractive and cozy: first-rate shelters with dry floors and they make comfort-

A bunch of Pennsylvania deer.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

able homes for a week or more. Camp kitchens are attached and wood and water are handy. A delightful way to spend an outing in the woods with the roughest side eliminated. Usually they are placed in some pleasing grove on the line of travel and many a tourist party passing through the mountains has blessed the state forestry department for its trim little lean-tos.



The Forest is a Play Place.

Then the sites for the community picnic grounds and the greater areas assigned to the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts and other organizations; elaborate outfits with accommodations of hundreds of young people and broad fields for baseball, tennis and other games.

Thus in a deliberate, systematic way Pennsylvania is inducing its children to seek the outdoors; is teaching them to learn the mysteries of the mountains, become acquainted with trees and birds and beasts and fish. There is a practical side to all this effort and investment. Good health is an asset to any state and to an industrial community it is expressed in dollars and cents. Pennsylvania was one of the first of the states to establish tuberculosis camps in its forests. This has been found to be so profitable that the Mt. Alto, White Haven and other colonies are now elaborate health factories turning out rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed human beings.

But the forests themselves are to become a source of revenue that in time will be large and constant. More than thirty-five million trees, mostly white pine, Norway spruce, Scotch pine, jack pine, pitch pine, larch, red oak and white ash have been planted upon state reservations and the work is yet in its early stages. Many millions more will be planted each year and there will be no cessation in the broad plan of reforesting with trees that can show a large profit. It costs the state only $9.29 to set out an acre in baby forest and each year that the trees grow adds to their value. In a recent review of the work of his department Commissioner Stuart, speaking of a bond issue for the purchase of more land said:

"If the 3,500,000 acres can be purchased and set to work growing trees, not only will the $25,000,000 of the bond issue necessary to buy be repaid, principal and interest, within a reasonable time by the growth of the forests, but a net annual revenue will be produced large enough to carry the whole burden of state taxes for school purposes."

There you have it. The forests of Pennsylvania producing the money to give every child in the state an education, assuring an ample and evenly distributed water supply by guarding the extensive water sheds against erosion, protecting agricultural sections aganist flood, supplying the industries of the state with timber raised on its own hills and giving strength and enjoyment to all who call themselves Pennsylvanians.

Perhaps one of the most advanced steps adopted by Pennsylvania in its forest system is the policy of furnishing free trees to land owners. A farmer with several hundred acres of waste land makes his request for trees. He is supplied with all he needs. It may be a thousand, it may be ten thousand. His only expense is the cost of packing and shipment. Owners of cut-over tracts, individuals or corporations, are thus encouraged to aid in the big task of restoring the forests that once were the pride of the nation. It costs about seventy-five cents a thousand to pack young trees for transportation so that there is every inducement to set out new forests and woodlots. The state has given away more than fourteen million trees for private reforestation. It will supply the services of a trained man to supervise the work of planting. There is only one point on which it is insistent. There must be assurance that the free trees will go into the ground.

To meet the demands for further plantings Pennsylvania has established great nurseries at a half dozen or more state institutions. Within two years these plants will have an annual output of twenty millions of young trees of all varieties. Most of the nurseries are located at hospitals for the insane and feeble-minded and at reformatories and prisons. It is the first state to

PENNSYLVANIA is creating a forest playground of 5,000,000 acres.

The national government is establishing a park of 1,000,000 acres in Pennsylvania.

Ten thousand square miles or more than one-fifth of the entire commonwealth to be covered with trees producing a revenue sufficient to give every child an education.

35,000,000 trees already planted on state reservations and 14,000,000 more supplied free by Pennsylvania to private land owners.

Sites are given for summer homes, hunting and fishing lodges and camps in the new Pennsylvania forests. The woods are thrown open and the state is calling its children back to Nature.

With the return of the forests Pennsylvania is to become the new big game country. Many elk, nearly 7,000 buck deer, 700 bear and vast quantities of other game taken last Fall. Fifty of the sixty-seven counties contain deer herds. Thirty-five game refuges in the forests and all game is increasing rapidly.

Improved trails being built in the wild and romantic Allegheny and Blue Ridge ranges.

Nurseries with a yearly output of 20,000,000 young trees for future planting established at prisons and other institutions.

A school of forestry is supported by the state.

Camping in the Open on State Forest Land.

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utilize this form of labor in the work of forestry and it has worked out well because it gives healthful employment to the inmates and supplies the state with trees at a minimum cost. The evergreens are popular because as a rule they are quicker in growth and show an earlier profit. Pennsylvania was the favored spot for the white pine and there are several tracts of original growth still standing; groves that never saw the flash of the woodsman's axe. One of these was turned over to the forestry department within recent months. To provide food for birds and animals, nut trees are being planted on the reservations and in the hardwood belt the oak is being fostered.

The state is creating a race of men trained to care for the forests of the future. There is a school located upon the slopes of the Blue Mountains, and it is turning out graduates whose services are wanted by timber corporations in all parts of the United States. They are well educated, strong youths who love Nature. Washington has called many graduates of the Pennsylvania school of forestry into the national service. One of the new national forests in the Appalachian range is located in Pennsylvania. The government, quick to see the possibilities of the Pennsylvania woods, and bent on preserving the vast Allegheny watershed, has purchased 155,000 acres of land in the northwestern part of the state. Ultimately more tracts will be taken over so as to create a national park of one million acres. A small part will be located in New York state, but the bulk of the park will rest in five Pennsylvania counties: Warren, McKean, Forest, Elk and Jefferson. Not many years will elapse when the state and national forests of the Keystone state will aggregate six million acres, nearly ten thousand square miles. This does not take into consideration the private forests that are spreading out in every part of the land founded by the Quaker dreamer.

And now it is clear why elk herds have been restored to Pennsylvania; why in a single county, Centre county, there were 551 buck deer killed in the first fifteen days of December last; why bears are so numerous in some districts that they are almost pests. The forests are growing larger and more dense, and in the heart of each reservation there is a protected area on which no game can be killed. There are thirty-five of these game refuges and from them the birds and animals radiate outward and spread into the open territory where it is legal to shoot. The future of Pennsylvania as a hunting ground is assured.

And now also you can appreciate the words of Governor Gifford Pinchot, ardent friend of conservation, when he pictured the idealism of Penn's Woods:

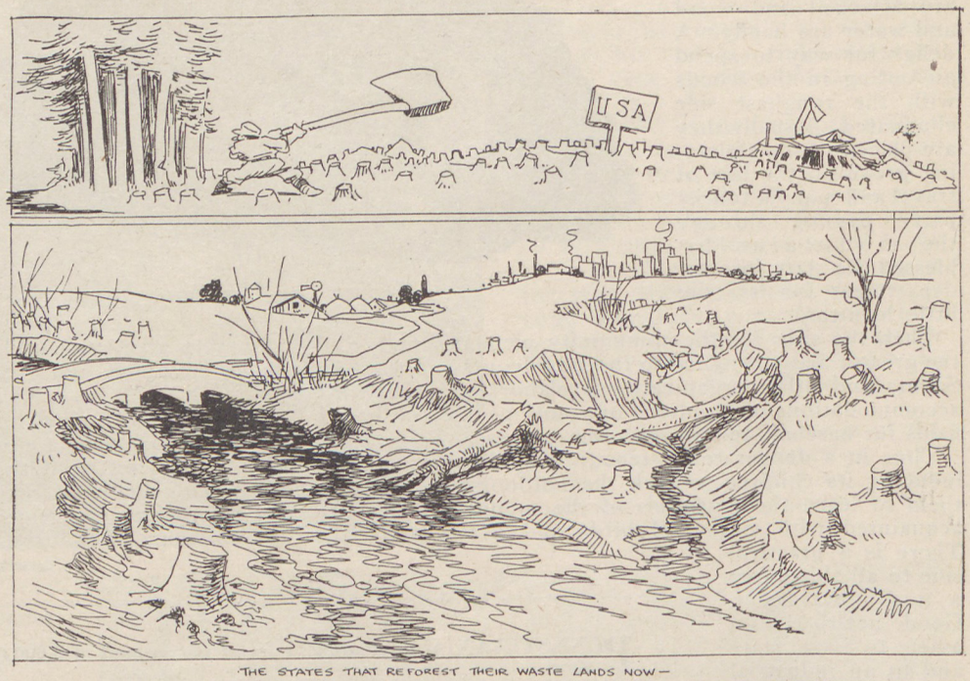
"The woods are the people's playgrounds, and were intended by Nature to be such. Why else were they filled with the shaded vistas, the sparkling streams, the bubbling springs, the placid lakes? Here are the game and fish which make the worker forget his toil. Here are to be found quiet, rest, clean pleasure, and health renewed.

"There is a materialistic side to this feature of forest protection, too. When our forest lands are restored as they should be, and as they are going to be; when good roads traverse them, and all their beauties and their uses are brought out, they will afford a resort country eclipsing in beauty, accessibility, and comfort all other resort systems in America.

"With reasonable appropriations, with public sentiment running strong against forest fires, and with the Department of Forestry on its toes, there can be no question whatever as to the forests of the future.

"They will no longer be areas of desolation but carefully protected factories of wood. Work in the forests will become a regular and permanent business. Pennsylvania's forests will be again the crowning glory of the Commonwealth, furnishing pleasure and profit for all the people, and producing practically all of the timber that an increasing population demands, at prices within reach of all."

It Takes a Hundred Years and We'd Better Be Starting



THE STATES THAT REFOREST THEIR WASTE LANDS NOW—

— WILL HAVE THE GARDEN SPOTS AS WELL AS THE GOLD MINES IN THE FUTURE.

(Original of this cartoon loaned Outdoor America for reprinting by Robert H. Davis)

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

The Grizzly King

By

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustration by Frank B. Hoffman

CHAPTER SIX

THE creek which Thor was following was a tributary of the Babine, and he was headed pretty nearly straight for the Skeena. As he was travelling upstream the country was becoming higher and rougher. He had come perhaps seven or eight miles from the summit of the divide when he found Muskwa. From this point the slopes began to assume a different aspect. They were cut up by dark, narrow gullies, and broken by enormous masses of rocks, jagged cliffs, and steep slides of shale. The creek became noisier and more difficult to follow.

Thor was now entering one of his strongholds: a region which contained a thousand hiding-places, if he had wanted to hide; a wild, uptorn country where it was not difficult for him to kill big game, and where he was certain that the man-smell would not follow him.

For half an hour after leaving the mass of rocks where he had encountered Muskwa, Thor lumbered on as if utterly oblivious of the fact that the cub was following. But he could hear him and smell him.

Muskwa was having a hard time of it. His fat little body and his fat little legs were unaccustomed to this sort of journeying, but he was a game youngster, and only twice did he whimper in that half-hour—once he toppled off a rock into the edge of the creek, and again when he came down too hard on the porcupine quill in his foot.

At last Thor abandoned the creek and turned up a deep ravine, which he followed until he came to a dip, or plateau-like plain, halfway up a broad slope. Here he found a rock on the sunny side of a grassy knoll, and stopped. It may be that little Muskwa's babyish friendship, the caress of his soft little red tongue at just the psychological moment, and his perseverance in following Thor had all combined to touch a responsive chord in the other's big brute heart, for after nosing about restlessly for a few moments Thor stretched himself out beside the rock. Not until then did the utterly exhausted little tan-faced cub lie down, but when he did lie down he was so dead tired that he was sound asleep in three minutes.

Twice again during the early part of the afternoon the **sapoos oowin** worked on Thor, and he began to feel hungry. It was not the sort of hunger to be appeased by ants and grubs, or even gophers and whistlers. It may be, too, that he guessed how nearly starved little Muskwa was. The cub had not once opened his eyes, and he still lay in his warm pool of sunshine when Thor made up his mind to go on.

It was about three o'clock, a particularly quiet and drowsy part of a late June or early July day in a northern mountain valley. The whistlers had piped until they were tired, and lay squat out in the sunshine on their rocks; the eagles soared so high above the peaks that they were mere dots; the hawks, with meat-filled crops, had disappeared into the timber; goat and sheep were lying down far up toward the sky-line, and if there were any grazing animals near they were well fed and napping.

The mountain hunter knew that this was the hour when he should scan the green slopes and the open places between the clumps of timber for bears, and especially for flesh-eating bears.

It was Thor's chief prospecting hour. Instinct told him that when all other creatures were well fed and napping he could move more openly and with less fear of detection. He could find his game, and watch it. Occasionally he would kill a goat or a sheep or a caribou in broad daylight, for over short distances he could run faster than either a goat or a sheep, and as fast as a caribou. But chiefly he killed at sunset or in the darkness of early evening.

Thor rose from beside the rock with a prodigious whoof that roused Muskwa. The cub got up, blinked at Thor and then at the sun, and shook himself until he fell down.

Thor eyed the black and tan mite a bit sourly. After the **sapoos oowin** he was craving red, juicy flesh, just as a very hungry man yearns for a thick porterhouse instead of lady fingers or mayonnaise salad—flesh and plenty of it; and how he could hunt down and kill a caribou with that half-starved but very much interested cub at his heels puzzled him.

Muskwa himself seemed to understand and answer the question. He ran a dozen yards ahead of Thor, then stopped and looked back impudently, his little ears perked forward, and with the look in his face of a small boy proving to his father that he is perfectly qualified to go on his first rabbit hunt.

With another **whoof** Thor started along the slope in a spurt that brought him up to Muskwa immediately, and with a sudden sweep of his right paw he sent the cub rolling a dozen feet behind him, a manner of speech that said plainly enough, "That's where you belong if you're going hunting with me!"

Then Thor lumbered slowly on, eyes and ears and nostrils keyed for the hunt. He descended until he was not more than a hundred yards above the creek, and he no longer sought out the easiest trail, but the rough and broken places. He travelled slowly and in a zigzag fashion, stealing cautiously around great masses of boulders, sniffing up each coulee that he came to, and investigating the timber clumps and windfalls.

At one time he would be so high up that he was close to the bare shale, and again so low down that he walked in the sand and gravel of the creek. He caught many scents in the wind, but none that held or deeply interested him. Once, up near the shale, he smelled goat; but he never went above the shale for meat. Twice he smelled sheep, and late in the afternoon he saw a big ram looking down on him from a precipitous crag a hundred feet above.

Lower down his nose touched the trails of porcupines, and often his head hung over the footprints of caribou as he sniffed the air ahead.

There were other bears in the valley, too. Mostly these had travelled along the creek-bottom, showing they were blacks or cinnamons. Once Thor struck the scent of another grizzly, and he rumbled ill-humouredly.

Not once in the two hours after they left the sunrock did Thor pay any apparent attention to Muskwa, who was growing hungrier and weaker as the day lengthened. No boy that ever lived was gamer than the little tan-faced cub. In the rough places he stumbled and fell frequently; up places that Thor could make in a single step he had to fight desperately to make his way; three times Thor waded through the creek and Muskwa half drowned himself in following; he was battered and bruised and wet and his foot hurt him—but he followed. Sometimes he was close to Thor, and at others he had to run to catch up. The sun was setting when Thor at last found game, and Muskwa was almost dead.

He did not know why Thor flattened his huge bulk suddenly alongside a rock at the edge of a rough meadow, from which they could look down into a small hollow. He wanted to whimper, but he was afraid. And if he had ever wanted his mother at any time in his short life he wanted her now. He could not understand why she had left him among the rocks and had never come back; that tragedy Langdon and Bruce were to discover a little later. And he could not understand why she did not come to him now. This was just about his nursing hour before going to sleep for the night, for he was a March cub, and, according to the most approved mother-bear regulations, should have had milk for another month.

He was what Metoosin, the Indian, would have called **munookow**—that is, he was very soft. Being a bear, his birth had not been like that of other animals. His mother, like all mother-bears in a cold country, had brought him into life a long time before she had finished her winter nap in her den. He had come while she was asleep. For a month or six weeks after that, while he was still blind and naked, she had given him milk, while she herself neither ate nor drank nor saw the light of day. At the end of those six weeks she had gone forth with him from her den to seek the first mouthful of sustenance for herself. Not more than another six weeks had passed since then, and Muskwa weighed about twenty pounds—that is, he had weighed twenty pounds, but he was emptier now than he had ever been in his life, and probably weighed a little less.

Three hundred yards below Thor was a clump of balsams, a small thick patch that grew close to the edge of the miniature lake whose water crept around the farther end of the hollow. In that clump there was a caribou—perhaps two or three. Thor knew that as surely as though he saw them. The **wenipow**, or "lying down," smell of hoofed game was as different from the **nechisoo**, or "grazing smell," to Thor as day from night. One hung elusively in the air, like the faint and shifting breath of a passing woman's scented dress and hair; the other came hot and heavy like the odour of a broken bottle of perfume.

Even Muskwa now caught the scent as he crept up close behind the big grizzly and lay down.

For fully ten minutes Thor did not move. His eyes took in the hollow, the edge of the lake, and the approach to the timber, and his nose gauged the wind as accurately as the pointing of a compass. The reason he remained quiet was that he was almost on the danger-line. In other words, the mountains and the sudden dip had formed a "split wind" in the hollow, and had Thor appeared fifty yards above where he now crouched, the keen-scented caribou would have got full wind of him.

With his little ears cocked forward and a new gleam of understanding in his eyes, Muskwa now looked upon his first lesson in game-stalking. Crouched so low that he seemed to be travelling on his belly, Thor moved slowly and noiselessly toward the creek, the huge ruff just forward of his shoulders standing out like the stiffened spine of a dog's back. Muskwa followed. For fully a hundred yards Thor continued his detour, and three times in that hundred yards he paused to sniff in the direction of the timber. At last he was satisfied. The wind was full in his face, and it was rich with promise.

He began to advance, in a slinking, rolling, rock-shouldered motion, taking shorter steps now, and with every muscle in his great body ready for action. Within two minutes he reached the edge of the balsams, and there he paused again. The crackling of underbrush came distinctly. The caribou were up, but they were not alarmed. They were going forth to drink and graze.

Thor moved again, parallel to the sound. This brought him quickly to the edge of the timber, and there he stood, concealed by foliage, but with the lake and the short stretch of meadow in view. A big bull caribou came out first. His horns were half grown, and in velvet. A two-year-old followed, round and sleek and glistening like brown velvet in the sunset. For two minutes the bull stood alert, eyes, ears, and nostrils seeking for danger-signals; at his heels the younger animal nibbled less suspiciously at the grass. Then lowering his head until his antlers swept back over his shoulders the old bull started slowly toward the lake for his evening drink. The two-year-old followed—and Thor came out softly from his hiding-place.

For a single moment he seemed to gather himself—and then he started. Fifty feet separated him from the caribou. He had covered half that distance like a huge rolling ball when the animals heard him. They were off like arrows sprung from the bow. But they were too late. It would have taken a swift horse to beat Thor.

Like the wind he bore down on the flank of the two-year-old, swung a little to one side, and then without any apparent effort—still like a huge ball—he bounded in and upward, and the short race was done.

His huge right arm swung over the two-year-old's shoulder, and as they went down his left paw gripped the caribou's muzzle like a huge human hand. Thor fell under, as he always planned to fall. He did not hug his victim to death. Just once he doubled up one of his hind legs, and when it went back the five knives it carried disembowelled the caribou. They not only disembowelled him, but twisted and broke his ribs as though they were of wood. Then Thor got up, looked around, and shook himself with a rumbling growl which might have been either a growl of triumph or an invitation for Muskwa to come to the feast.

If it was an invitation, the little tan-faced cub did not wait for a second. For the first time he smelled and tasted the warm blood of meat. And this smell and taste had come at the psychological moment in his life, just as it had come in Thor's life years before. All grizzlies are not killers of big game. In fact, very few of them are. Most of them are chiefly vegetarians, with a meat diet of smaller animals, such as gophers, whistling marmots, and porcupines. Now and then chance makes of a grizzly a hunter of caribou, goat, sheep, deer, and even moose. Such was Thor. And such, in days to come, would Muskwa be, even though he was a black and not of the family Ursus Horribilis Ord.

For an hour the two feasted, not in the ravenous way of hungry dogs, but in the slow and satisfying manner of gourmets. Muskwa, flat on his little paunch, and almost between Thor's huge forearms, lapped up the blood and snarled like a kitten as he ground tender flesh between his tiny teeth. Thor, as in all his food-seeking, hunted first for the tidbits, though the **sapoos oowin** had made him as empty as a room without furniture. He pulled out the thin leaves of fat from about the kidneys and bowels, and munched at yard-long strings of it, his eyes half closed.

The last of the sun faded away from the mountains, and darkness followed swiftly after the twilight. It was dark when they finished, and little Muskwa was as wide as he was long.

Thor was the greatest of nature's conservators. With him nothing went to waste that was good to eat, and at the present moment if the old bull caribou had deliberately walked within his reach Thor in all probability would not have killed him. He had food, and his business was to store that food where it would be safe.

He went back to the balsam thicket, but the gorged cub now made no effort to follow him. He was vastly contented, and something told him that Thor would not leave the meat. Ten minutes later Thor verified his judgment by returning. In his huge jaws he caught the caribou at the back of the neck. Then he swung himself partly sidewise and began dragging the carcass toward the timber as a dog might have dragged a ten-pound slab of bacon.

The young bull probably weighed four hundred pounds. Had he weighed eight hundred, or even a thousand, Thor would still have dragged him—but had the carcass weighed that much he would have turned straight around and **backed** with his load.

In the edge of the balsams Thor had already found a hollow in the ground. He thrust the carcass into this hollow, and while Muskwa watched with a great and growing interest, he proceeded to cover it over with dry needles, sticks, a rotting tree butt, and a log. He did not rear himself up and leave his "mark" on a tree as a warning to other bears. He simply nosed round for a bit, and then went out of the timber.

Muskwa followed him now, and he had some trouble in properly navigating himself under the handicap of his added weight. The stars were beginning to fill the sky, and under these stars Thor struck straight up a steep and rugged slope that led to the mountain-tops. Up and up he went, higher than Muskwa had ever been. They crossed a patch of snow. And then they came to a place where it seemed as if a volcano had disrupted the bowels of a mountain. Man could hardly have travelled where Thor led Muskwa.

At last he stopped. He was on a narrow ledge, with a perpendicular wall of rock at his back. Under him fell away the chaos of torn-up rock and shale. Far below the valley lay a black and bottomless pit.

Thor lay down, and for the first time since his hurt in the other valley he stretched out his head between his great arms, and heaved a deep and restful sigh. Muskwa crept up close to him, so close that he was warmed by Thor's body; and together they slept the deep and peaceful sleep of full stomachs, while over them the stars grew brighter, and the moon came up to flood the peaks and the valley in a golden splendour.

CHAPTER SEVEN

LANGDON and Bruce crossed the summit into the westward valley in the afternoon of the day Thor left the clay wallow. It was two o'clock when Bruce turned back for the three horses, leaving Langdon on a high ridge to scour the surrounding country through his glasses. For two hours after the packer returned with the outfit they followed slowly along the creek above which the grizzly had travelled, and when they camped for the night they were still two or three miles from the spot where Thor came upon Muskwa. They had not yet found his tracks in the sand of the creek bottom. Yet Bruce was confident. He knew that Thor had been following the crests of the slopes.

"If you go back out of this country an' write about bears, don't make a fool o' yo'rself like most of the writin' fellows, Jimmy," he said, as they sat back to smoke their pipes after supper. "Two years ago I took a natcherlist out for a month, an' he was so tickled he said 'e'd send me a bunch o' books about bears an' wild things. He did! I read 'em. I laughed at first, an' then I got mad an' made a fire of 'em. Bears is cur'ous. There's a mighty lot of interestin' things to say about 'em without making a fool o' yo'rself. There sure is!"

Langdon nodded.

"One has to hunt and kill and hunt and kill for years before he discovers the real pleasure in big game stalking," he said slowly, looking into the fire. "And when he comes down to that real pleasure, the part of it that absorbs him heart and soul, he finds that after all the big thrill isn't in killing, but in letting live. I want this grizzly, and I'm going to have him. I won't leave the mountains until I kill him. But, on the other hand, we could have killed two other bears to-day, and I didn't take a shot. I'm learning the game, Bruce—I'm beginning to taste the real pleasure of hunting. And when one hunts in the right way one learns facts. You needn't worry."

Suddenly he turned and looked at Bruce.

"What were some of the 'fool things' you read in those books?" he asked.

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Bruce blew out a cloud of smoke reflectively.

"What made me maddest," he said, "was what those writer fellows said about bears havin' 'marks.' Good Lord, accordin' to what they said all a bear has to do is stretch 'imself up, put a mark on a tree, and that country is his'n until a bigger bear comes along an' licks 'im. In one book I remember where a grizzly rolled a log up under a tree so he could stand on it an' put his mark above another grizzly's mark. Think of that!

"No bear makes a mark that means anything. I've seen grizzlies bite hunks out o' trees an' scratch 'em just as a cat might, an' in the summer when they get itchy an' begin to lose their hair they stand up an' rub against trees. They rub because they itch an' not because they're leavin' their cards for other bears. Caribou an' moose an' deer do the same thing to get the velvet off their horns.

"Them same writers think every grizzly has his own range, an' they don't—not by a long shot they don't! I've seen eight full-grown grizzlies feedin' on the same slide! You remember, two years ago, we shot four grizzlies in a little valley that wasn't a mile long. Now an' then there's a boss among grizzlies, like this fellow we're after, but even he ain't got his range alone. I'll bet there's twenty other bears in these two valleys! An' that natcherlist I had two years ago couldn't tell a grizzly's track from a black bear's track, an so 'elp me if he knew what a cinnamon was!"

He took his pipe from his mouth and spat truculently into the fire, and Langdon knew that other things were coming. His richest hours were those when the usually silent Bruce fell into these moods.

"A cinnamon!" he growled. "Think of that, Jimmy—he thought there were such a thing as a cinnamon bear! An' when I told him there wasn't, an' that the cinnamon bear you read about is a black or a grizzly of a cinnamon colour, he laughed at me—an' there I was born an' brung up among bears! His eyes fair popped when I told him about the colour o' bears, an' he thought I was feedin' him rope. I figgered afterward mebby that was why he sent me the books.

"Like the wind Thor bore down on the flank of the caribou, swung a little to one side, and then without any apparent effort—still like a huge ball—he bounded in and upward, and the short race was done."

"Jimmy, there ain't anything on earth that's got more colours than a bear! I've seen black bears as white as snow, an' I've seen grizzlies almost as black as a black bear. I've seen cinnamon black bears an' I've seen cinnamon grizzlies, an' I've seen browns an' golds an' almost-yellows of both kinds. They're as different in colour as they are in their natchurs an' way of eatin'.

"I figger most natcherlists go out an' get acquainted with one grizzly, an' then they write up all grizzlies accordin' to that one. That ain't fair to the grizzlies, darned if it is! There wasn't one of them books that didn't say the grizzly wasn't the fiercest, man-eatingest cuss alive. He ain't—unless you corner 'im. He's as cur'ous as a kid, an' he's good-natured if you don't bother 'im. Most of 'em are vegetarians, but some of 'em ain't. I've seen grizzlies pull down goat an' sheep an' caribou, an' I've seen other grizzlies feed on the same slides with them animals an' never make a move toward them. They're cur'ous, Jimmy.

Bruce beat the ash out of his pipe as an emphasis to his final remark. As he reloaded with fresh tobacco, Langdon said:

"You can make up your mind this big fellow we are after is a game-killer, Bruce."

"You can't tell," replied Bruce. "Size don't always tell. I knew a grizzly once that wasn't much bigger'n a dog, an' he was a game-killer. Hundreds of animals are winter-killed in these mount'ins every year, an' when spring comes the bears eat the carcasses; but old flesh don't make game-killers. Sometimes it's born in a grizzly to be a killer, an' sometimes he becomes a killer by chance. If he kills once, he'll kill again.

"Once I was on the side of a mount'in an' saw a goat walk straight into the face of a grizzly. The bear wasn't going to make a move, but the goat was so scared it ran plump into the old fellow, and he killed it. He acted mighty surprised for ten minutes afterward, an' he sniffed an' nosed around the warm carcass for half an hour before he tore it open. That was his first taste of what you might call live game. I didn't kill him, an' I'm sure from that day on he was a big-game hunter."

"I should think size would have something to do with it," argued Langdon. "It seems to me that a bear which eats flesh would be bigger and stronger than if he was a vegetarian."

"That's one o' the cur'ous things you want to write about," replied Bruce, with one of his odd chuckles. "Why is it a bear gets so fat he can hardly walk along in September when he don't feed on much else but berries an' ants an' grubs? Would you get fat on wild currants?

"An' why does he grow so fast during the four or five months he's denned up an' dead to the world without a mouthful to eat or drink?

"Why is it that for a month, an' sometimes two months, the mother gives her cubs milk while she's still what you might call asleep? Her nap ain't much more'n two-thirds over when the cubs are born.

"And why ain't them cubs bigger'n they are? That natcherlist laughed until I thought he'd split when I told him a grizzly bear cub wasn't much bigger'n a house-cat kitten when born!"

"He was one of the few fools who aren't willing to learn—and yet you cannot blame him altogether," said Langdon. "Four or five years ago I wouldn't have believed it, Bruce. I couldn't actually believe it until we dug out those cubs up the Athabasca—one weighed eleven ounces and the other nine. You remember?"

"An' they were a week old, Jimmy. An' the mother weighed eight hundred pounds."

"Almost—inconceivable," said Langdon then. "And yet it's true. And it isn't a freak of nature, Bruce—it's simply a result of Nature's far-sightedness. If the cubs were as large comparatively as a house-cat's kittens the mother-bear could not sustain them during those weeks when she eats and drinks nothing herself. There seems to be just one flaw in this scheme: an ordinary black bear is only about half as large as a grizzly, yet a black bear cub when born is much larger than a grizzly cub. Now why the devil that should be——"

Bruce interrupted his friend with a good-natured laugh.

"That's easy—easy, Jimmy!" he exclaimed. "Do you remember last year when we picked strawberries in the valley an' threw snowballs two hours later up on the mountain? Higher you climb the colder it gets, don't it? Right now—first day of July—you'd half freeze up on some of those peaks! A grizzly dens high, Jimmy, and a black bear dens

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Stories and Reminiscences By Jacob M. Dickinson

IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I cought, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

The Excitement of Fishing

ABOUT 1863, in Columbus, Miss., my nearest neighbor boy, who was my fishing and hunting pal, and I, made elaborate preparations for a Saturday's fishing in the waters of the Lucksapelia. My father was a great fisherman and had fine imported Japanese "poles" which I borrowed or "swiped" for the occasion. There was no rod, jointed, or otherwise, in those unsophisticated days.

We snaked with long poles with hooks on them, capacious wasp nests, from under the eaves of the barn roof, vamoosing, of course, when the nests were dislodged, but not always escaping the hot-footed inhabitants. The young wasp in its capped compartment is a luscious bait, though very tender and easily lost. Not even an angleworm was so enticing to perch, channel-cat and bream, and the fastidious bass did not scorn it. The bait was stored by nature conveniently for carrying. My friend had a servant, or factotum, or Sancho-Panza named Alec, who was about his own age, and I had John, whose only duties in life, besides eating and sleeping, were to make fires in my room, dig bait, saddle the horses, clean my gun, and be my man Friday, and companion, on all my hunting, fishing, boating, swimming and **sub rosa** my watermelon expeditions. We were good friends, but there was an atmosphere of over-lordship that always prevailed.

Our preparations were completed the night before, orders were given to feed the horses, and have breakfast early, and our clothes were carefully laid out so that we could expeditiously jump into them.

We got away before day, a blithesome party, full of great expectations of a big catch and a glorious time, but the Teapot Dome did not conceal a bigger explosion. When we got to the river, my chum started a heated controversy with John over some trivial matter, and being a somewhat testy and lordly youngster, called him a liar. Of course that could not go in those days between gentlemen, even though accompanied with a smile. John, being a slave, was seriously handicapped. He was eloquent enough when he unlimbered his vocabulary upon his social equals. All of us understood that he could not, under the prevailing regime, strike or blackguard a white boy—certainly not one of that rank. If it had been what the negroes styled "poor white trash" it would have been quite different. But that understanding did not close, but rather blew the incident wide open. Under the then prevailing time honored code, it devolved upon me to protect my servant. Under the circumstances, an insult to him was an insult to me. It impinged upon my own proper dignity. It was a case of noblesse oblige, and I promptly made the quarrel my own. We first smashed up my father's poles upon each other, which action he fully approved when he heard of the **casus belli.** Then hair, noses, and eyes came into quick requisition. The two darkies stood off in the most friendly way enjoying the fun, and cheering on the combatants. When we got home our mothers hardly knew us. Our fathers fully approved, and although friendly themselves, made no effort to reestablish our former relations. Several months passed, and we hunted, fished, swam, rode, and were licked at school, in the same crowd, bearing ourselves all the time, however, haughtily, but each secretly yearning for the other.

One day there was a general melee over a shinny game. We fought on the same side, each helping the other in some particular crisis, and then our hands, just as our hearts had always been, stole together.

Peace came like it did after the war of 1812, and without the treaty settling the question that brought on the contest. This was over sixty years ago, and I am the only actor left of that stirring drama of the olden days.

IN the April number of Outdoor America is the first installment of a series of hunting and fishing reminiscences by Jacob McGavock Dickinson.

"Mac" Dickinson, as he is familiarly known in his home town of Nashville, is one of the leading diplomats and international lawyers of the United States, and was secretary of war in President Taft's cabinet. He is necessarily a busy man of affairs, and when such a man takes the time to write stories of the camp and hunt, in the days when game and fish abounded in the South, it is a good illustration of how the public conscience is being quickened to the woeful waste of wild life, which has resulted in the extinction of some of our most interesting and useful forms.

Judge Dickinson comes from an ancestry which loved the open country and the sports of the field, and in his stories will contribute a large part to the creation of sentiment in favor of the conservation and protection of the scenic features and wild life resources of this country that those who come after us may not be deprived of that which we have enjoyed so abundantly.

Nashville Banner, April 14, 1924.

Uncle Sam

WHEN the writer first knew Uncle Sam, it was in 1875, and he was then over ninety years of age. He had belonged to Col. John Overton, and was for many years the body servant of his father. After he was made free, he lived at Travellers Rest until he died. Colonel Overton owned a large property which had been seized by the Government whose officers collected the rents and paid no taxes. Shortly after the war he went to Washington to secure its release. While he was still far from accomplishment, Mrs. Overt wired him that Sam had been arrested, charged with theft, and that the

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"Hell and Maria" Goes Hunting

By GLENN GRISWOLD

MR. CHAIRMAN: I arise to a point of order. A great wrong is being done to a fellow townsman of mine and I move an immediate correction of the record.

Every great man in history must have some recreational hobby. Some of them are born with the sporting instinct

world, not excluding some prize stretches along the Illinois River or the Maryland flats. There are about twenty thousand acres in this preserve and the only humans on the place are half a dozen cowboys who run errands for a few thousand Hereford steers.

It was a regal sort of an excursion, regal at least until Charlie Dawes got on the ground with a gun in his hand

red corpuscles, vaccines and pep which had been discovered by the British and had been used as a regular army ration in the campaign in Mesopotamia. It occurred to us that for the first time we had some inside information on the causes for the disaster which overtook that campaign.

The general informed us that a teaspoonful of this concoction consumed in hot water twice a day would bring youth and beauty and adjured each to partake. We did, and we continued to do so with ritualistic promptness and ceremony morning and night thereafter for a week. That there were no casualties will ever be a mystery to me. My own survival I consider an act of Providence. Others of the party seemed like-minded. It made one yearn for the days of youth when sulphur and molasses, poor man's bitters and castor oil were in vogue. It may be that the general thrives on the diet—it may be too that by surviving it he demonstrates to his own satisfaction that he is immune to all the ills and frailties of life.

Mark Woods joined us at Omaha. At daylight the next morning we arrived at Wood Lake, which is the nearest station to Reed Deer Ranch. As I opened my eyes I looked out of the window and saw a pond not much bigger than a griddle cake alongside the railroad track. On it rode eight butterballs feeding complacently, apparently oblivious to the straggling evidences of civilization and the proximity of half a dozen impatient and ardent shooters. I have since come to the conclusion that the butterballs were better informed as to the marksmanship of our party than we had suspected. There were no casualties although considerable gunpowder was spoiled, but then and there I decided that **this** must be the greatest duck country in the world. We were met by a perfect caravan of flivvers and soon discovered that nothing but a broncho or a flivver can carry a man from Wood Lake to Red Deer Ranch. Every man was provided with a flivver and a driver—driver being the local designation of some of the best guides in the world.

The country is an endless stretch of meadows and puddles dropped haphazard between billowing ranges of drifting sandhills. There are no roads since no two cars dare try to drive twice in the same place. The game is to start down a sandhill at full speed, and hope that you get over the intervening meadow without being bogged; then dash up one side of a sand dune, down the other, and repeat. Every sandhill looks like every other sandhill and every meadow like its neighbor. How a driver finds his way across seventeen miles of that country in the daylight puzzled me. Negotiating it at night in a snowstorm is a miracle pure and simple and I participated in the demonstration of such a miracle more than once.

Eventually we arrived at the Woods brothers lodge on Red Deer Lake. It was something of a shock to find in so remote a place as complete and picturesque a lodge as might be expected along the banks of the Hudson. Brevity may be achieved in a description of its elegance by noting that among its appointments is a fully equipped bathroom.

Red Deer Lake lies in front of the lodge, varying from a quarter to half a mile in width and stretching about three miles to the north. Its shores and bars are lined with reeds and wild rice.

Before his flivver had come to a full stop General Dawes was out and loading a gun. By way of demonstrating what sort of a shooting place he had come to the general walked down to the shore of the lake and shot two canvasbacks and a puddleduck as they were just getting out of range.

Two pullman chefs were busy in the kitchen. Breakfast consisted of cereal, fruit, griddle cakes, broiled breast of prairie chicken, native honey and coffee. After breakfast, George Woods, who was already at the lodge, joined his brother in their daily task of demonstrating that bird shooting in Northwestern Nebraska is the sport incomparable.

The most difficult task of the day is determining where to go and what to shoot. In the corn fields to the south and the sandhills all about grouse and prairie chicken are to be found in abundance. A pack of Llewellyn setters and Irish pointers are yelping to go. In Red Deer, immediately in front of the lodge, are to be found any day in the season an unbelievable number of redhead and canvasback, milling about answering a call and piling in on decoys with an abandon that seems not at all characteristic to the breed. Ballard's Marsh, White Water and other marsh areas within ten or fifteen miles present thousands of acres of wild celery in which puddleducks of all sorts abound.

As becomes a visiting sportsman the general relied on the guidance of his hosts and Mark Woods decided on a little pot hole over yonder in the hills between two big lakes. The general bundled himself into hip boots, a sheepskin coat, loaded that old submarine pipe of his, and was ready.

At the pot hole two guides dug at the water's edge and into a sharply sloping sand bank, a blind somewhat smaller than a four room flat, lined and covered it with hay, put out thirty or forty blocks and everything was set. It may be said in passing that one of the appurtenances of the Woods layout is a coop well stocked with live callers, but no one ever uses one. They are a nuisance to carry and the theory of the country is that anyone who cannot without a live caller get enough ducks into his decoys to assure him his limit is either a rotten shot or the most unlucky man in the world.

Glenn Griswold, Editor Chicago Journal of Commerce.

It was agreed, with some reluctance on his part, that the general was to have the first shot at everything that came in until he got his shooting eye. He had done a lot of shooting in his younger days but had little confidence in his marksmanship.

It was a blustery day and ducks came in frequently and fast. First came a pair of mallards. The general shot first as agreed and got one. Mark Woods took the other. Then came four. The general got his one, Mark got two and chided his guest for not shooting twice. Thereafter for an hour the general never missed with his first or second shot. He had never done such shooting and could scarcely credit his own marksmanship.

Finally, forgetting to eject a shell, the general got but a click from his gun but a shot rang out and a duck dropped.

"Mark, I thought I was to have the first shot," remarked the general, narrowing his eyes as he looked at his host.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300 mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

"You've been getting it," answered Mark.

"Yes, but you shot at the same time."

"Only because I saw your gun wouldn't work."

"Mark Woods, you ornery cuss, you have been firing at the same time I did ever since I sat here. George says you are a fair shot but that you have missed a duck every season for the last four or five years. He says he is slipping a little himself; that he missed one last year and has been afraid every day this season he'd do it again. I think he's jealous. I don't believe you ever missed one in your life.

"Here is where I start fresh. I don't believe I have killed a duck today. From now on you get down in front here where I can watch you. I am going to get a duck if I stay here all night."

It is but fair to say that from this point the general's marksmanship suffered much, but he did kill six ducks including two big redheads and the biggest bull canvasback that came into camp that night. That night there were ducks of many sorts stretched across the front porch: canvasbacks, mallards, redheads, one stray pintail, butterballs, and a miscellaneous scattering of bluebills, spoonbills, and everything but teal.

That night the general told with some bitterness the trick Mark had played on him and threatened to go out the next day alone. And this he did. They gave him an Indian boy to handle his boat and put him in a blind on a point of land that runs out toward the middle of Red Deer Lake to leave a narrow passageway that connects two main parts of the lake. It is the best spot for either pass or decoy shooting I have ever seen. Again the general was the victim of a frame-up.

Mark and George went next door to a shack occupied by a few friends from Lincoln and Omaha who are the perennial guests of the Woods brothers. It was agreed that none but the general should fire a gun the next morning but that every man should be out with a boat in the upper and lower lake keeping the ducks moving over the general. And they moved over him in flocks, regiments and armies.

The general kept up a constant bombardment for two hours. Then the firing ceased. A little later his boat pushed out of the blind and Pete began rowing back to camp. The general climbed out of his boat with some twenty birds, almost all canvasbacks and redheads.

"What made you quit? Fifty birds came into your decoys just as you left." Mark was speaking.

"Simply because I know when I have shot enough trained ducks," replied the general. And thereafter he was left to take care of his own shooting and count his own birds.

The general tried his hand at prairie chickens, which in that country are about seventy-five per cent grouse, if one must be exact. He never failed to bring home birds. His shooting was better than others of the party who had shot oftener and more recently. In fact, it was excellent when account is taken of the years that have passed since he was a young lawyer in Lincoln and hunted with some regularity.

Throughout the entire trip General Dawes was constantly demonstrating that he is a true sportsman and a regular fellow. More than that he constantly impressed us with his homely, wholesome and old-fashioned ideas.

Those who have not known the hospitality of the Woods brothers nor tried the shooting to be had on this great private preserve have something to live for. It may be that lightning will strike them as it did me; that they will be invited to spend a few days in the duck blinds of Red Deer Lake and Ballard's Marsh. Until that happens you will never believe that there still exists shooting of the sort our grandfathers used to brag about.

Natural feeding grounds abound over this and adjacent ranches. The spot appears to be on a main course of flight from North to South. Every sort of duck lingers there unusually long in his fall migration. The hunter who doesn't get all the birds his conscience will permit him to kill just doesn't know what a shotgun is for. I proved to be one of the latter class. I had done no shooting for five years and little for fifteen. The first day or two I missed ducks I could have killed with a club. I did go out and get ten or fifteen every morning from daylight to breakfast time within one hundred yards of the lodge, but if I had been able to shoot as the general and I once did, I would have been back in camp before Jim had his griddle cake batter mixed.

Throughout the week General Dawes continued to demonstrate that of all the personalities of modern history none has a more genuine love of the out-of-doors, a more intuitive sense of sportsmanship nor greater modesty in his prowess afield.

Mr. Chairman: I move a correction of the record.

(Mr. Griswold is an enthusiastic member of The Izaak Walton League and on its National Executive Committee.)

"Plant a Willow"

By WILLIAM B. MERSHON

Author of "Recollections of My Fifty Years Hunting and Fishing."

I HAVE been intending to write to "Outdoor America" about planting willows along trout streams earlier than this, so that the boys could go out and cut their willows and be sure to have a good supply of them upon the opening of the trout season, but I have been on the Pacific Coast and then into Arizona, where, after having finished my business, I took three or four days down in the Tule Mountains of Sonora; just a good outing where I saw the desert aglow with wild flowers, and have just returned home. But it is not too late now. Any time during May will probably do.

It is so easy to cut willow slips about a foot long, take a good bundle of them along with you when you are fishing and stick them in along the banks of the trout stream. Be sure you put them the right way up, that is the way they grew originally, and above all things shove them in deep; don't allow more than two or three inches of the cutting to extend above the surface. If you cannot shove them down straight, put them in slantwise, and if you do this, a large share of them will grow, and a willow margined trout stream is a thing of beauty. Not only will it shade the water but insects of various kinds will be dropping from the tree into the water and produce more trout food. Then as the years go on and the willows get to be big spreading trees, how delightful it will be to sit beneath their cooling shade for the noonday lunch or for dressing the trout, as they should be dressed frequently and laid away between layers of nice green grass and kept moist within the creel. I know that the trout anglers who have this brought to their attention will welcome the suggestion, and many of them act on it.

I am wondering if the damming of our trout streams is going to eventually make this country without trout. Is not there a dividing line the same as there is in the drainage question? Is it always worth while? Is not a trout stream worth more as a trout stream than for electric power purposes? Our grand old Au Sable River here in Michigan, a river full of grayling memories and old time anglers, then later on a glorious trout stream, has been converted into a pike pond, much to the glory of the Ford tourist who enjoys catching these slimy snake eaters.

The Moon Of H'Nash-Ka The Jumping Frog

By El Comancho

Illustrations
By C. Otis Wilson

"SON-OF-TEN-THOUSAND-FATHERS, listen; this day I paddled my canoe along the Small-running-water that comes slowly out from the Pond-of-the-Moose where the White lilies grow.

"Here I saw where Capa, the Beaver, had already begun to cut down some of the small-wood trees that he puts in the bottom of his pond for winter food.

"Near his house, in the deepest part of the pond, I saw new cuttings already laid down on the muddy bottom, though the sun is still warm.

"Capa is a wise chief; he knows many things that men have yet to learn about the days to come—I know that winter comes early this year because of what I see Capa doing.

"It is well to keep an eye on Capa and do as he does for then one will not freeze at the time when Es-to-ne-pesta, the Coldmaker, sends Eah, the Whistler, to make war on E-toh-ka Tate and his friends, the Seven Brothers.

"I have told you before that Wah-hun-de-dan, the War God, always calls on Es-to-ne-pesta, the Coldmaker, to send Ma-kai-pe-ye, the Blizzard, to help him in the winter with his war against E-toh-ka Tate, the South Wind and the Seven Brothers, but it is in my mind that I have never told you who all of these Mystery People are; is this not so?"

"Right, Brother," said I, for I knew that again O-min-isa Wi-chash-ta, Lone-Walker, my old Indian friend, was under the spell of the moon and now he would talk of the time "before something happened," which changed the world all about so the Very Ancient Ones, who are the Mystery People, became different from the animals and thus the tribes of men could no longer talk with them.

Alone-Walker knows many stories having to do with the Gods and the people of the Far-back days and when he feels like talking all one has to do is to sit and listen to the tales as the old man tells them; then, presently the listener is transported from these modern times back into the most remote days when Magic Power was the property of all men and of the Chief animals as well and both men and animals had a common speech and dwelled together in a state of more or less harmony.

But we anticipate; listen while the wise old chief tells of the Time-of-the-Long-Ago in his own way.

"A-a-yah!" he said, "Way-zhe-utah, God of the Ice-world, already beats his war drum and calls his people to his first war council for his heart is bad and his belly lean and he will make war very soon against E-toh-ka Tate, the South Wind.

This war has been going on for many times the age of the oldest man.

"It is a war between Mystery People and it goes back to those very Ancient Ones, the Far-back Fathers who lived in the time before Something Happened which left the animals without speech and changed all the tribes of the world.

"About those Times men know nothing except that the Ancient Ones had very strong Medicine Power and could do very wonderful things which men of today cannot do at all or else do only in a feeble way.

"It is all as a man's Medicine is; if he has a very Strong Medicine then he can do many Magic Things and he is stronger if he has a fine big Medicine Bundle and knows all the songs that go with it as his fathers knew them; then there is hardly any limit to his own Magic Power or to what he can do.

"This is the moon of H'nashka, the Small Jumping Frog; he sits in the warm mud at the side of the water where all the sunshine can reach him and warm his bones before he goes down into the mud to take his long winter sleep which is part of the penance he must do for his misdeeds in the Far-back Times when he was a fine young man whose name then was Wah-wah-hoo.

"He fell in love with the daughter of another Chief and the young people planned to get married.

"When the father of Zintka Sa, the Blue-bird, heard that Wah-wah-hoo intended to marry his daughter his heart went very bad and he called his war chiefs and told them to get ready for war because he had quarreled in times past with the people of Wah-wah-hoo and he would not think of letting his daughter, Zintka Sa, the Blue-bird, marry into this tribe.

"Then he sent word to the father of Wah-wah-hoo telling him that he would start on the war path if Wah-wah-hoo was not taken home where he could not make love to Zintka Sa, the Blue-bird.

"With this message he sent the head and tail of a Rattlesnake to show that he would begin and end the war as he chose.

"The father of Wah-wah-hoo sent back the dead body of a Rattlesnake with the head and tail cut off and with it he sent a quiver full of war arrows to show that he was ready and would fight to the end.

"So then, when all was ready, the war drums sounded and all the fighting men gathered ready to meet the enemy; all were there but Wah-wah-hoo!

"He was missing and could not be found anywhere. About this time it was discovered that Zintka Sa was also missing and at once a great cry went up from the people, for the Medicine Men all said that Wah-wah-hoo had stolen her.

"This was not a fact, for she had come to Wah-wah-hoo of her own accord early in the evening and by

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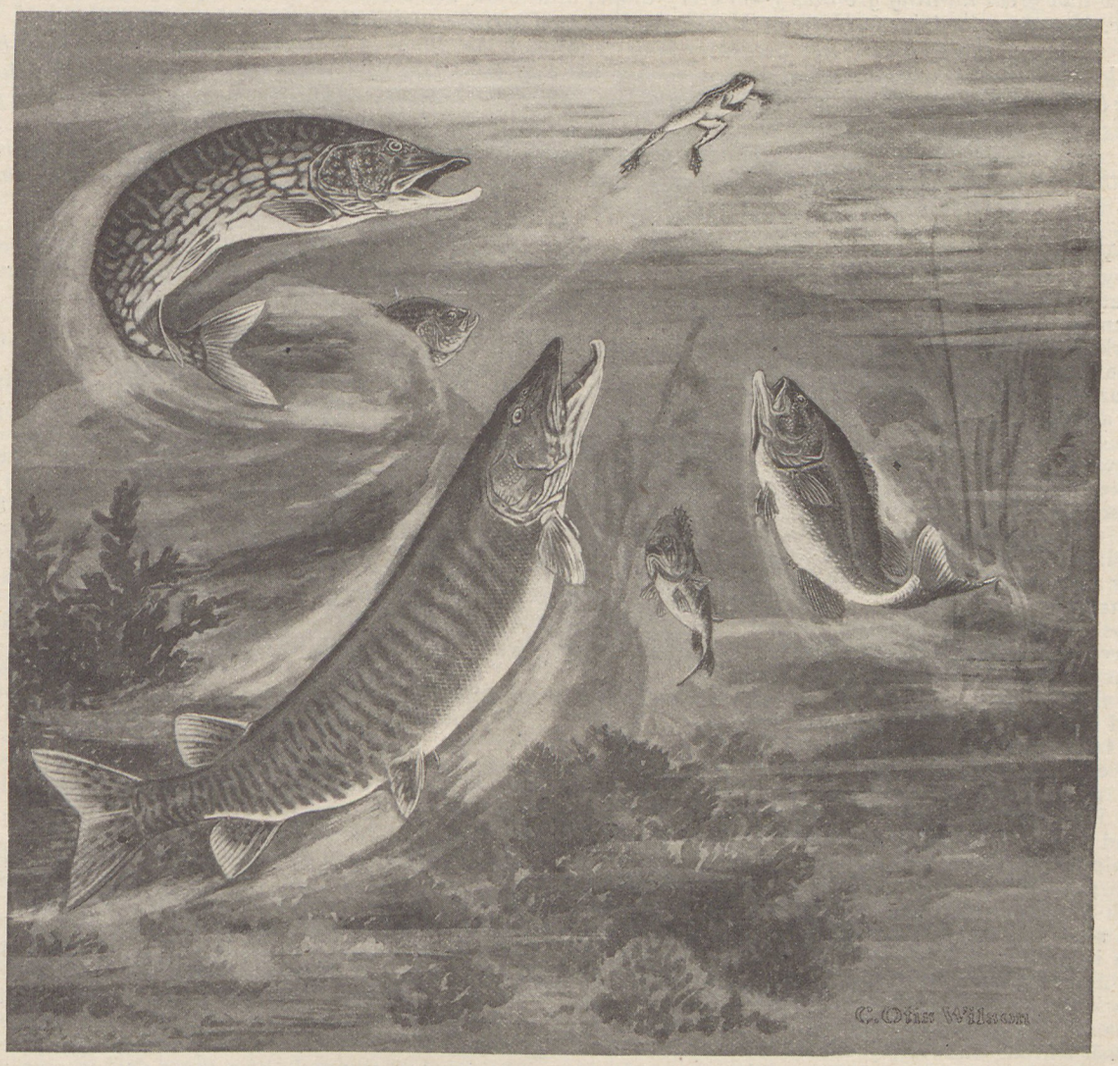
the time the people missed her, she was far away with Wah-wah-hoo in his canoe, paddling across the Lake-of-the-wide-water on the way to a far northern country where they could settle down and live.

"When the Medicine Men told her father where they had gone he called on his Medicine to make a Great Wind blow so the canoe would sink.

"So the Great Wind blew and nearly swamped the canoe but the young people managed to get to shore.

"When the Father of Wah-wah-hoo heard that he running away with a girl to keep from going to war was gone he thought his son was a coward who was and he grew so angry and talked so loud that Skamson, the Thunderbird, came and brought high winds and rain with him, thinking that some of his friends were in trouble.



"So now you know why the Frog is good for bait.

"The old Chief was so angry that he abandoned the idea of war and sent all his people to find his son.

"They searched everywhere they could think of, but he was not to be found, though the search was kept up for days.

"His father did not know that the people of Zintka Sa had also immediately begun to hunt for her and that they had, in time, found her and taken her away from Wah-wah-hoo and had beaten him with their war clubs and then they came away and left him for dead in a swamp.

"Here Capa, Chief of the Beavers, found him and brought him to his own lodge where he gave him food and took care of him until he was well and strong and able to take care of himself again.

"Then he showed Wah-wah-hoo the trail that led back to his own people so he could go home whenever he wanted to.

"You would think he would have been grateful to Capa, the Beaver Chief, for saving his life and taking such good care of him, but he was not, for the Beaver Chief had a lovely daughter, too, and she had helped to care for Wah-wah-hoo while he was sick and she had fallen in love with him.

"Wah-wah-hoo forgot his late love, Zintka Sa, and very promptly fell in love with the Beaver Chief's daughter and before long they had promised to marry; then the Beaver Chief's daughter told Wah-wah-hoo of the great fortune in Hiqua Shells that the Beaver Chief kept hidden in a cave under the bottom of the lake near where he lived.

"Of course Wah-wah-hoo was interested, so the girl took him by the secret way down to the cave under the lake and there she showed him more Wampum than ten times ten men could carry and it was all made out of the most beautiful Hiqua Shells.

"It happened that Wah-wah-hoo was a very greedy person and when he saw all this great store of Hiqua he forgot about the girl and he said to himself, 'Now I will come here and get all of this Wampum that I can carry and I will go home and hide it; then I will come back and get more until I have all this great wealth at home and I will be the Greatest Chief that anyone knows."

"So he started to carry this plan out.

"He went down to the secret cave under the lake and got all the Wampum he could possibly carry in

(Continued on page 76)

The Kekoskee Bullhead Story

By EMERSON HOUGH

ABOUT 34 years ago, a young man visited Mayville, Wisconsin, announced he was a newspaper and magazine writer, and said he wanted to spend several days on Horicon Marsh and secure first-hand information concerning that wonderful sportsman's paradise.

He was directed to Dr. G. J. Clark, leading dentist and hunter of Mayville and now President of its Izaak Walton Chapter number 23 in the state.

The young man was Emerson Hough, who was already then engaged on missions pertaining to the protection and conservation of our wild life and of their natural refuges. He was accorded every opportunity to view that great hunting grounds from every angle, and to the astonishment of the hunters who accompanied Mr. Hough on the trips to Horicon Marsh, he appeared to rather watch the wild fowl than to kill them.

On one of those trips, it was necessary to drive through the village of Kekoskee, which then, as now, boasts of less than 100 residents; and it was on such a trip that Dr. Clark casually related to his guest, the story of the bullheads at Kekoskee, which one Chicago newspaper proclaimed as "One of the grandest piscatory yarns existent in history."

Because of Emerson Hough's connection with the original publication of this tale, as well as for the benefit of those who have never heard the same, we reprint Mr. Hough's own version of it as published 34 years ago.

I HAVE received permission to tell the Kekoskee fish story, provided that I do so in a careful and temperate manner. I do not know how to obey this injunction better than by giving it in the words of Dr. Clark of Mayville, Wis., from whom I first heard it.

"These events happened before the war," said he. "They are so singular and improbable that I always hesitate about telling the story. You will probably laugh at me and not believe me, yet every word of this is true.

"The winter of 1860 was very cold. At that time a vast lake covered the whole ground where Horicon Marsh now is. This lake was full of fish, and when the ice had frozen deep over every portion of the lake these fish became distressed for air. The Rock River, as you know, is a lively stream here, and, as you have noticed, it has a stretch of swift water just below the great dam at Kekoskee. This dam existed at the time of the story. You have looked with your own eyes upon the very spot where these startling incidents occurred.

"The fish, unable to breathe in the half-solid lake, crowded up the live channel of the Rock River, making for the hole which the swift water kept open in the ice below Kekoskee dam. Most of these fish were bullheads, and no run of salmon ever equaled this run of bullheads. It is six miles from the lake up to Kekoskee dam and the ice on the river was two feet thick, yet the whole bed of the river, forty yards wide, was for six miles so packed with bullheads that the heavy covering of tough ice in places rolled and tossed like the waves of the sea, so desperate was the struggle of the horny host beneath it.

"The first arrival of the run of fish at the open hole was marked by a geyserlike eruption of bullheads fifty feet across and about twelve feet high. The pressure of the fish behind was simply enormous. The fish could not get back in the water and so slid out on the ice, covering it in every direction for hundreds of yards to a depth varying from six inches to two feet.

"The air was filled with a strange, low murmuring sound, which could be heard nearly a mile around. Old settlers say they never heard such a sound since. Dreading some unknown calamity, they hastened to the spot, and there, as you may suppose, their dread was turned to joy.

"Before noon of that day every team of the whole neighborhood was at the dam hauling bullheads. The amount of bullheads taken from that spot I hesitate to state for fear you will not believe it. No one believes it. They always laugh at us when we tell this story, and think we have gone crazy. In Wisconsin the term 'Kekoskee man' is used to designate one who has a wheel in his head. No Kekoskee man has been believed on oath or admitted to a jury in Wisconsin since 1860. This unearned reputation has ruined the town. You see it as it is, silent, almost deserted, a few empty buildings standing as monuments to a town martyred unto ruin by too strict an adherence to the truth. For every word of this story is true.

"If you will come with me about a mile out in the country I will introduce you to the widow Schneider, now an old lady. The widow Schneider will tell you that on one morning she counted 900 wagon loads of bullheads on their way from the geyser below the dam. This was only one morning, and the run lasted for two weeks. Of course this number of wagons represented only a part of those who passed, and this was on only one road of several leading out into the country.

"The bullheads were shoveled into the wagons like potatoes, and the regular price was 25 cents a load—a nominal sum, to cover the shoveling only. One man who shoveled there bought him a farm in this vicinity with the money so earned.

"The bullheads were hauled out into the country and used largely for manure. There is no richer land in Wisconsin than this has been since 1860. All the farmers fed the bullheads to their hogs, and for two years after that you couldn't get a decent piece of pork in this part of the state. It was all fishy. The hogs all took naturally to worms and liver after that, and some of them evinced rudimentary gills behind the ears. Oh, I don't blame you for doubting this. They all do.

"There was a ford in the road at this point of the river, but the wagons could not get into the water. After the first eruption of bullheads had subsided planks were laid across on the living pontoon bridge of fish, and on these the teams crossed.

"Even after the run had subsided very much dogs and children were known to run across the open hole on the backs of the bullheads. Still later in the run, after the fish had thinned out a great deal, a man well known in this community, Julius Cornell, slipped from the ice and fell into the hole. He could not get into the water for the fish. You smile at this. I do not blame you. We are used to it. No one ever believes this story.

"After the bullheads thinned out so you could get a spear through them as they lay in a matted layer, it was discovered that there were layers of bass and pickerel lower down in the water, and much sport was had with these later on.

"Of course, everybody that winter lived on bullheads, and they were used in many ways. As I have said, the farmers fed them to their hogs. We had a lazy sort of expressman here named Brush, and he owned a fallen-down old horse which dated back to the Mexican war and was called Santa Anna. Brush insisted that he was too poor to buy Santa Anna hay, and so he fed him bullheads all winter, and that was everything the horse had to eat for six months. Oh, laugh if you

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

want to; we're used to it. But I'll take you out and show you Santa Anna, a good, healthy sort of horse today. Brush has moved to Bayfield, but you ask any citizen of this town if Santa Anna didn't live on bullheads, and if he don't tell you just what I have I'll retract the whole story. You needn't think for a minute that I'm talking to you out of my head. These things are all facts, and you can get all the proof you want. You just go out alone; don't take me along, but just stop any citizen of Mayville you meet and ask him how about the Kekoskee bullheads. That's all I ask you to do. You just sift this story and see if you don't find it true."

We did sift the story, and we did find it true. That is the singular thing about the story, and that is why I call it the most remarkable story I ever heard. The facts themselves are not beyond the range of imagination, but to have a whole community rise up and testify to their truth—that proves that imagination had nothing to do with it, and that the facts are facts pure and simple. Ordinarily one man tells a fish story. Here 200 tell it, and tell it just the same. The evidence is legal, convincing, overwhelming. In the total it makes up the grandest fish story ever told. I tell it here, but it is nothing. No one man can tell it. It takes a whole town to tell it. To hear it aright you must go to Mayville. There the whole town will tell you this story. You dare not, cannot, doubt it. You will believe, and you will feel, as we did there, that the entire chain of circumstances in this case constitutes the most remarkable incident in the history of a lifetime.

Emerson Hough trying to decide on a new fly.

We met F. M. Lawrence, leading attorney of the town, and asked him carelessly about this story. Mr. Lawrence was alone and not within reach of Dr. Clark.

"Oh, about those Kekoskee bullheads?" said he. "Yes, that was a great time. The widow Schneider, out here a mile on the road, counted 900 wagon loads of bullheads go by in one morning. A dog could run across the open hole on the backs of the fish. Julius Cornell fell off the ice and couldn't get into the water for the fish. The farmers fed bullheads to their hogs, and one fellow here in town, name of Brush, kept his horse all winter on bullheads. He had them stacked up out in the yard. The horse's name is Santa Anna. Want to see him? Come along with me and I'll show him to you. A good many people don't believe this story, but I'll show you the horse."

We happened across Ed Sauerhering, who owns the drug store, and dropped a hint that we had heard something of this story. He was alone, and couldn't see Dr. Clark or Mr. Lawrence.

"Oh," he said, "those bullheads? Yes, there was an awful lot of them. Julius Cornell slipped off the ice and fell into the hole, but he couldn't get into the water for the fish. That was in the cold winter of 1860. The widow Schneider counted 900 wagon loads of bullheads go by her house one morning. You see, the farmers fed the bullheads to their hogs. Old Brush, an expressman here, kept his horse, old Santa Anna, all winter on bullheads. He said he couldn't afford hay, and he had plenty of bullheads. Do you want to see Santa Anna? Come along and I'll show him to you."

At the hotel we met the landlord, an old German, and we said a word or so about the story.

"Oh," said he, "dose bullhets? My! dot was an offul dime alretty. Yulius Gornell, he fall der ice off, and he gouldn't get into der wasser bei der vishes yet. Efferybody feeds dose bullhets bei der hogs, and I gets me so tired of bullhets I bin sick of life. Old Prush, der egsbressman, he feeds bullhets all vinter bei his horse, old Santy Anny alretty. Yas, dot Santy Anny don'd eat nodings elses ven der bullhets last. Of you vand to see old Santy Anny you gome along, und I shows him to you. Der vitter Schneider, dot lives bei one mile on der road out, she hat doch nine hundret vagon loats of bullhets on einzigen morgen gesehen. I shows you old Sandy Anny und der vitter Schneider. Yas, dere is no doubdt upoud dose bullhets not py a longvays yet."

That evening we sat in the hotel office, a kind of town meeting ground. One by one, as the different citizens came in at the door, they were, without previous hint and without possibility of collusion, asked to stand and deliver the Kekoskee bullhead story. One by one they did so, without hesitation, and with absolute unanimity on the points of Julius Cornell, the widow Schneider, and old Santa Anna, as well as on minor details.

This is what I claim for the Kekoskee fish story. It is not a plain lie and it is not unbridled imagination, but the best possible exposition of facts which do not admit of doubt. The evidence is there and any man can go and hear it. If he does, he will doubt no more, but believe as I do, and as I hope all readers of this do. Moreover, I have myself seen the very spot where the hole in the ice was. I have seen the house of the widow Schneider, and I have seen Santa Anna. I should dislike to have this story meet the ridicule with which I treated it before I had become convinced of its entire truthfulness, and any doubting allusions to it I shall treat as personal aspersions. If the proof offered here is not sufficient, there is plenty more in Mayville.

NOTE: Dr. Clark now claims Mr. Hough omitted one very important phase of the story, which is, that the pressure of those bullheads finally became so great as to actually reverse the operation of the mill-wheel, causing the wheel to revolve against the water flow. He says, however: "It's so long ago though and so many of the old settlers who remembered and would bear out my statement in that regard have passed away, that no doubt most people will doubt the truth of this last statement too."

Nevertheless and in further substantiation of all the foregoing, be it remembered that after this tale was given to the public, F. M. Lawrence was elected Judge of the County, and Ed Sauerhering was sent to Congress from the District in which Kekoskee is located, and Kekoskee residents are once more believed under oath, and are also permitted to serve on juries.

Wallace

The Huskie

By MARIE C. JASTER

WHILE vacationing at Lake Temagami last summer, my husband and I had a very interesting experience with one of the huskies or Eskimo dogs, for which that north country is famous. He was owned by a trapper and fur-trader who lived on Bear Island, where the Hudson Bay Company's Post for that district is located. There were hundreds of these dogs on the Island and their barking could be heard for miles around, sounding most weird to those not accustomed to it. The dogs are well fed during the winter months when they "work for their living," but in the summer, when idle, they are chained by the water's edge and given scarcely enough food to subsist on. The director of our camp took a fancy to one of these dogs at the Post and invited him to spend the summer as her guest—on Temagami Island. His name was "Wallace" and he is the hero of my little story.

Wallace was a magnificent animal, weighing about a hundred and fifty pounds, with soft, kindly brown eyes and a dark brown coat which made him resemble a huge bear. He was an added attraction to the camp—for most of the guests had read and heard much about huskies but had never seen them at close range.

Although Wallace had known nothing but hardship during his entire life and had always lived among the fiercest type of Eskimo dogs where the motto seems to be "The survival of the fittest," he was as gentle as a kitten and adored petting. The camp guests were rather cautious about approaching the huge fellow at first but soon learned that he was perfectly harmless. Before long he was "reigning supreme" and we were vieing with one another in our efforts to make Wallace's holiday pleasant. Many delicacies were smuggled out to him from the dining lodge and after each meal he was the center of an admiring group of devotees—each awaiting his turn to bestow some particular "goody" upon Wallace. It was interesting to see how quickly the dear old huskie adapted himself to this new life of ease and luxury which was such a contrast to his former environment.

"He looked like a huge brown bear."

My husband and I are lovers of dogs and it did not take Wallace long to discover the fact. It seemed to be a mutual case of "love at first sight" between the three of us. Wallace showed us every attention, following us on hikes through the island and coming to our tent every morning to awaken us. We felt quite flattered by his devotion. Our contribution to his entertainment was unique and considered by some of our fellow-guests as terribly dangerous. We took Wallace canoeing. To say that he enjoyed it is putting the case very mildly indeed, for he simply adored it. Evidently, canoeing had been a favorite sport of Wallace's at some time during his seventeen years of existence, although we did not discover the fact until he had been at camp for some time. One morning as we started out for a day's paddle, we noticed that he was following us, running through the brush of the island and coming to shore occasionally to keep us in sight. We expected that he would turn back on arriving at the end of the island, but instead he jumped into the ice-cold water and swam to the next island. He did this all day. Finally he stood on a huge rock projecting from the water between two islands and looking in our direction he gave a series of wolf-like howls. We paddled up to him and my husband laughingly said, "Come on, Wallace!" Much to our amazement, he understood and accepted the invitation without a moment's delay, jumping into the canoe with the agility of an Indian guide. He chose the exact center of the boat and balancing himself with great care he settled down in solid comfort, his head resting on his forepaws.

With a sigh of contentment on Wallace's part and many misgivings on our own, we started across the lake for camp. Our fears as to the behavior of our extra passenger were groundless, however, for he proved to be a "regular sailor," never moving except to turn his head occasionally, in order to sniff the air as we passed wooded islands. At each turn of his massive head, the canoe swayed and I will confess that I fervently hoped he would not scent a deer or other game and leap from the canoe in "mid-ocean."

Either he got no scent or getting one, he restrained his natural instincts, preferring the joys of canoeing to those of the hunt for the time being. He never moved from his original position until we arrived at the camp dock. Here we were greeted by an astonished group of fellow-guests, all "armed" with Kodaks to snap us before we took the fatal and inevitable spill. Much to their surprise, we did not spill and Wallace used as much caution in alighting from the canoe as he had displayed on entering it. From that day on, Wallace was our constant companion.

On especially long paddles we allowed him to get out and roam at will through the brush. He never lost sight of us on these occasions and, when the spirit moved him he would

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"Wallace adored canoeing."

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Our Outdoor Calendar

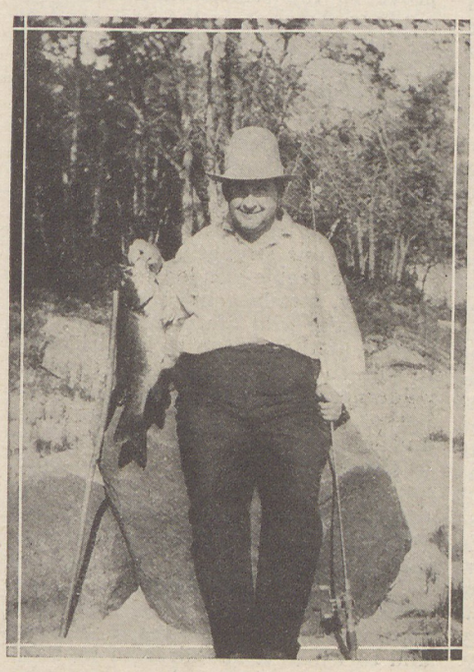
By
WARREN H. MILLER

June

This department of fascinating and practical outdoor lore will appear regularly and will be conducted by Warren H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream. There is no better authority in America on camping and living in the open than Warren H. Miller. —The Editor.

YE Red Gods! What a month! I call your attention to our group of photographs herewith, all taken in June, all representing various shades of human happiness. It is all there, outdoors in June, if you but seek it out. That smiling Indian guide, Tawabisinay, for example; to many of you he will recall priceless days for trout on the Michipocoten, where they are "Lak dat!" as Tawabisinay says, holding his two paws a good yard apart. Or he may recall a canoe trip in some chain of lakes in the Rainy River region, where the northern pickerel are as long as an oar and have a tail as big as your hand. He is the "silent smoky Indian that I know" that Kipling sings of. He means happiness, good measure, pressed well down, to him who seeks out Tawabisnay in his solitudes.

And then that oily and smiling villain holding up a bass! None other than that joy-provider, Bob Davis, who prints good stories in his magazines when he is not out trying to catch a bass. Bob can tell you of taking them, three at a crack, on Grand Lakes, Ontario. Pundit of the bait-casting rod is Bob. By the bare fact of his printing his investigations with that implement, and his days on many lakes with bass galore to catch, he has done as much as any man to introduce the art of bait-casting to the great Eastern section of our outdoor America. Over against him I would like to show our own Will Dilg, champion of the fly rod with bass. His pen, too, was not idle in the old days! I have taken bass both ways and am champion of neither method. Both have their fine points and their thrills. To land a three-pounder on a short rod, which has no more than two feet of bend and which requires the canniest of reel play, is no easy trick. You lose more than you boat! And as for thrills and leapings of the heart up into the throat—Garn!—He'll drag your feelings out by the roots if he gets behind a clump of lily pads and the little rod has no way of stopping him! Take him on a fly, and there are more thrills, with the old nine-footer bending in a shining arc, following remorselessly his every rush—but at the same time without power to stop him if he makes up his mind to bolt anywhere. Skill and nerve with both win.



"None other than that joy-provider, Bob Davis"

I take both bait-casting and fly rods on my June bass camps. It is a fact that the smaller bass are afraid of the heavy lures cast by the bait-caster; and if nothing over a pound and a half is biting, I change to the fly rod and heave at him with a bass bug or a spinner. If a big one strikes your five-ounce rod you are in for considerable excitement—and you never can tell what lurks in the lily-pad coves! When they are all feeling pugnacious and walloping everything that moves, as bass often will, give them a diver or a wobbler; cast artfully with the short rod. Often I have had great success with a small spinner, cast by the short rod with three or four split shot on the line to give it weight. One cannot cast much less than three-quarters of an ounce with any distance and accuracy.

One large advantage of the fly rod is that the lure is working continuously, for, passing along some twenty-five feet off shore, you either skitter the bait or drop the fly, retrieving it back to the boat as far as it will go with artful jerks and then flinging out for a back-cast. As the whole motion is a swing of wrist and arm, one's lure is in the water a deal of the time. The more water covered by your bait, the more chances that some bass will see and strike. A good bait-caster can keep his lure working nearly as much; it is the poor dub, always pestering with backlashes and making poor shots of his good chances, who does but little real fishing. To illustrate: Yonder is a likely cove in the lily pads. Your boat is fifty feet away. Your object is to cast that lure right into the center of that cove, not too far or too little, neither to one side nor the other. If you are a good shot, it lands. Then it must not stay there for examination — usually suspicious —on the part of Sir Bass. Ah, no! Back your wiggler, or diver or whatever it is, must start, with every appearance of a minnow or frog trying in a life-like manner to get out of that locality with all speed. Seeing that, Sir Bass does not waste any time in further hesitation, but pounces. To make him do all that, your end of it will be to present that lure without foozling and to start it back to the boat without any unnatural floating about. Any bait-caster can

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Outdoor America

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Headquarters, 536 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Ill.

WILL H. DILG, EDITOR
JUNE, 1924

League National Policies

FIRST and above all, it is the policy of the Izaak Walton League to present the facts to the American people about their own out-of-door land. We know that no man can come to a logical conclusion without the outstanding facts being clearly set before him. In the beginning, we thought it possible to get publishers to give space to this important subject but soon we saw the utter hopelessness of our getting anywhere in this direction and this brought us face to face with the necessity of the League publishing its own magazine, and there was no other way out.

We realized, too, that if the League were to publish its own magazine, that it must not be a money-making enterprise of any man or any syndicate of men. The more thought we gave to the League owning and publishing a magazine, the more we saw that it would have to be removed even from the slightest taint of commercialism. We saw, too, that such a magazine would have to enlist the help of our best writers, and that it was entirely out of the question for the League to pay America's great writers. The League was poor, had no money, and did not know how to get it. We had, though, an unconquerable FAITH—a quality sometimes even greater than money. We had, too, TRUTH, and understanding of the great fact that the American sportsman was through and through a patriot, and inherently and elementally a man of action, who would go far to save his own out-of-door land IF we could only furnish him the facts, so that he might see the way and then act intelligently.

League's Magazine Launched

On August 9, Izaak Walton's birthday, seven months after the birth of the League, the first issue of the League's magazine was launched. It was a 32-page magazine.

There was no fear and trembling—we did not look behind—we looked ahead and we prayed and we worked.

The League in determining on fundamental outdoor America policies, realizes it is all important to first understand that since 1865 the American people have permitted the exploitation of its out-of-doors, as have no other people in the history of the world. It is also equally important to understand that "all of a sudden" the American people have waked up and that we have only started to think seriously of the heedless and thoughtless ruin of our out-of-door land. The problem is big—very big. It is difficult—very difficult.

The League appreciates that any policies it may set forth cannot go far unless these policies are backed up by public opinion. We realize, too, that the saving of the remnants of our old America rests entirely with the people. We agree with James Oliver Curwood who has written in our magazine: "Only the people can put *their* lakes, *their* streams, and what wild life they have left, into hands capable of caring for them, perpetuating them and increasing them."

America's First Asset

It is a policy of this League to prove to the American people that outdoor America *is the first asset of the nation.* We say to our countrymen that we have arrived at the turn in the road: "where it no longer becomes a question (as Gene Stratton Porter has said in our magazine) of what we want to do, we are now facing a square presentment *of what we must do.* It is time for all of us to get together and in unison make a test of our strength."

Even a feeble-minded man can see the slow, steady grind which is wiping out the wild life of America. Of course, if that is the righteous thing to do—to wipe out all sport, and all wilderness life. Then we need not bother, but let America civilize itself and commercialize itself off the face of the earth. But if we are to hope and work for a little of the old outdoor America, that is entirely a different matter.

Pollution

The three great policies for which the Izaak Walton League is working and to which it has directed its principal energies, *is first* the proper solution of the problem of the pollution of our inland and coastal waters. Human life is directly involved in this subject, and pollution is a terrible menace to the public health throughout America. More than eighty-five per cent of our American waters are polluted, and yearly the percentage increases. Pollution is not a matter for the sportsman to solve *alone,* it is plainly a question of vital concern and immense importance *to our whole citizenship.*

Reforestation

Our second great problem is that of reforestation, and the prevention of forest fires. Here again we have a question which concerns the whole nation—*not only the sportsman.* In 1922 forest fires swept over our woodlands and burned a territory equal to a ten mile wide stretch from New York City to Denver. Reforestation and the stoppage of forest fires concerns the whole nation and unless the people awaken to the importance of this subject we of this generation will merit the odium of our children and of their children.

Drainage

Our third mighty problem is that of the indiscriminate drainage of our marshes and swamp lands. The enormity of our national drainage activities is proved by the fact that we have drained an area equal to 75,000,000 acres. Even though our wild fowl starve during their annual flights, for want of resting and feeding grounds, it is nevertheless a fact that indiscriminate drainage *concerns the whole nation more than it concerns the hunter and the fisherman.* Unwise drainage brings disease and pestilence in its train, takes the necessary moisture from the atmosphere and frequently causes enormous crop failures.

Three National Problems

Obviously, these three great problems, only briefly described above, are national problems. They are vital to every citizen. They concern almost every municipality and are or should be of grave concern to our state government and to the national government as well. It is the avowed policy of the League to encourage public interest and to encourage municipal, state and national action. Here the importance of our well-coordinated local chapters play their important parts, the chapters of our state divisions move in unison and we have the evidence to prove that in states where the League is strong rapid improvement is being made in all directions, especially in the states of Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Missouri, and Oklahoma.

The League thoroughly understands that there are many questions of lesser importance than the major three given above, where we are expected to formulate or announce a national policy. We realize the serious import of these lesser questions and the extreme difficulty of answering them with the assurance of unanimity of opinion among our members, because in some of these problems we find that even the experts who have specialized on most of these minor subjects, "agree to disagree."

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

Predatory Animals

There is one important controversial question concerning the extermination of predatory birds and animals. We receive letters from the extremists on one side who favor the total extermination of all of these species, and the extremists on the other side write us strenuously objecting to the killing of any of them.

Writing of the wholesale killing of jack rabbits, Emerson Hough wrote of "the most successful hunt so far," as follows: "Side hunts and circle hunts were taboo nearly a generation ago among sportsmen. But suppose that this pest of rabbits actually must be reckoned with, what caused the pest? I knew the arid western states in 1880, 1890, 1900, 1910. No such pest existed then. *Why does it today?* Obviously, it is the disappearance of the natural enemies of the rabbits. That is to say, the poisoning of the coyotes has brought another pest which must be destroyed in turn. Any naturalist knows that a coyote lives on small stuff—field mice, gophers, rabbits, whatever he can get easily. If you poison off his gophers, he has to eat what he can get—maybe fawns, maybe lambs, not often calves. Left alone in his own part of nature's scheme, he never was such a very destructive creature out of his natural line. Kill seven hundred thousand jack rabbits on his range, and he has got to hunt something else. He used to be a part of the West—a familiar, not disturbing, sight. His voice at dawn was the very voice of the West itself. We shall miss him in that abomination of desolation which *soon will be the West*, where not a wing whispers in the air, not a track shows in the sand, not a quavering call comes at break of day. America! No. This soon will be Italy, China." The lines in quotation are among the last written words of Emerson Hough, who said in this same article, "I have spent my own life and my own money to get the truth, and I have set it down here."

No one can doubt that the wholesale killing of wolves and coyotes in some territories has resulted in an enormous increase in the number of rabbits, prairie dogs and ground squirrels, which have proven to be a greater nuisance to the farmers in those sections than were the wolves and coyotes destroyed.

A thorough scientific study of this whole matter develops that it is always dangerous to disturb the balance of nature.

"The Rule of Reason"

The League has not definitely determined upon its policy as to the wholesale killing of predatory birds and animals. We know that there are cases in some districts where wholesale killings are imperative, and we will advise in such cases that the "rule of reason" is the right and sane course to take. The League believes that each case should be the subject of an impartial investigation. We believe that an honest effort should always be made to leave wild life of every description as nearly undisturbed as is consistent with the reasonable protection of human beings and their material interests.

Responsibility for these decisions will in some cases be with the National Government. In other instances with the various states, and some of them will be local problems to be decided by local Izaak Walton Chapters in conference with local communities.

Our national organization cannot consistently dictate policies in detail, but can only emphasize the importance of our general policy of preserving and restoring *so far as is reasonably possible the wild places and wild things of our common country.*

Fish and Game Administration

Another controversial question is the proper length of open season, as applied to fish and game, and the limit of the bag or catch. This should not be a matter of sentiment *or guesswork.* The real answer seems to be in the administration of fish and game as advocated by the Boone and Crockett Club in their paper that was published in the February number of "Outdoor America." By "administration" is meant the regulation of killing in such a way as to maintain the quantity at the maximum *justified by the food supply* available for their sustenance.

The national government, under the Bureau of Biological Survey in the Department of Agriculture, has charge of the administration of migratory birds. This Bureau has the power and does establish arbitrarily the open season in various territories and prescribes the bag limit and makes other rules and regulations as applied to this character of game. They have the facilities for scientific investigation of conditions and their object is to maintain as large a number of migratory birds as can be sustained by the available food supply. They can determine with a very fair degree of accuracy the number of migratory birds in the various flights each season and can, or should, detect almost immediately any threatened diminution of numbers, due to excessive killing. We are, however, of the belief that an insufficient number of capable investigators are employed to properly do this important work, and at present owing to this sad state of affairs, much guesswork results, and we are led to this conclusion *from letters coming from our hunter members of the League.*

Neither in our judgment, does this Bureau employ enough game wardens to enforce their rulings In both instances this is undoubtedly due to lack of sufficient funds. If they had sufficient investigators and their orders were properly enforced we could feel secure in the administration of migratory birds, providing the feeding grounds are not materially reduced by indiscriminate drainage. It is ridiculous to expect twenty-eight Federal game wardens *to police forty-eight states,* and the League intends to do its utmost to help this survey to get a sufficient appropriation so that the migratory bird law *may be properly enforced.*

State Administration

If each of our states had a conservation department divorced from politics and in charge of a competent and experienced man (or a committee of experts) who had full power to administer fish and game in that state, the situation could be so controlled as to preserve or even increase the supply as desired.

At the present time, in most of our states, the regulation of fish and game is dependent upon the action of their legislatures. This is too inelastic and *will not meet emergencies.* If there has been a very bad winter, for game, the state conservation officer in charge of administration, could act immediately to materially reduce the length of the season and the bag limit or even close the season entirely for a sufficient period *to allow for recuperation.* If we have to wait two years or longer for legislative action, *the damage may be irreparable.*

The two important things the League should work for in this connection are the entire and complete divorce of conservation departments *from politics,* and giving these departments full power and charging them with *full responsibility for the administration of fish and game.*

Finally, it must be plain to every man that the conservation of wild places and wild things, of fish and game, is simply a matter of mathematics—a matter of hard business sense. We cannot have our dividends and spend all the capital from which these dividends are earned. We have been doing exactly that. The question of saving sport in this country is entirely a matter of business. No man ever got a start in life until he started to save, and this reasoning applies to the American sportsman. He will never get ahead until he applies to fish and game the same policy as does the business man to his business. The business man knows there are *times for retrenchment* and *times for expansion,* and he also knows *he cannot spend all his capital and have it too.* In other words, he administers his business and his capital *to meet conditions as they ARE, and not as he would like them to be.*

George Horace Lorimer "boxed the compass" when he wrote: "We have not only hunted our game, but we have slaughtered it. We have not only conquered the wilderness, but we have destroyed it."

The Izaak Walton League is doing all it can to help the sportsman understand the true meaning of *fish and game administration.* It may be hard at the start, just as all new departures seem difficult *in the beginning,* but after his game and fish supply begins to roll up, compound interest and all, *he will wonder why he did not begin earlier.*

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Brief News of the Chapters of the Izaak Walton League of America

DELEGATES to the first state convention of the Ohio division of the Izaak Walton League of America, in convention at Dayton, April 1, worked eight hours almost without stopping, framed a constitution and by-laws, adopted a set of resolutions and wound up a history-writing day with a banquet.

The real story of the Ohio convention is told in the list of resolutions. John P. Naas, the president, explained among other things the reason for the vetoing of the recently enacted anglers license bill. Except for being unconstitutional the bill was regarded as satisfactory, and the governor was quoted as being in favor of and willing to sign an anglers license bill which would stand the test of the courts. A joker inserted in some unknown manner, it was explained, wrecked the chances of the bill ever becoming a law.

Dayton Chapter, of which Mr. Rodney Martin is president, was the convention host, and the wind-up banquet was a wonder. An Izaak Walton League minstrel company introduced a performance which could not easily have been improved upon.

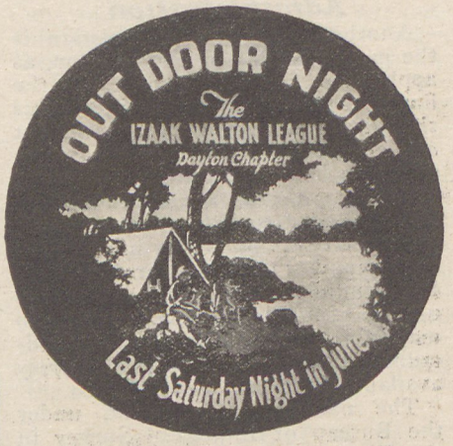
John P. Naas—President Ohio Division.

Plans of the Dayton Outdoor Night plan were fully explained at the banquet. President Will H. Dilg was the principal speaker at the banquet and incidentally spoke at a Kiwanis club noon-day luncheon.

The resolutions adopted by the convention follow:

RESOLVED, that the Ohio Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, in convention assembled at the City of Dayton, this first day of April, 1924, hereby declares its allegiance to the principles and policies of the National Izaak Walton movement and tenders to the National directors and officers the fullest co-operation and loyalty of the Ohio Division, its constituent local chapters and individual members.

Resolved, that the Ohio Division of the Izaak Walton League of America in convention assembled at the city of Dayton, this first day of April, 1924, hereby declares that it believes all campaigns and organized efforts for



Poster for Dayton Outdoor Night.

the elimination of pollution from the public waters should be based primarily upon considerations of the public health, except as to conditions wherein a health menace cannot be consistently asserted, and as to such that their relation to the question of "nuisances" be considered.

Be It Further Resolved, that, in view of the announcement by the Directors of Health and Agriculture of the State of Ohio that those two State Departments are about to undertake a joint survey of the State of Ohio to determine the extent and identity of pollution in the waters of the state, the Ohio Division of the Izaak Walton League of America hereby tenders its assistance and that of its constituent Local Chapters to the said State Departments in the making of such survey.

Be It Further Resolved, that the Ohio Division of the Izaak Walton League of America hereby expresses its approval of the creations of the Advisory Board by the Director of Agriculture for the better administration of the fish and game of the State of Ohio, for the solution of the important problems devolving upon the Fish and Game Division and the development of a real conservation program as to natural resources of the state.

Be It Further Resolved, that the Ohio Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, tenders to the Director of Agriculture, the Chief of the Division of Fish and Game and to the Advisory Board related to the Division of Fish and Game, its unqualified support and that of its constituent Local Chapters in all matters wherein the best interests of all the people of the state of Ohio shall be conserved and protected.

Be It Further Resolved, that the Ohio Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, recognizing the futility of hoping for the reforesting of areas within the state comparable in size or importance with those vast forests which originally clad our state, believes that there are today available and suitable for reforesting considerable areas, the replanting of which to native trees would vastly add to the sum of the common wealth of the people of the state, and, particularly, that our highways afford excellent opportunities for beneficial tree-planting activities. We therefore recommend that the State Forester and the State Department of Agriculture consistently encourage the reforesting of such suitable areas and the road-side planting of native trees throughout the state.

Whereas, there was recently launched in Ohio organized attempt to create a widespread demand on the part of hunters for an open season on, and the resumption of the shooting of quail in the state; and

Whereas, the farmers of various sections of the state, the Ohio State Grange and Farm Bureau, the agricultural press of Ohio, the Director of Agriculture, many writers upon outdoor sports and many conservative sportsmen have expressed the belief that the farmers of the state will very generally oppose all attempts to remove or lessen the present protection of the quail and will resent such attempts by encouraging the posting of farm lands in all parts of Ohio, thereby limiting the available hunting territory upon which pheasants, partridge, grouse and rabbits may otherwise be hunted; and

Whereas, it is apparent that a lamentable condition of strife and misunderstanding between the hunters and farmers is being created by such attempt to create a demand for the lawful resumption of quail shooting in the State of Ohio, the result of which will be to check further propagation of desirable game birds on the farms of Ohio, to withdraw additional hunting areas, and to obstruct the efforts of many representative farmers, hunters and others to establish better relations of sympathy and understanding between the farmer and the non-farmer citizenry of our great state;

Now, Therefore, Be It Resolved, that the Ohio Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, in convention assembled, at the city of Dayton, this first day of April, 1924, hereby deplores the said agitation for the resumption of quail shooting in the State of Ohio, and most earnestly recommends, without considering the arguments advanced by the proponents of an open season on quail, that the hunters of Ohio concede to the farmers of the state the perpetual protection of quail; that the individual hunter and fisherman and all organizations of hunters and fishermen be and hereby are urged to seek to

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

cultivate better relations with the landowners and farmers of their respective localities to the end that there be a general exemplification throughout the great Buckeye State of that high type of sportsmanship that alone can justify a request to pursue one's sport afield or astream upon lands owned by others, and in the confident hope that more unposted land will be found in every county in the state in each succeeding year.

Be It Further Resolved, that we approve the creation of more, suitably-located game and bird sanctuaries and refuges; a more intelligent system of propagation and protection of introduced game birds than has heretofore obtained in the State of Ohio, a conservative season-bag limit of our non-native game birds, and a daily bag limit on wild ducks of not to exceed fifteen, inclusive of all varieties or species.

The last resolution was amended to read, "the daily bag limit on wild ducks not to exceed five (5) inclusive of all varieties or species."

Will County Chapter Bass Hatchery

So far as Headquarters has been notified the first black bass hatchery in the state of Illinois built and stocked by a chapter is now in active operation at Pilcher Park on the outskirts of the city of Joliet.

Through cooperation with the city Park Commission the Will County Chapter was accorded the privilege of preparing a series of ponds for the hatchery. These ponds, years ago used by the Higinbothams as a trout hatchery, proved upon expert investigation to be admirably suited for bass culture. Through cooperation of Chief Fish and Game Warden Stratton and his assistants, the ponds were surveyed and with members of the Will County Chapter freely wielding picks and shovels, the necessary adjustments were made.

George Powers of the Powers-Thompson Construction Company, furnished material and labor to help the chapter produce what its officers assert, is one of the greatest single conservation accomplishments in the state of Illinois. One of the lakes has been named Pilcher Lake in honor of the donor of Pilcher Park to the city of Joliet. Another has been named Dilg Lake in honor of the President of the League whose appeals for bass ponds started the movement in Will County.

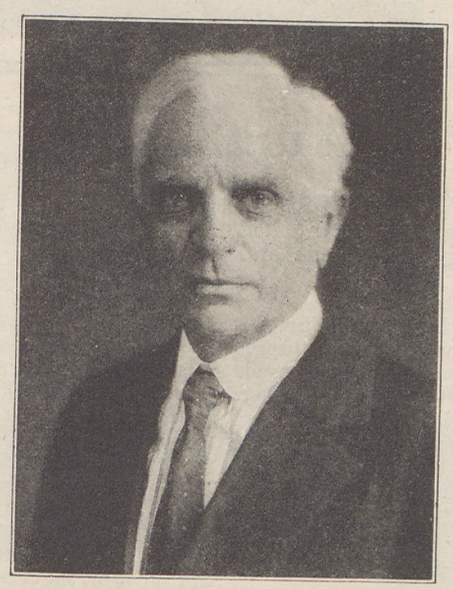
The hatchery will, it is estimated, supply restocking material for all of the streams in Will County and to the Will County Chapter the anglers are indebted for assurance that streams will never lack black bass. Representatives of Chapters contemplating establishment of hatcheries are invited to visit the Joliet institution and the officers of the Will County Chapter will be glad to give them the benefit of their experiences. The officers of the Will County Chapter are: E. C. Bassett, President; Harry E. Green, Vice-President; Charles H. Blim, Secretary and George Blackburn, Treasurer.

Minnesota Convention

THEY came on snow-shoes, on skis and by delayed trains to the first convention of the Minnesota division of the Izaak Walton League. A terrific blizzard hit Minnesota the day before the convention, March 29, and lasted through convention day. In spite of the storm, however, practically all chapters were represented.

A considerable portion of the afternoon was devoted to the framing of the state constitution. A number of exceptionally important resolutions were introduced and adopted.

The state division decided to devote its energies during the coming year to a campaign in the interests of legislation to obtain for the state fish and game department all funds accruing under administration and enforcement of the game and fish laws.



Deitrich Lange—President Minnesota Division.

The feasibility also was discussed of establishing game refuges on both sides of the trunk highways of Minnesota. A proposal to designate a narrow strip on both sides of the North Shore highway along Lake Superior as game sanctuary recently was launched by the Duluth chapter and when the subject was introduced at the state convention it was proposed that all main highways be featured by similar refuges. The proposal was referred to the legislative committee.

The convention wound up with a banquet at the Ryan hotel, attended by a splendid number of sportsmen considering the fact that all street car traffic was stopped and automobiles were few and far between. President Will H. Dilg was the principal speaker at the banquet.

Tremendous enthusiasm in the League was manifest at the convention and no doubt was expressed that the Minnesota division would within a few months be boosted to 100 chapters.

The newest chapter represented at the convention was Red Wing, petition for which was received at the convention.

Story of the First Florida Chapter

REMEMBERING vividly the splendid black bass fishing he had last March in the Lakes near Stuart, Florida, the founder of the Izaak Walton League of America, worn out by toil in Washington where he worked for "our" bill to prevent draining the Upper Mississippi Bottom Lands, abandoned a house boat party de luxe with Zane Grey as host—and came post haste from Long Key to again cast bass bugs in Palm Beach County's splendiferous inland haunts of Old Big Mouth Bass, the lure-seizer of Florida.

When Will Dilg stepped off the train at 9 p. m. in Stuart the other day, I could see at a glance that it was a wasted physique that carried his indomitable mind—his fighting eye was glistening all right, but he looked tired and worn. Still, with one day's rest he ventured "up the North Fork" and walked back half a mile to my favorite mile-long lake, where a canvas canoe had preceded him, and put in a glorious day. He took sixteen, putting back all but three. He hung a "10-pounder" and lost him as a gentleman should—without undue profanity.

Next day he had a message for me: "Ever hear of Blue Cypress Lake, across in back of Ft. Pierce?" he inquired. I never had, and admitted it. "Well, I have the route, and I am going there," he said. "Jack Sams of the St. Lucie Hotel has fished it. It's sixty-five miles from here." So, of course, being host in a way of speaking, I agreed readily to go. We went within the next couple of days, accompanied by my 19-year-old fishing pal son and R. E. McKibben, big game guide who is known to many Rocky Mountain sportsmen.

'Twas a pleasant drive west from Ft. Pierce, across the far-famed Alapatta Flats to Ft. Drum. And I'll never forget the almost breathless delight of Will H. Dilg as he scanned the beauties of Nature so wonderfully revealed in virgin simplicity and beauty. Fields of purple flags, acres of dainty violet blossoms—wild violets by the hundreds of thousands; cabbage palm clumps of from three to five hundred trees, stately, tall, friendly; massive oaks; bayheads of dark green growth; wild life in endless profusion; wading birds of white, of blue, of yellow, and variegated—and of sizes big, small and little. Wild doves, English snipe, curlews, cranes, egrets—one and all were tame beyond belief. It was easy to understand that the deer and wild turkey loved the Alapatta Flats of Florida.

The view was inspiring. "It's like Africa," said Dilg. "It would fit into the scene if an African lion should show walking out of that clump of palmetto."

(Continued on page 70)

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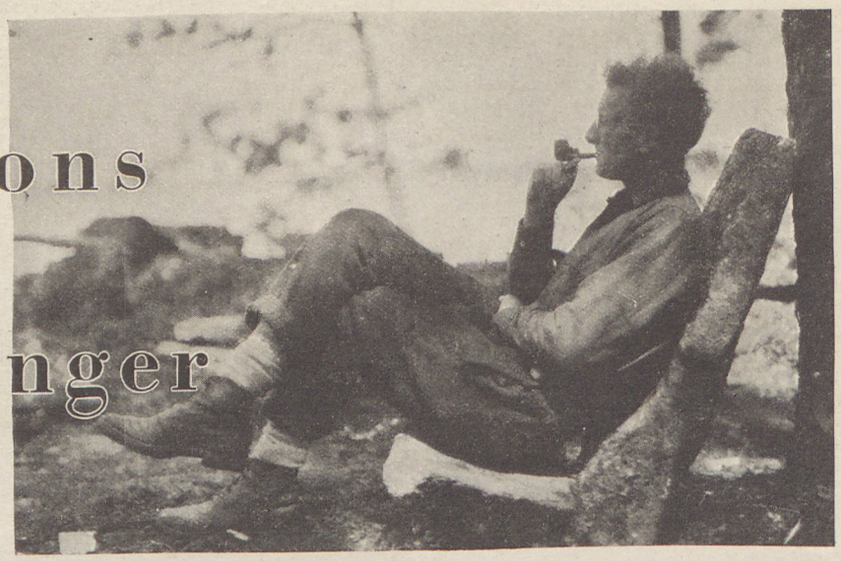
NEW CHAPTERS IN APRIL

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.

The Reflections *of a* Forest Ranger



By DONALD HOUGH

Amateurs

IT is doubtful if anything is so disappointing as the seasoned woodsman. His press agents have hailed him as a man who loves deeply the woods and all that is in them.

Alas, his indifference!

When you become eloquent about the view, he grunts and looks to the fastening of his shoes. Remark upon the wonders of nature, and he becomes embarrassed. Rave about the sunset; he worships at the shrine of the little camp fire coaxing it into a tiny blaze.

He seems to delight in taking the joy out of life. Observe to him that the shores are beautiful and that the wind is at your back, and he estimates the distance to the next portage. Become enthusiastic about the clear skies, and he is certain to observe a bank of clouds on the western horizon, which he declares will bring rain before night.

In fact, the woodsman is disappointing.

But watch him a little. Judge him with your eyes, not your ears. When you have gone to bed, perhaps he is sitting on a jutting rock, gazing off across the darkened lake.

Observe how he uses, how he treats, the wilderness about which you rave. When he makes a fire, he uses bits of wood, and heaps upon the coals the unconsumed ends of the firebrands. When he cuts poles for the tent, he is careful to select saplings that are being crowded out by larger trees. He thins out small clumps.

When he catches fish, he takes enough for the next meal, and puts away his line. Never does he cut a twig that he does not intend to use, nor mar a sapling that he does not intend to cut down, nor kill a fish or a bird that he does not intend to eat.

He is careful about hurting the dams of the beaver.

He does not know that he is doing these things. He is not conscious of the fact that he is the only true conservationist. He does them because he knows, more by instinct, perhaps, than by reason, that he shall live only so long as the forests do—that he is part of the forest itself, and to destroy it means to destroy himself.

It is no more natural to him to destroy the things about him than it is for the banker to wreck his bank. The woodsman is more careful about using only the interest, touching not the principal, than any banker ever was.

* * *

Observe, on the other hand, the average camper in the woods. He stops paddling from time to time to pour out his heart, and to go into veritable ecstasies about the beauties and the wonders of the things around him. By the time the occasion comes to use his heart, it is virtually empty.

Does he need a fire, he is helpless to resist the temptation to throw on it every bit of firewood in sight. Does he need a sapling, he cuts down three. Does he need fish for supper, he slaughters them until dark. He delights in the sharpness of his axe, and to prove its worth he slashes right and left into the bark of the trees. He makes great glaring wounds on them. He carves his immortal initials.

If a great rock, stained by centuries of oozing iron and the painful growth of mosses and lichens, presents itself, he must let the world know that he has passed by.

When he has finished with his camping place, he leaves it. Tin cans go into the shallow water along the beach—or they remain by the camp fire. His tent poles are left on the ground, to rot, so the next traveler will have to destroy more trees. Bits of paper and refuse litter the ground.

And away he goes, his exclamations on the beauties of nature echoing and re-echoing among the hills.

This man, perhaps, is an expert shot. He may know every fishing lure by its first name, every fly by its hackle. Perhaps he is consulted by his neighbors about the right kind of bait, and perhaps he is an authority on tents, camp sites and cooking prunes.

But he is an amateur outdoorsman. He is an amateur because he has failed to grasp the significance of the woods.

* * *

The amateur outdoorsman is not half bad. He is merely an amateur outdoorsman. All outdoorsmen were amateurs once upon a time.

But observe, if you please, the greatest amateur of all.

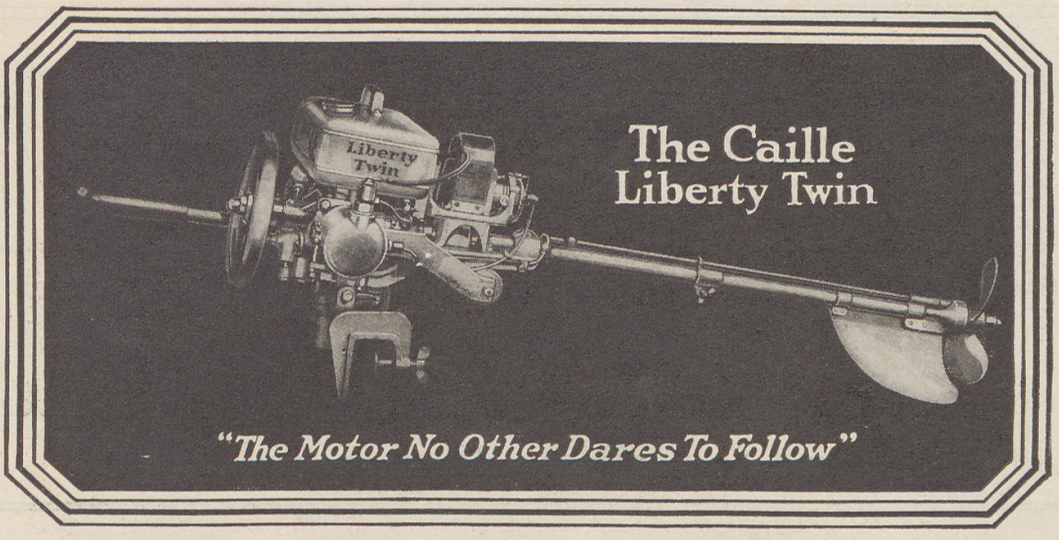
A forest, to him, is a line of ink on a piece of paper; a tree is so many board feet. A waterfall, as he sees it, is ten thousand horsepower; a river is a convenient sewer.

This man may be, and generally is, a power among men. Perhaps a nod of his head may mean the end of a virgin forest, a scratch of his pen the poisoning of a million fish.

This man may live in a great mansion; he may own the largest library in town; he may be an authority on many things that go to make up modern civilization—he may be an industrial genius, and he may own an eight-cylinder car.

But he is an amateur man.

Your conscience should not let you rest until you write your Congressmen and Senators to vote for the League's bill of a 300-mile upper Mississippi National Preserve.



The Caille Liberty Twin

$140.00

Packed in Handy Chest

Our Challenge

to other builders to follow us through weeds, shallows and over sunken obstructions has never been accepted and still stands

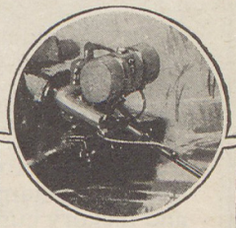
"I Must Have a Caille Liberty"

"They get away from me by driving their boats into shallows and weeds where I can't follow with my ——— twin vertical type motor."—Statement made by a Game Warden—name on request

Doesn't This Prove Our Claim That No Other Motor Gives You These Advantages?

Direct drive—100% use of boat—no vibration—motorcycle control—Bosch Ignition—Zenith Carburetor. Each is highly essential in any outboard motor. All are embodied in the Caille Liberty Twin. It stands head and shoulders above all other outboard motors in performance, ease of operation and all-around dependability. "Drives a boat where'er 'twill float"—through thickest weeds, over sunken obstructions and well up on shore when landing—without the slightest damage. *You can't drive a row boat in shallows with a vertical type motor. Read our challenge.*

You can attach the Liberty Twin on shore. The propeller can be swung clear around into the boat or locked up out of the water. Both steering and complete motor control are in the motorcycle grip on steering handle—women and children find its operation simplicity itself. Ignition and carburetor troubles are eliminated by the Bosch Magneto and Zenith Carburetor—both specially designed for the Liberty Twin. You can place full confidence in the



The Single Cylinder Liberty

Built on the same principle as the Liberty Twin, but with only one cylinder. Just the motor for those wanting a high-grade motor at a moderate price.

Only **$85.00**

CAILLE DETROIT LIBERTY TWIN

for it is unequivocally guaranteed. Backed by twenty-five years of marine motor manufacturing experience. The direct drive principle, developed by Caille engineers, has proven its correctness in the hands of users over a period of four years—the most advanced outboard motor design known to the industry!

See this remarkable new motor at your dealer's. Test it under the severest conditions. Order now for later delivery to avoid disappointment.

Ask Nearest Distributor to Show You This Wonder Motor

E. J. Willis Co., 85 Chambers St., New York City

Weeks, Howe, Emerson Co., 90 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

Seattle Marine Equipment Co., 736 N. 34th St., Seattle, Wash.

Rapp-Huckins Co., 57-59 Haverhill St., Boston, Mass.

James Walker Co., 123 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

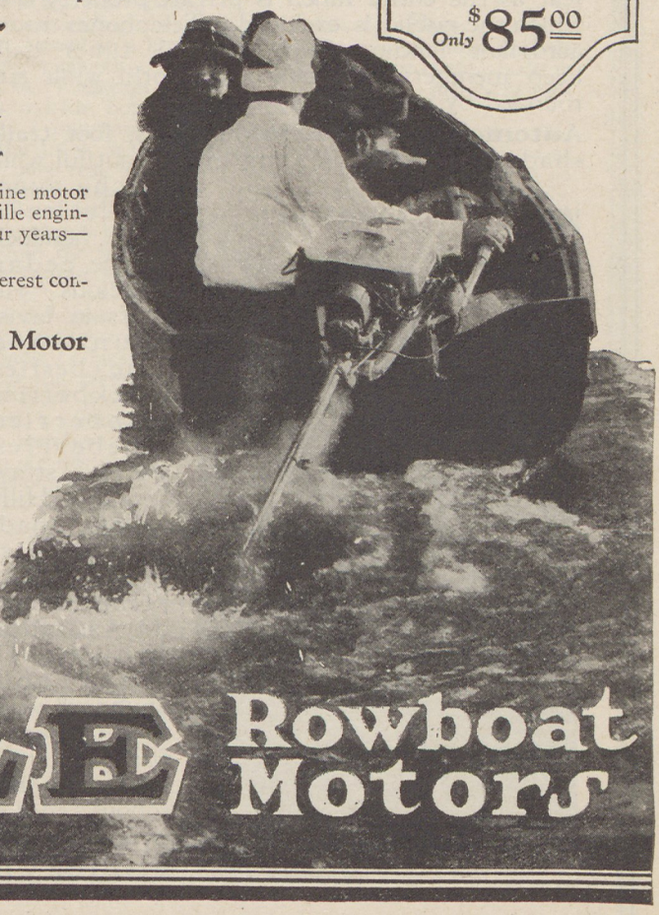
Leslie Franks, 5100 N. Bernard St., Chicago, Ill.

John J. Odenwald, 1209 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

A. Baldwin & Company, New Orleans, La.

THE CAILLE PERFECTION MOTOR COMPANY

6248 2nd Boulevard DETROIT, MICHIGAN



CAILLE Rowboat Motors

PRONOUNCED "CAIL"

Greatest, Largest and Most Satisfactory Summer Resort Extant

10,000 Acres

Au Sable Lodges
SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

Restful, Healthful, Exclusive, Ready Waiting

Children's Paradise, Adults' Haven
Enclosed by High Woven Wire Fence

Fishing, Hunting, Outdoor Sports and Summer Residence for Entire Family

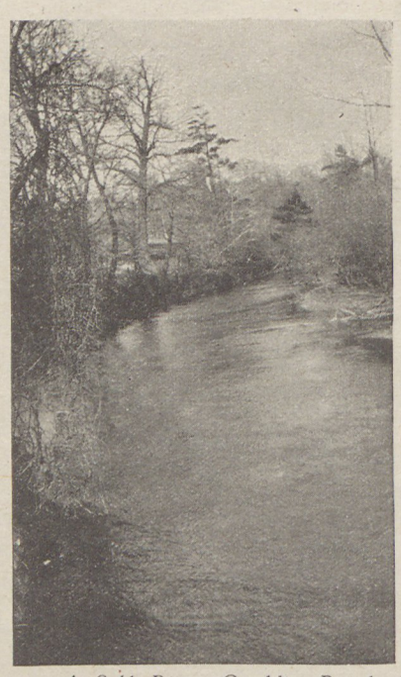
16 Square Miles of Protected Playground

20 Lakes, Clear, Deep, Wooded. Five Miles Headwaters of Au Sable River

All Pure, Sweet Spring Water Uncontaminated

This vast tract, the Geraldine Ranch, is leased to club for 99 years. Priority lease, better than deed. A dairy, stock, poultry, fruit and vegetable farm in center of ranch supplies members at farmer's prices, with all dairy products, eggs, fruits, vegetables, fresh daily. Fresh meats, ice, etc. Hampshire hams, bacon, etc., sugar and hickory cured on ranch. Fat chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, partridges. Refrigerator auto car for fresh meats, ice cream, etc., at members' service. A central power plant sends electric power and light to the beaches, members' cottages, and modern laundry for members; drives saw mill and finishing machines to build members' cottages. Members' families, children, girls, women, can roam over this vast domain without fear as the entire ranch is private property from which the public is excluded. Telephones, radio, aeroplane landing field, mails 3 times daily keep members in touch with world while surrounded by nature's wild repose.

Automobile Roads, saddle roads, foot trails, shady groves, dense jungles of beautiful white birch, sugar maple, oaks, pine, hemlock, spruce, cedar. Delicious wild fruits in lavish abundance, blue-berries, blackberries, raspberries, juneberries, cherries, strawberries. Hills, valleys, shady glens, grassy slopes and plains. Porous dry-surface, sandy soil, grassy sod, abundant vegetation. Perfect for camping, hiking, no poisonous snakes or growth.



AuSable River—Geraldine Ranch

Fishing Unlimited. Lakes and stream privately owned and free from usual restrictions. Constantly supplied from private fish hatchery on ranch, with abundance of game fishes, in variety. No better fishing anywhere.

A Geraldine Ranch Road

Hunting. No shooting on ranch except late fall season; wild ducks, geese, rabbits limited. Fox, bob-cat and other predatory animals and birds, unlimited. Also unlimited shooting of Hungarian Partridges (king of game birds) which will be bred wholesale on ranch and turned wild in woods for fall shooting, by members only. Otherwise the entire ranch is a game preserve and refuge for deer, ruffed grouse, quail, woodcock, water fowl and all American game and song birds.

Rifle Range and Trap Shooting in service October, 1924.

Camp Sites with spring water pump, tent floors, table, seats, fuel and sanitary latrine.

Lake Frontage Lots leased 99 years (nominal rental $2.00 to $5.00 yearly) to members who build their own cottages. Cottages guarded and guaranteed by lessor during owners' absence.

Boating, Canoeing, Bathing, Swimming, perfect beaches and bath houses.

Children's Playgrounds with complete equipments.

Tennis Courts, base ball, croquet, quoit and other game grounds.

Aeroplane station and landing field.

All foregoing privileges free to members.

Club Houses. One, large, fashionable where ranch borders Otsego Lake (popular summer resort). Another, plain, comfortable, secluded, at Opal Lake, interior of ranch.

Golf Course. First class, perfect topography; 9 holes finished this year; 18 holes next year.

Ranch Headquarters and Temporary Club House

Location 50 miles south of Mackinaw Straits near Gaylord, Michigan.

Transportation. By rail overnight from Chicago, Indiana, Ohio, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, eight hours from Detroit. Two stations on ranch border, Main line Michigan Central. Perfect automobile highways in all directions. Day's drive from Chicago, Indianapolis, Columbus, Cleveland.

Charter Memberships. Good for 99 years (Limited number going rapidly).

Only reputable red blooded white citizens with clean moral records accepted. Waltonians preferred.

Charter memberships will sell for five times their present price in a few years. Memberships inheritable, transferable on approval.

BOOKLETS ON REQUEST

AuSABLE LODGES

1247 Marquette Bldg.

140 South Dearborn Street CHICAGO

Opal Lake, Geraldine Ranch

Invitation to Izaak Walton League Members

Mr. Will H. Dilg,
President, Izaak Walton League of America,
Chicago, Illinois.

My dear Mr. Dilg:

The owning of a ranch such as the AuSable Lodges was an ambition of mine for over a score of years before I acquired this property three years ago.

I want to see the ruffed grouse as thick as blackbirds on the ranch and as tame as chickens. I want the quail and woodcock to feel that they are safe from murder by the pot hunter. I want the deer to graze as fearlessly as they do now in the open spaces.

In organizing the AuSable Lodges Sportsmen's Club, I have agreed to a limited late fall shooting season to include wild ducks and geese, although the majority of the shooting will be Hungarian partridge. There are also plenty of rabbits, red fox, bob cat, mink, hawks, owls, etc.

As I understand the principles, methods and objective of the Izaak Walton League, they fully meet my views as the only real sound and sane method of organization to efficiently conserve the rapidly vanishing game animals, birds and fishes of our America and their cover, forest and spawning waters.

From the very nature of my project, you must realize that I must restrict the sale of memberships to the right kind of people, and I believe that the people who join and help the Izaak Walton League, and who endorse its principles and purposes, are the kind of people I want in the AuSable Lodges.

For this reason it would please me very much to require that every prospective member of the AuSable Lodges, as a first qualification of eligibility, be a member, or qualify as a member, of the Izaak Walton League.

In our own small way at the ranch we are striving for the same objective as the League and I hope that the Izaak Walton League members will be interested in joining this club.

Very truly yours,

DION GERALDINE

FILL IN AND MAIL COUPON TODAY!

AuSABLE LODGES

1247 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

Without obligation to me, please send Booklet and Information relative to Membership in AuSable Lodges.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Superior National Forest Recreation Association News

By PAUL B. RIIS

Pres. Superior National Forest Recreation Association

Oudoor America is the official organ of the Association

THE amendment to H. R. 488 has been reintroduced in the House by Congressman Charles E. Fuller, April 21 and is now H. R. 8812. Senator Charles L. McNary also reintroduced the amendment in the Senate, April 29th and it is officially known as S. 3193.

By request for a report on the old bill some time ago by Senator Lenroot, Chairman of the Public Lands Committee, Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace suggested an amendment, which in a general way covered the very points contained in the amendment just introduced. This, of course, is reassuring, so we may hopefully look for enactment into law of this measure, if our friends will again stand by and support our efforts through their own Congressmen and Senators.

The amendment stipulates that no more than 50,000 acres may be bought in any one calendar year; further, it requires a crew of six men a year to examine for acquirement above acreage. Enactment into law of this measure at the present session of Congress would permit actual purchase of lands after June 1st, 1925, the time designated in the amendment when Minnesota State laws will have been passed to cover timber and mineral reservations in the Forest.

The consummation of the Forest extension under these reservations necessarily becomes a drawn-out affair. Yet better late than never. The movement will be a definite and forward looking one, that sooner or later will vest title to most of the circumscribed lands in public ownership. The tax burdens and bonded indebtedness of the counties will have been much relieved, with other adjustments aiding them to function in an orderly manner.

We again ask you to kindly and determinedly **ask your Congressmen and Senators to support this measure.** Let them know that the people everywhere are interested in the preservation of this unusual area.

Dear Editor:

At the League's convention held at the Morrison Hotel in Chicago, April 10th, 11th and 12th, many persons present tendered me money for membership in the Superior National Forest Recreation Association. Some failed to give me their names and others failed to give their addresses, all due to the haste which unavoidably attended the matter. If any of these friends fail to receive due acknowledgment by receipt of membership card, I will be glad indeed to have them advise me.

JAMES A. LAWRIE, Treas.
403 Wolvin Bldg. Duluth, Minn.

Calvin A. Dahlgren has resigned his position as Supervisor of the Superior National Forest. It is largely due to his untiring efforts and never-failing good fellowship that the Forest became better known to the canoeist. We understand Mr. Dahlgren is to engage in Wilderness Outfitting at Ely, at the portals to the Forest. In this capacity and as a director in our Association, he is in a position to render further valuable services. We wish him every success in his new venture.

A. L. Richey, former supervisor of the Holy Cross National Forest, and, as we learn, the best recreational forest Supervisor in District No. 2, has been chosen to succeed C. A. Dahlgren at Ely. He has taken hold of his new duties. Reliable information indicates Mr. Richey as the right man in the right place.

The Forest Service also has taken steps for better fire protection. A new 30-foot launch has been placed in commission at Lac la Croix, an additional fire lookout installed at Angleworm. Power hand pumps and fire tools and tool caches have been added to facilitate the work of the fire fighters.

The United States Forest Service also contemplates the construction of several low grade stub roads, that fires may be reached more easily. These projects are as follows: A stub road from the Grand Marais-Gunflint to Greenwood Lake in the far east portion of the Forest, a stub over an old logging road from the Ely-Finland road to Sand River. A stub is to be built over the east part of the Ely-Buyck logging road to the new lookout at Angleworm Lake, while another is to be constructed from the west end of the Ely-Buyck, several miles into the Forest. A short stub will connect the Forest Service boathouse on Crane Lake with the Crane Lake highway.

We are much pleased to record the enlistment of fifty new members on the floor of the National convention at Chicago, through the very kind efforts of Dr. Royden E. Tull, Treasurer Lawrie and Donald Hough. Due to stress of time, the addresses of a number of those enlisting were incomplete. We ask their kind indulgence in this matter, and if membership cards have not reached them by this time, please notify me at 301 Shaw Street, Rockford, Illinois, or the treasurer, Mr. James A. Lawrie.

But we must have still greater representation. A dollar membership enables us to carry on our campaign to aid in the preservation of the Superior National Forest. This effort is the first concrete step taken since the day when Col. Roosevelt set aside this Forest, which substantiates and safeguards the initial holdings. No time must be lost to put this over; your dollar mailed me today will help.

The Battleground of Kings where the moose answers the challenge of its rival.

Senatorial Committee on Public Lands and Surveys

IRVIN L. LENROOT, Chairman,	Wis.	HOLM O. BURSUM	New Mexico	JOHN B. KENDRICK	Wyoming
REID SMOOT	Utah	RALPH H. CAMERON	Arizona	THOMAS J. WALSH	Montana
E. F. LADD	North Dakota	KEY PITTMAN	Nevada	ALVA B. ADAMS	Colorado
ROBERT N. STANFIELD	Oregon	ANDRIEUS A. JONES	New Mexico	C. C. DILL	Washington
PETER NORBECK	South Dakota				

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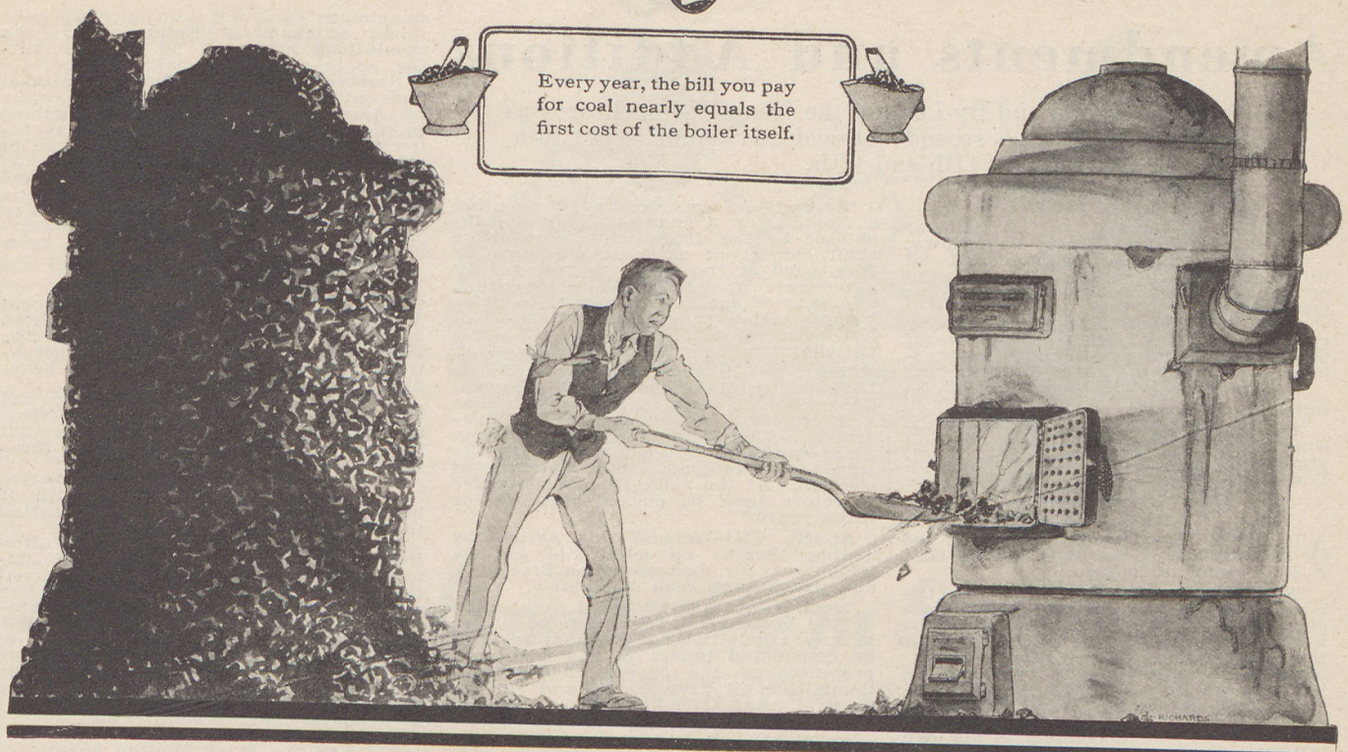


Painted for A. R. Co. by G. M. RICHARDS © ARCO, 1924

You shovel your heater into your heater every single year

OR put it this way:

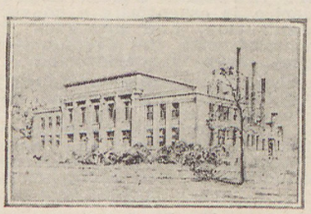
Suppose the original cost of your boiler was $200. At present prices, your annual coal bill is about equal to this amount, or perhaps more.

An old-fashioned boiler often burns up its initial cost in coal each winter.

Now, if by replacing your old boiler with an IDEAL Boiler, you can reduce the coal consumption at least one-third, the saving will repay your investment very soon. And every winter after that you will be receiving a dividend.

We want you to have a book about the IDEAL Boiler specifically designed for your size and kind of home. Write your name and address on a postal card, giving the number of rooms in your house, and send it to the address below.

Money is hard to save. Decide *now* that next winter and ever after you will have clean, healthful and economical warmth.



Back of the service rendered by IDEAL Boilers and American Radiators is the constant, painstaking investigation of our engineers in the Institute of Thermal Research at Buffalo, N. Y. — your assurance of a heating plant scientifically designed to give *perfect* warmth from the *least* fuel.

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Your Heating Contractor is our Distributor
Dept. 142A, 1803 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.
Branches in all principal cities

Amendments and Additions

to the Constitution and By-Laws of the Izaak Walton League as adopted at the League's second national convention, April 10th, 11th and 12th.

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE V—Amend this Article of the Constitution to read as follows:

"Management.—The management of this League shall be vested in a Board of Directors, consisting of seventy-five members.

"Said Board shall fill by election any vacancy that may occur in the office of president, honorary president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, or director."

Article VI—Amend Sect. 1 to read as follows:

"Section 1—The magazine, Outdoor America, is declared to be the official organ and the property of the Izaak Walton League of America."

BY-LAWS

ARTICLE III—Amend Section 2 of this article of the By-Laws so that it shall read as follows:

"Sect. 2—Regular meetings of the Board of Directors shall be held immediately following the Convention of this League, if possible, on the last day of the Convention. Other regular meetings of the Board of Directors shall be held on the first Mondays of July, October and January. Special meetings of the Board of Directors shall be held when called by the President of his own initiative and the President shall call a special meeting when requested so to do by not less than two members of the Board not less than five days' notice of all regular meetings, and not less than two days' notice of special meetings shall be given to the members of the Board by the Secretary. Such notices may be by mail or telegram. Notices of meetings may be waived by the members of the Board either in writing, by telegram, or by presence at the meetings."

Article IV—Amend Section 5 to read as follows:

"Sect. 5—The Fiscal Year of the League shall end December 31st of each year, at which time all Chapter Dues in arrears shall become payable."

Article V—Amend Section 2 to read as follows:

"Sect. 2—All disbursements of the funds of this League shall be by check drawn upon its deposit account or accounts, countersigned by the Executive Secretary or such person as the Board of Directors or Executive Committee may from time to time designate."

Article VI—Amend Sections 1 and 2 to read as follows:

"Sect. 1—At each annual Convention a Nominating Committee shall be appointed by the Chair, which Committee shall consist of at least one member from each of the states represented by a delegate present at the Convention. The duty of such Committee is to place in nomination candidates for the elective offices of the League. Other nominations may be made from the floor.

"Sect. 2—The annual election of this League shall take place at the annual Convention in each year, at which time a President, one or more Vice-Presidents, a Recording Secretary and a Treasurer shall be elected by ballot to serve for one year from the date of election. At the same time, twenty-five Directors shall be elected to serve for three years."

Article VIII—Amend this Article by adding thereto an additional section, which may be designated as Section 4, and which shall read as follows:

"Sect. 4—At any National Convention of the League no resolution or action of any Committee in any matter shall be considered unless it has first been presented to and passed upon by the Committee on Resolutions, and the report of that Committee has been received by the Board of Directors."

Article IX—Amend Section 1 to read:

"Sect. 1—The President, subject to the approval of the Board of Directors or the Executive Committee, shall appoint a Committee on National Legislation. From time to time, the President also shall appoint, with the approval of the Board of Directors, such other or special committees as may be necessary to meet emergencies."

Strike out Sections 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 of Article IX, and amend Section 7, numbering it "Section 2," so that said section, when amended, shall read as follows:

"Sect. 2—The National Legislation Committee shall consist of nine members and shall be appointed by the President with due regard to their residence. It shall be its duty to keep in touch with legislation, and recommend to the Board of Directors such action as, in its opinion, may tend to advance the objects of the League."

RESOLUTIONS

CHAIRMAN M. L. GOCHENOUR of the Committee on Resolutions, presented the report of his body, and in each case the resolution was formally moved, seconded and carried, in most cases by unanimous vote, and with only the most minor of changes. Following are the resolutions presented by this Committee, as they were officially ratified:

Resolved that this Second National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, in Convention assembled in the city of Chicago, does hereby reiterate the adherence of the League to all the lofty principles which it has heretofore adopted, and which have stimulated in the hearts of patriotic America a hope that the dawn of a day of restoration and conservation has arrived.

BOY SCOUTS

WHEREAS the cardinal unequivocal principles of the Izaak Walton League of America commit it to the restoration, preservation and perpetuation of Outdoor America, for the benefit of all posterity, and

Whereas it is eminently proper and fitting that such posterity receive from the Izaak Walton League a charge that it shall continue and maintain these principles, and

Whereas, the boy scouts of America is an organized body of the youth of this glorious country, and is committed to the same purposes, therefore:

Be It Resolved that the Izaak Walton League of America assembled in Chicago, Illinois, at its Second National Convention, hereby tenders to the Boy Scouts of America its pledge of sympathy in and cooperation with said Boy Scouts in all of its outdoor activities in the enjoyment of all that God has given us, to the end that forever the said principles of the Izaak Walton League of America and the Boy Scouts of America shall harmonize, and

Be It Further Resolved that this Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America does hereby delegate to James A. Lawrie of Duluth, Minnesota, the honor of transmitting these resolutions to the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America which will shortly convene in the city of St. Louis, Mo.

When the twenty-four resolutions submitted by the Resolutions Committee had been voted into adoption, the Committee headed by Chairman M. L. Gochenour was voted the thanks of the Convention for its exacting work.

A number of resolutions then were presented from the floor of the Convention, and the latter were adopted:

By N. E. Hutchens, Toledo, Ohio.

WHEREAS, the Izaak Walton League of America is essentially a conservation organization, and as such is deeply concerned with the development of the highest type in womanhood;

And Whereas, the League profoundly believes that the attainment of such development depends upon the physical, intellectual and spiritual training of girls and that the Girl Scout and Campfire Girls' organizations are rendering highly productive service along those lines;

NOW Therefore Be It Resolved that the League hereby expresses its deep interest in the Girl Scout and Campfire Girls' programs together with its approval of the purposes and aims they respectively seek to accomplish, and recommends that the local chapters of the League actively render such assistance to those splendid movements in their respective localities as local conditions make appropriate.

By C. J. Thomas, Champaign, Ill.

"Resolved, that the Izaak Walton League of America is strongly opposed to the issuing of any hunting, fishing, or trapping license to any one who is a resident of the United States, but is not an American citizen; and

"Resolved, that we strongly favor the amendment of the fish and game laws of the various states, wherever it may be necessary to prohibit the issuing of such licenses."

"Resolved, that it is the sense of this Convention that the Izaak Walton League of America disapproves the indiscriminate destruction of predatory bird life in general, and particularly in the matter of the recent killing of crows in various parts of the country;

"But we do favor and recommend that in cases where it becomes necessary to reduce the number of predatory birds, that such taking of these birds be done only under the direction and supervision of State Game Wardens, and Deputy Game Wardens."

By A. L. Scott, Pittsburg, Kans., a resolution to provide for the printing and distribution of 200,000 copies of the

(Continued on page 52)

It took a special car on the Northwestern to bring the Missouri delegates to the convention.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

The Grizzly King

(Continued from page 29)

low. When the snow is four feet deep up where the grizzly dens, the black bear can still feed in the deep valleys an' thick timber. He goes to bed mebby a week or two weeks later than the grizzly, an' he gets up in the spring a week or two weeks earlier; he's fatter when he dens up an' he ain't so poor when he comes out—an' so the mother's got more strength to give to her cubs. It looks that way to me."

"You've hit the nail on the head as sure as you're a year old!" cried Langdon enthusiastically. "Bruce, I never thought of that!"

"There's a good many things you don't think about until you run across 'em," said the mountaineer. "It's what you said a while ago—such things are what makes huntin' a fine sport when you've learned huntin' ain't always killin'—but lettin' live. One day I lay seven hours on a mountain-top watchin' a band o' sheep at play, an' I had more fun than if I'd killed the whole bunch."

Bruce rose to his feet and stretched himself, an after-supper operation that always preceded his announcement that he was going to turn in.

"Fine day tomorrow," he said, yawning. "Look how white the snow is on the peaks."

"Bruce——"

"What?"

"How heavy is this bear we're after?"

"Twelve hundred pounds—mebby a little more. I didn't have the pleasure of lookin' at him so close as you did, Jimmy. If I had we'd been dryin' his skin now!"

"And he's in his prime?"

"Between eight and twelve years old, I'd say, by the way he went up the slope. An old bear don't roll so easy."

"You've run across some pretty old bears, Bruce?"

"So old some of 'em needed crutches," said Bruce, unlacing his boots. "I've shot bears so old they'd lost their teeth."

"How old?"

"Thirty—thirty-five—mebby forty years. Good-night, Jimmy!"

"Good-night, Bruce!"

Langdon was awakened some time hours later by a deluge of rain that brought him out of his blankets with a yell to Bruce. They had not put up their tepee, and a moment later he heard Bruce anathematizing their idiocy. The night was as black as a cavern, except when it was broken by lurid flashes of lightning, and the mountains rolled and rumbled with deep thunder. Disentangling himself from his drenched blanket, Langdon stood up. A glare of lightning revealed Bruce sitting in his blankets, his hair dripping down over his long, lean face, and at sight of him Langdon laughed outright.

"Fine day tomorrow," he taunted, repeating Bruce's words of a few hours before. "Look how white the snow is on the peaks!"

Whatever Bruce said was drowned in a crash of thunder.

Langdon waited for another lightning flash and then dove for the shelter of a thick balsam. Under this he crouched for five or ten minutes, when the rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The thunder rolled southward, and the lightning went with it. In the darkness he heard Bruce fumbling

(Continued on page 53)

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(Continued from page 50)

opening address to the Convention of President Will H. Dilg.

By Mr. Scales—"Resolved, that it is the sense of this Convention, that a recommendation be sent to the Biological Survey at Washington, recommending that the limit on wild ducks be made at ten, and on wild geese, at four; and that the possession limit in one day be forty ducks and eight geese."

Another resolution proposed was that of the Committee on Legislation, which previously had been approved as follows:

"The Committee on Legislation respectfully recommends to the Convention that the various Chapters throughout the States encourage their respective State Legislatures in the enactment of laws that will look toward a substantial reduction in the present bag limits as regard ducks, geese, quail, and any and all other species of wild life which may now be too high, and all out of proportion to the speed of reproduction.

"Realizing that such legislation must of necessity come through the various States, and can in no way be presently controlled by the Government, it is pointed out that any action favorable to the interests of those concerned with Conservation must come through the States, and can come only through the influence exercised throughout the various States. The Committee particularly recommends that action be taken looking to a national reduction of the bag limit with reference to migratory birds, such national legislation coming under the province of the present administration of the national Migratory Bird Act.

"We condemn all laws which allow the placing of game in cold storage.

"We indorse the present program of the Izaak Walton League as presented by our President, Mr. Will H. Dilg, in reference to reforestation, forest fire prevention, pollution, and indiscriminate drainage."

REFORESTATION

WHEREAS the destruction of natural forests on both private and public lands throughout the United States has become so extensive, that the scattered remnants now remaining are wholly inadequate for commercial or recreational purposes, or for the proper regulation of rainfall.

And Whereas no adequate steps have yet been taken to stop the waste of our woodlands, or effective means devised perceptibly to rehabilitate them.

Now Therefore Be It Resolved that the membership of this League, through every unit of its organization, and by individual efforts of its members, endeavor to encourage public regulation by the proper divisions of Government, of the cutting of trees on private or public lands in the future, confining the toll that is taken from our forests to the supervision of expert foresters with the application of scientific methods.

And Be It Further Resolved: that the pasturage of public lands, where natural condition will permit reforestation by nature, and that the precedent already established in some of the states to exempt from taxation all private lands not pastured and dedicated to reforestation be recommended to all the states that have not yet adopted such exemption.

And Be It Further Resolved: that immediate and adequate encouragement be given to the plans for planting trees along all State and National Highways, and in all so called waste land where trees can thrive.

And Be It Further Resolved: that the Forestry Courses being offered by many Universities be properly encouraged by every means that this League can command; that all Universities not offering Forestry Courses be encouraged to include such studies in their Curriculum, and that Elementary Courses in Forestry be taught in all of the High and Preparatory Schools throughout the United States.

RESTORATION OF GAME RANGES IN THE WEST

WHEREAS Public Lands in many of our Western States have been made bare by the short-sighted and ill-advised policy of the Department of Agriculture, in renting for sheep and cattle grazing the greater portion of our National Forest Preserves.

And Whereas natural game ranges in these states have been virtually destroyed and in many instances the remnants of the game diseased from infected cattle and domestic sheep.

And Whereas far greater revenue could be derived by the Federal Government from a system of license fees for hunting and fishing in the forest preserves and other public domain, than is now being obtained from the grazing leases.

And Whereas the economic needs of the nation are not such as to require the sacrifice of these lands for grazing purposes.

And Whereas the value of this domain for purposes of recreation is infinitely greater than any other use to which it can be put.

Now Therefore Be It Resolved that this League with every means and Agency at its command will protest against continued or further leasing of any public lands for grazing purposes.

WHEREAS the automobile has become an agency, the use of which has resulted in enormous losses to our supply of fish and game:

Now Therefore Be It Resolved that this League follow the example set by it in the saving of the Superior National Forest by advocating the establishment of game sanctuaries wherever possible, in which the use of automobiles shall be prohibited; and

Be It Further Resolved that hunting

(Continued on page 62)

A group of the League's National Directors listening to one of Judge Dickinson's famous stories

Left to right: J. M. Dickinson, James O. Heyworth, Col. A. E. Humphreys, Dr. H. J. Morland, Will H. Dilg, George E. Scott, George R. Skinner

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Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

The Grizzly King

(Continued from page 51)

somewhere near. Then a match was lighted, and he saw his comrade looking at his watch.

"Pretty near three o'clock," he said. "Nice shower, wasn't it?"

"I rather expected it," replied Langdon carelessly. "You know, Bruce, whenever the snow on the peaks is so white——"

"Shut up—an' let's get a fire! Good thing we had sense enough to cover our grub with the blankets. Are yo' wet?"

Langdon was wringing the water from his hair. He felt like a drowned rat.

"No. I was under a thick balsam, and prepared for it. When you called my attention to the whiteness of the snow on the peaks I knew——"

"Forget the snow," growled Bruce, and Langdon could hear him breaking off dry pitch-filled twigs under a spruce.

He went to help him, and five minutes later they had a fire going. The light illumined their faces, and each saw that the other was not unhappy. Bruce was grinning under his sodden hair.

"I was dead asleep when it came," he explained. "An' I thought I'd fallen in a lake. I woke up tryin' to swim."

An early July rain at three o'clock in the morning in the northern British Columbia mountains is not as warm as it might be, and for the greater part of an hour Langdon and Bruce continued to gather fuel and dry their blankets and clothing. It was five o'clock before they had breakfast, and a little after six when they started with their two saddles and single pack up the valley. Bruce had the satisfaction of reminding Langdon that his prediction had come true, for a glorious day followed the thunder shower.

Under them the meadows were dripping. The valley purred louder with the music of the swollen streamlets. From the mountain-tops a half of last night's snow was gone, and to Langdon the flowers seemed taller and more beautiful. The air that drifted through the valley was laden with the sweetness and freshness of the morning, and over and through it all the sun shone in a warm and golden sea.

They headed up the creek-bottom, bending over from their saddles to look at every strip of sand they passed for tracks. They had not gone a quarter of a mile when Bruce gave a sudden exclamation, and stopped. He pointed to a round patch of sand in which Thor had left one of his huge footprints. Langdon dismounted and measured it.

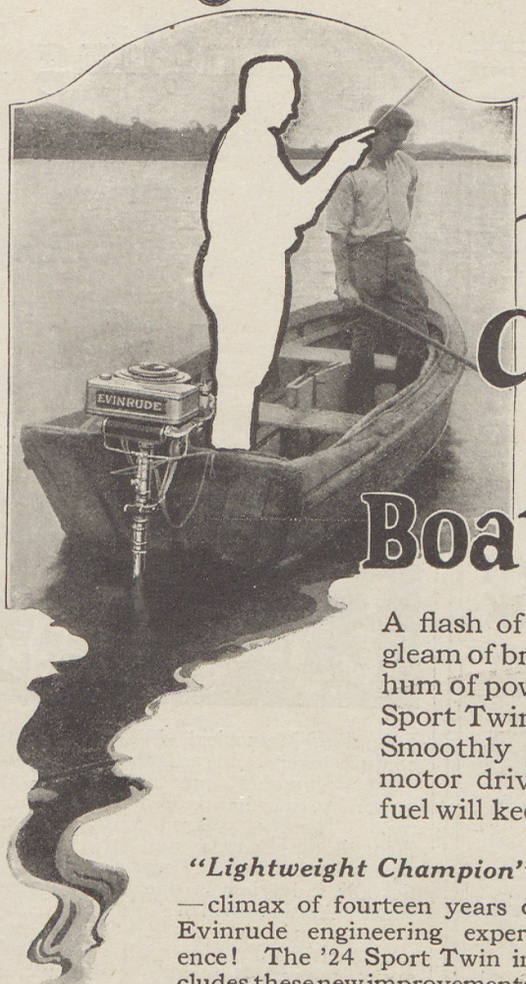
"It's he!" he cried, and there was a thrill of excitement in his voice. "Hadn't we better go on without the horses, Bruce?"

The mountaineer shook his head. But before he voiced an opinion he got down from his horse and scanned the sides of the mountains ahead of them through his long telescope. Langdon used his double-barrelled hunting glass. They discovered nothing.

"He's still in the creek-bottom, an' he's probably three or four miles ahead," said Bruce. "We'll ride on a couple o' miles an' find a place good for the horses. The grass an' bushes will be dry then."

It was easy to follow Thor's course after this, for he had hung close to the creek. Within three or four hundred yards of the great mass of boulders

(Continued on page 59)



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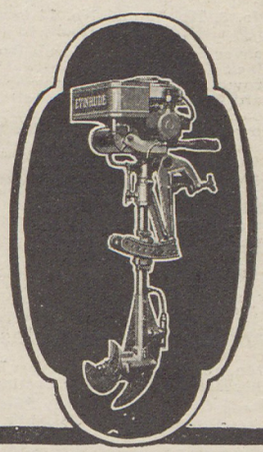

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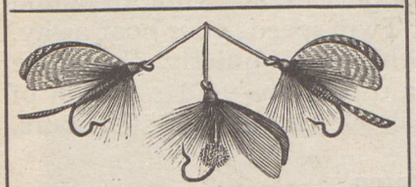

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Sketches by R. Feyerweather Babcock

Angling Memories

By G. M. SCOTT

Angling Memories! What words to conjure over, and what a throng of happy thoughts present themselves. Dame Fortune has indeed been kind to me. Twenty years of travelling throughout Canada and the United States have given me many opportunities for indulging in one of my "good sins." Alaska, British Columbia, Montana, Ontario, Wisconsin, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces all crowd into my memory. It would be difficult to say just what area appeals most to me. They all have definite charms and all have given me memory pictures which can never fade.

My annual love feast with the Great God Out-o-Doors finds me in Quebec—to be specific—Knowlton, a charming little village set away from the world with its toils and its cares—nestling in the foot hills of the Green Mountains, contiguous to Vermont—and Brome Lake—famous for its Micropterus dolomieu—a lake ringed around with daisies and with golden rod at an elevation of one thousand feet above sea level, while gracefully rising from every point of the compass the evergreen mountains form a serrated picture against a sky of sapphire blue.

Owl Head and Mount Orford are the highest local peaks. The view from either on a clear day is unsurpassed in all the famed Eastern Townships. The noble St. Lawrence lies to the north some fifty miles, like a stream of liquid gold hurrying along to blend itself into the golden waters of the Gulf, a thousand leagues away.

It was June—the month of fulfillment—and all Nature was in bloom. My good friend Francis Williams announced that tomorrow would be "the day" for our long deferred outing to Heath Pond. A trout paradise of some fifty thousand acres of mountain with innumerable springs draining into the pond. No timber has been cut there for many years and the spot is much as the all wise Creator designed it, save for a concrete dam and fish weir at the lower end of the pond. The pond covers about six hundred acres with the greatest depth of about twenty feet, ice cold and clear.

We left home at noon with Dr. Harris and Fred Morgan and autoed to Gardner's brook, a noted trout stream in itself. We had decided to pack in over the mountain for about three miles and thereby save a further thirty miles of very rough mountain road. Francis volunteered to pioneer the way up and over the mountain since he had been told years before that it was possible to reach Heaths by going over the mountain. The day turned out hot and sultry with every indication of thunderstorms; and our climb up the mountain, following a dried up creek bed, afforded us plenty of thrills. In the open spots the heat was intense and how grateful we were for occasional shade and spring holes. Eventually we made the top only to lose all traces of the trail. Coniferous trees towered skyward and in a few yards we came to a cleft in the rocks which seemed impassable for scaling, while dead ahead was a swamp, lush with cat tails over our heads. We called a halt for smoking and I decided to try and effect a passage through the swamp. Here perfect eyesight and hearing stood me in good stead for having entered the swamp growth I probably would have been mired had I not heard, then seen a handsome buck making himself scarce, headed due south, our desired direction.

Well, the rest was easy, we followed his tracks until we came out on the south slope of the mountain—then what a vista spread itself before us.

Clyde Moffatt, the manager, welcomed us and we lost no time in getting out to wet our flies. For some reason—best known to the Salvelinus fontinalis—they would not rise to our flies, so I went below the dam and down stream where I took a few outlaws, these we had for supper.

Early to bed and hope to sleep was agreed upon by all—but a night thunderstorm upset all ideas of sleep. The good Doctor insisted on making the rounds every few minutes and prescribing and administering the necessary preventative for chills. Three A. M. we heard Moffatt rattling the coffee pot—the thunder was over, but still raining—Four A. M. found us on the water, and the busiest time I ever had fishing for trout had come. We secured our limit, 25 each, nothing under eight inches. After a good dinner and inspection of the breeding ponds, we were ready to start homewards, and good luck was with us, some Vermont fishermen had just motored in and very kindly motored us around to our machine—but that ride would make a story in itself—the scenery beggars description. Yes, we hope to go again—please Allah—and thank Him; for nothing was left out of that perfect spot.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Psychology and Fish

By K. V. BEMIS

LATELY I been readin' a lot about physic-analysis and the sub-unconscious mind. I like to fish and hunt best of anything, so when anything new comes up I always see how it fits in with them things.

I've got it figured that the sub-unconscious mind is the thing that makes some fellers shoot so blamed good; they visualize the bullet hittin' the mark and the sub-unconscious mind takes hold and—Bingo!—she hits her! Some fellers that seem to know, say that Buffalo Bill was the greatest natural pointer that ever lived; which goes to show that he let the sub. take charge.

My research work has caused me a lot of trouble trying to keep up to date. I give up on physic-analysis. At the Library they told me to get the books at the Drug Store. Well, I don't believe in pryin' into other people's business anyway, so I let it drop. I told the Druggist I was going to study the sub-unconscious mind and see if I had one. Well, sir, his advice was not to give it much study, and that made me lose the biggest fish I ever caught.

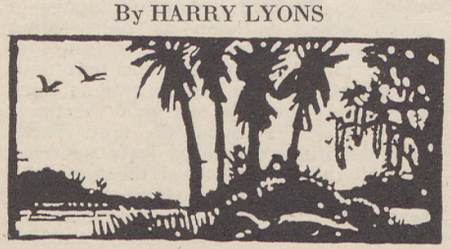
One of the outin' magazines offered a prize for the biggest trout caught in 1922. I figured if Buffalo Bill worked the sub. on buffalo I could work it on fish. I went to the Lake with two poles, lines and hooks, and baited them the same. "Now," says I, "This pole in my left hand is up to you, Sub., and I will take care of the one in my right hand."

Well, purty soon I got a strike and set the hook, dropped the other pole, and the fight was on. The fish went up wind for a good fifty yards and then I coaxed him back. He broke water three times near the boat and I saw he was a big one. The fourth time, he jumped clean over the boat, knocked my hat off and dove with it on.

Well, then I got to thinking how fine my scheme had worked, but danged if I could remember which pole I had caught him on. While I was trying to figure it out the pole commenced to get that lifeless feeling—you know what I mean—and I reeled in slow and she felt blamed queer, and when I got her up where I could see, the only thing on the hook was that danged hat.

"I Love Florida"

By HARRY LYONS



MEMORIES of St. Lucie river fishing, how they crowd on one another, as I mentally count backwards over the last ten years. That river gave me back lost health, and vigor so abundant that, at 54 I am called a "live-wire" salesman with the "pep" of many a man half as old; and staying powers that for years have permitted 7 days' work a week in summer for months at a time. So no wonder I love the old St. Lucie, in Palm Beach County, Florida. Here Grover Cleveland found rest and health and best of all "good fishing." 'Twas to the St. Lucie river that Joseph Jefferson came for recuperation and fishing. Pierre Lorillard, tobacco magnate, found here peace and good fishing. So did Richard Savage, Hugh L. Willoughby, George W. Perkins and a host of lesser lights.

The St. Lucie river is a swift-flowing stream. Added to its natural flow are the waters of the great 250 foot St. Lucie Control Canal now 96 per cent completed which takes care of the flood waters of Lake Okeechobee, 26 miles inland and delivers a vast volume of fresh water and game fish into the wonderful river so widely loved. The result is that there the St. Lucie joins the Indian river and the twain make out to sea, the tide goes out for 8 hours and flows in but 4 hours time in 24 hours. Elsewhere flood and ebb tide are of equal duration or nearly so.

Ten years ago I came to Stuart, on the St. Lucie so utterly fagged out from overwork that four days elapsed before I went fishing off a local wharf. Soon I bought an old skiff and later a launch, then a sailboat and a canvas canoe, and an outboard motor. With this fleet I fished where fancy carried me from the extreme headwaters to the inlet at the ocean.

And I caught in this truly friendly river black bass in its upper waters; sea trout and snapper in the brackish part; blue fish and sergeant fish near the inlet; as well as sheepshead, croakers, whiting, pigfish and other varieties. I speared flounders at night in summer, and caught sharks for amusement with an occasional stingray. Most of the fish I took were returned to the water or given to friends for, of course I sold none, but I ate my full share for ever was I fond of fresh fish on the table. I varied this diet with self-caught crabs, clams and oysters. Occasionally I bought a pompano, although the only one I ever caught jumped into my skiff!

It was interesting to decide at an early morning hour what variety of fish I should take on that occasion and there was no difficulty in carrying out any such design nor is there today. Did I want beautiful pink mangrove-snapper (a table fish par excellence) it was to a certain salt creek I went; sheepshead called for a visit to barnacle-encrested piling; sea trout haunts I knew, and had only to troll or cast off certain river bars to hook those speckled beauties and pigfish were always to be found near Capt. Hugh L. Willoughby's estate.

Were it known in the north what the local waters around Stuart, Florida, offer to the angler in winter, spring, summer and fall, each day in the year there would be a tremendous increase in tourist-visitors. Tarpon, mackerel, sailfish, etc., are here or outside in the sea.

It would take a more skillful pen than mine to describe to the full the fishing around Stuart, so I'll merely say—"The half has never been told." Come and try it; and hold me responsible if you are disappointed. You won't be.

A Knock Out!

Listen to This—

May 2, 1924.

Lou J. Eppinger, Detroit, Michigan.
Dear Sir:
This is only the second day of the Fishing season, and I have taken a dozen of the finest Pickerel and Pike that I have ever seen, and all with your "Notangle Spinner"—and I want to say to you that it is a killer.
I am enclosing herewith an order for some more, and when I ask you to hurry them along I know that you will get busy at once.

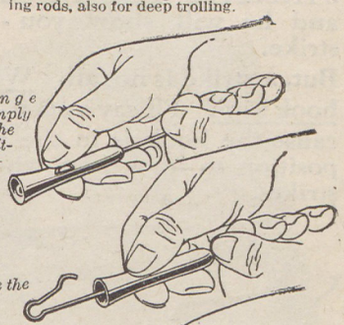
J. S. ROBINSON,
Estelline, So. Dakota

Latest Dardevle Product
NOTANGLE SPINNERS

600 series actual size.

Price of Notangle Spinner:
Without fly 50c
With fly 75c

Notangle means, exactly what it says—no tangles. What the Bell and the Hump do—Hook or fly can't get messed up with spinner. The Bell, acting as a weight, is set forward, and holds the fly or hook straight ahead. The Hump holds the Bell securely so it can't open accidentally. Yet by merely pressing the Hump with the thumb, the Bell slides back, allowing instant changing of hook or fly. Notangle Spinners come in 3 sizes and weights—The No. 400 series are intended for fly and bait rods, and trolling. 500 series for light casting and tro ling. 600 series—all kinds of casting outfits including steel and Bamboo casting rods, also for deep trolling.



To change hooks, simply press the famous little hump—

—and slide the bell back.

Note the locking hump, and note that the bell keeps the hook from dangling back into the line.

"OSPREY" LINES

are waterproofed so they won't rot, are braided so they shoot through the guides like greased lightning, and are guaranteed to stand anything excepting rough or cracked guides. "Osprey" lines have stood the test for fifteen years.

Prices of Osprey Silk Lines
50 Yard Spools, 100 Yards Connected

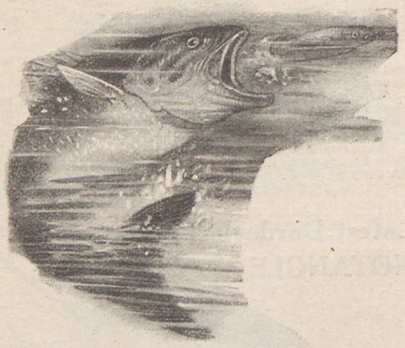
12-lb. test	$1.50	23-lb. test	$2.65
15-lb. test	1.75	26-lb. test	2.80
18-lb. test—color black	2.25	30-lb. test	3.15
20-lb. test	2.50	35-lb. test	3.50

All sizes excepting 18-lb. made in black and mottled black and white.

Buy from your Dealer—or if he can not supply you order from us direct. Give us your dealer's name and we will prepay all shipping charges. *Send for Catalog.*

LOU J. EPPINGER

Dept. W. 314 East Congress St.
DETROIT, MICH.



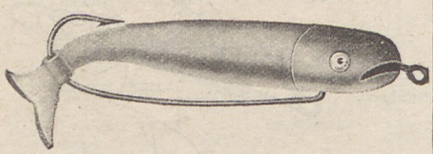
STREICH'S FLEX-O-MINO

THINK OF IT!

A new casting bait with a flexible body, and tail action just like a live minnow.

Ask Mr. Bass what he thinks of STREICH'S FLEX-O-MINO and he will show you - by a strike.

But, a strike is not all. Will you hook him? I'll say you will, because the hook is in the proper position to hook him when he strikes.



And oh boy - how easy it is to tell when he strikes; for with a STREICH'S FLEX-O-MINO so little resistance is offered when being reeled in that a short strike can easily be felt.

Weight just right to cast - half ounce.

Just think of the sport awaiting every true fisherman to be able to take a FLEX-O-MINO and go out and fish in true sportsmanship manner with a bait that is a sportsmans bait in every meaning of the word, and approved as such by sportsmen everywhere.

At present Streich's Flex-O-Minos come in the following variety of attractive color combinations:

Style A—Red head and white body.
Style B—Copper head and white body.
Style C—Nickel head and white body.

Streich's Flex-O-Mino can be had at most sporting goods dealers. In the event your dealer cannot supply you send us a **dollar** direct mentioning style desired and we will send you the bait, postpaid.

STREICH BAIT WORKS

708 W. Jasper St. JOLIET, ILL.

Our Trout Outing

By O. B. SCHROEDER

MY old friend "Fat" and I planned a fishing trip. Fat is quite a fly fisherman, makes his own flies and is very proficient in the art of tossing the fuzzy creations to the fish. He uses about a dozen different flies and claims that that is enough for anyone and that they will take fish whenever and wherever fish are to be taken with the fly. The following list includes most of Fat's favorites:

Royal Coachman, Silver Doctor, Parmacheene Belle, Brown Hackle, Queen of the Waters, Wickham's Fancy, Olive Dun, Hare's Ear, Red Ibis, Yellow May, Black Gnat and Beaver Kill.

The time for our departure was set for June 20th. We had a complete camping outfit with us, and the morning of the second day found our tent pitched on the green banks of the Manistee, Michigan. The clear sparkling water ran in a winding and swirling stream past our tent and disappeared among the distant trees. Life indeed was satisfying.

We got rigged up in the afternoon and started out to fish. Fat used only flies as he disdains the lowly worm. I, however, am a devotee of the garden hackle, in spite of the criticism, and usually carry a few with me. Erv, a friend of ours we'd brought along who was a greenhorn at the game but a good scout, essayed to try worms at first, although he had decked himself out with quite an elaborate outfit for a beginner.

The three of us stood at the edge of a nice hole directly in front of the camp. Fat and I were shooting slow and rapid fire words of advice on the methods, places, cautions, cares, and what not into the strained ears of Erv. Without doubt his head whirled and all became a confused jumble to him. By way of example, I hooked a nice fat worm through the middle on his hook and directed him to toss it gently into the water at the head of the hole so as to let the bait be carried by the current down into the deep water. Erv did as he was told. Nothing doing. "Let out more line," I said, "and lift the tip of your rod so that the current will catch your bait and carry it farther down stream." Erv did so. A second passed— Zing! Smack! The end of Erv's rod struck the water. Erv clutched the rod frantically and with a mighty heave, that bent his rod double and put such a strain on it as to make one tremble, he dragged and flopped through the air and water a beautiful eleven-inch brook trout, landing him still wildly flopping on a little strip of sandy beach. Erv dropped his rod and pounced upon his prize.

"Good work, Erv," I said, still laughing at his frantic efforts.

"Gosh!" exulted Erv. "Ain't he pretty, though? Say, boys, this is the best sport I ever had in my life!" His excited and animated face did not belie his words.

Next we smeared some mosquito dope, a concoction of "Fat's" on our faces and hands. Fat claims a lot for his mosquito dope and says it beats them all. He concocts the stuff himself by mixing pine tar and vaseline together, and he keeps it in a jar. It works pretty well, much better in fact than some of the preparations warranted to keep them off, which instead seems to enhance one's flavor and palatability for the mosquitoes.

Shortly after we started fishing we became separated. The trout were not biting so rapidly as to keep one busy hauling them in. By employing caution, wit and skill one could catch trout. There is a lure, thrills and fascination in this sport. I fished all the water as carefully as I knew how and shortly after sundown I pulled up on the bank to quit for the day. My basket held nine of the beauties, from eight to ten inches in length, and my heart was full of joy and contentment as I plodded towards camp.

On arriving at camp I beheld Erv piling wood on the fire and preparing to peel some spuds for supper. "What luck?" he shouted as I came up.

"Oh, fair," I replied and emptied my basket in front of him.

"Gee, that's great," Erv admired.

I asked Erv where his were and he replied: "Well, I only got that one. They didn't bite after that. It's funny. I thought I'd catch a lot of them the way things started."

"It takes a little practice to get on to them, Erv," I condescended. "You'll learn in time."

Fat strode into sight in a few minutes and proudly displayed his catch of twelve nice trout, the largest about twelve inches long.

"Well, we did pretty fair, eh?" grinned Fat. "Now for supper."

We soon had our trout dressed and Fat was bending over hot coals frying them. Fat is some cook and takes a particular pride in his culinary ability. He certainly knows how to fry trout. He fills a deep frying pan full of lard, gets it smoking hot, then drops the trout in and fries them like fried cakes, until brown. They certainly are delicious cooked in this manner.

Darkness had silently fallen upon us and we ate our supper by the flare of the camp fire. Such a feast! No king ever enjoyed a more wonderful repast. We were full of the joy of living. Seldom does life seem more worth living than at times like these.

Supper finished, Fat proceeded to insure our night's sleep from those ornery mosquitoes. Oh, but they're thick up there and will hunt one out through the smallest opening. They are not to be denied and if given the slightest opportunity will prod and torment one until there's no joy in an outing. Fat's method is most efficient.

He clears the tent of bulky articles, builds quite a lively fire on the ground inside of the tent, piling on plenty of green grass as soon as it is going briskly. This causes great volumes of smoke to fill the tent. The tent flaps are closed and the smoke gets as thick as smoke possibly can get. After a few minutes Fat opens the tent, crawls in and with a couple of leafy switches fans all the smoke out of the tent driving out with it any mosquitoes not already dead. When all is clear, the tent flaps are closed quickly and we pile into bed. It is necessary to have all openings securely closed or covered well with netting, otherwise the devils

(Continued on page 70)

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Stories and Reminiscences of J. M. Dickinson

(Continued from page 30)

committal trial would be in two days. On the morning of the trial Colonel Overton went from the train to the Court and sat by the prisoner. The proof showed that some clothes had been stolen from a negro and they were found under Uncle Sam's bed. He could give no explanation. Colonel Overton arose and volunteered to testify. He said: "This man was my father's trusted personal servant from a period before my birth and until my father's death. He always travelled with him, carried his money and paid his expenses. Frequently they were in northern states, where the slave had only to assert his freedom to go free. I am over sixty years of age. Throughout that time we have lived together and I never knew of his doing anything wrong. When Andrew Johnson threatened to arrest me, as he did many other men, such as General Harding, Judge Guild and General Barrow, whom he confined in the penitentiary and afterwards sent in the winter to Mackinaw, I hurried home, gave Sam Six Thousand Dollars in gold and told him to hide it and not speak of it to a human being. Roving bands of Federal soldiers were committing many depredations at that time and I did not want any of my family to have knowledge of the money.

"I fled South. My place was frequently overrun by prying soldiers. My library and private papers were scattered and destroyed and many valuables were taken. A year or more thereafter, I sent word by a Confederate spy to my wife to tell Sam to get the money, put it in the carriage and drive her to Florence, Alabama. He dug up the money and they passed through the Federal and Confederate lines and many bodies of soldiers, and delivered it to me at Florence. He is not only honest to the bone, but he could have no possible motive for the crime. I house, feed and clothe him and have required nothing from him in many years. He knows that he will never be in need of anything as long as he lives and that when he dies he will have honorable burial. May it please your Honor, I would stake my life on that man's integrity. He is no thief."

The prisoner was promptly discharged. It transpired that a young negro on the place had stolen the things and getting scared had hid them under Uncle Sam's bed and fabricated a story which led to the search.

Restored Izaak Walton's Cottage Opened to Public

STAFFORD, England, May 1—Izaak Walton's cottage at Shallowford, near here, restored largely through American efforts, has been opened to the public by Lord Stafford. The cottage now bears a memorial tablet to the late Julien Tappan Davies, who headed the movement to purchase and rehabilitate the cottage once occupied by the great devotee of the art of angling.

Dickey TRADE MARK

Look For The Dickey Bird On Good Tents —

Dickey KAMPER TRADEMARK

"The Tent That Has No Center Pole!"

—takes the Cramp out of Camping!

No center pole!
It's waterproof.
Won't blow down.
Erects quickly.
Is drum-tight.
Priced right.

GET THE CATALOG AT ONCE!

Square tent, two sizes, 7x7 ft., 9½x9½ ft. Dickey sta-lok and screw shaft arrangement (patent pending) *eliminates center pole*, locks tent drum-tight, insures greater comfort and convenience.

Some Tent, the Doctor Thinks!

"The tent (Dickeybird-Kamper) arrived in good order and it is just about the cat's whiskers in tents. I feel that I have as good if not better tent than one will run across in a long time."

—Dr. H. H. Howard, Hooper, Neb.

Hundreds of other enthusiastic people endorse the Dickeybird-Kamper. Because it's many jumps ahead in tent construction—made by expert craftsmen for discriminating campers. Before you buy a tent, get all the facts on the Dickeybird-Kamper. Don't be sorry that you didn't buy this tent!

"Dickey-Bird" Tent

Made by Dickey!

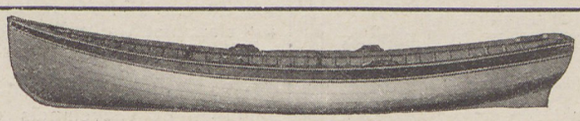
The tent world knows the Dickey-Bird Tent. It made a big name for itself last season. Sturdily built, with sewed-in floors, two doors and two windows, ideal size, 7x7 ft., awning extension 7 ft. sq. Snake and insect-proof, resists all storms. Get catalog and prices!

Write or WIRE today for catalog containing pictures and prices on "Dickeybird" line. Dealers' inquiries solicited.

The Dickey Manufacturing Co.

Exclusive Manufacturers of "Dickeybird" Products

330 Tenth St. **TOLEDO, OHIO**



The Old Reliable "KIDNEY"

IF you could read the testimonials we are receiving from enthusiastic owners of Kidney boats, *your* next boat will be a Kidney. Ask some of your "old timer" friends — inquire at any fishing club— they'll tell you that Kidney boats are the finest and best boats made.

DAN KIDNEY & SON
WEST DE PERE, WISCONSIN

Get the new KIDNEY Catalog

Describes and beautifully illustrates the entire line of Kidney Rowboats, Hunting Boats, Canoes and Launches. Six cents in stamps will bring it to you by return mail.

Makers of honest boats for over 40 years.

FOR EVERY HOUR IN THE OPEN

MARBLE'S
Outing Equipment

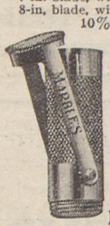
For absolute dependence in any emergency you can rely upon anything bearing the name **Marble's.** It's a safe guide when selecting Axes, Knives, Gun Sights and Cleaning Implements, etc.

Safety Pocket Axe
Indispensable to every out-door man. Small enough to carry in pocket or belt, yet large enough to fell a tree. Tool steel blade, carefully tempered and sharpened; drop-forged metal handle, hard rubber side plates. Nickel-plated guard is spring-hinged and lead-lined. **No. 2,** 11-in. handle, 2⅜ x 4-in blade, **$3.25. No. 3,** 11½-in handle, 2½x4⅜ in. blade, **$3.50.**

Marble's Ideal Knife
Forged razor steel, hand tempered and tested. Blade is adapted to sticking and skinning. Oval ground at back of point for chopping bones, etc. Keen, heavy and beautifully made. No. 41, leather handle, No. 42, staghorn handle.

	No. 41	No. 42
4¾-in blade, with sheath,	$2.50	$3.25
5-in. blade, with sheath,	2.75	3.50
6-in. blade, with sheath,	3.00	3.75
7-in. blade, with sheath,	3.25	4.00
8-in. blade, with sheath,	3.50	4.25

10% *Revenue Tax to be added.*



Waterproof Matchbox
Don't take a chance on carrying wet matches. The waterproof matchbox keeps matches perfectly dry under all conditions — even under water. Opened and closed instantly in the dark. Heavily nickeled, seamless-drawn brass, diameter about ¾ inch inside: **60 cents.**

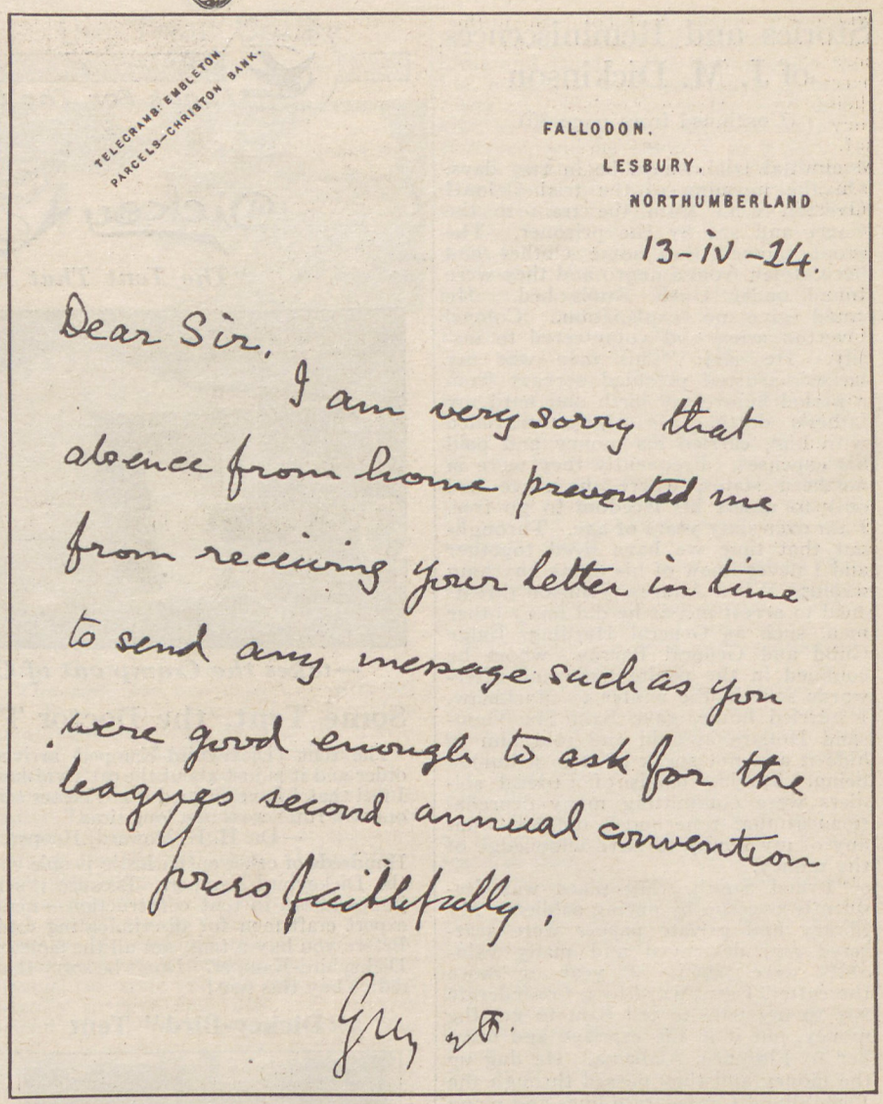
Handy Compass
You can't afford to take a trip without a Marble's Compass. Waterproof screw case. Absolutely accurate. Can't demagnetize, **Safety Coat Compass,** fastens to coat or belt, stationary dial, **$1.50:** revolving dial, **$1.75. Pocket Compass,** stationary dial, **$1.25;** revolving dial, **$1.50.**

If you can't get Marble's Outing Equipment from your dealer's, we will fill your order direct.

Send for our 1924 catalog.

Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.
5731 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.

681



TELEGRAMS: EMBLETON.
PARCELS—CHRISTON BANK.

FALLODON.
LESBURY.
NORTHUMBERLAND

13-iv-14.

Dear Sir,

I am very sorry that absence from home prevented me from receiving your letter in time to send any message such as you were good enough to ask for the leagues second annual convention

Yours faithfully,

Grey of F.

The above is a facsimile of a letter recently received from Viscount Grey of Fallodon whose famous book Fly Fishing is treasured by many American anglers. Viscount Grey's eyesight is failing and we feel it to a great compliment to the Izaak Walton League that he should have sent us this personally written note.

THE EDITOR

WE have received the following most interesting letter from Mr. C. M. Hubner, editor of the News, Nebraska City, Neb.

Editor Outdoor America:—

Dear Sir—I desire to compliment you on the noble work you are doing in educating the rising generation in the beauty and pleasures of out-door life, and particularly the fight you are making for the preservation of the lakes and marshes in the northern states, so that in coming years we may have some place to go and catch a few fish. Your fight against the pollution of streams is another matter for which you are to be commended.

Hon. J. Sterling Morton, who was a member of Cleveland's cabinet, being secretary of agriculture, in his earlier days was a strong opponent of any one who would waste his time in fishing. He condemned in the strongest terms possible, and never missed an opportunity to tell the story of the man whom he saw on the river bank as he was going to his labors. The man was fishing. At noon when Mr. Morton passed the fisherman he asked: "Well, Uncle, what luck?" His reply was: "Nothing doing." In the evening Mr. Morton again saw the man and asked if he had been successful. The man replied: "No, but I had a most glorious nibble." That leads me to tell how Mr. Morton changed. In a letter (private) he said: "My sincerest wish is that I may finally rehabilitate Japanaca Lake at Arbor Lodge, and reinstitute the possibility of boating and fishing at my own home. There is no pursuit so tranquilizing as that of the amateur fisherman who escapes sedentary work in an office, to stand or sit by well-stocked waters and angle for gamey fish which nab the bait and yank and jerk the same with energetic avidity. All of one's hopes, fears, annoyances and troubles are forgotten, and the mind, alert with expectancy, and the nervous system, permeated with zeal, enjoy a felicitous sort of tension waiting for the suggestive nibble and anticipating the bold and emphatic bite. But it is not worth while for me to discourse upon piscatorial sports to so fervid a member of the fishing fraternity as yourself."

J. Sterling Morton.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

where the grizzly had come upon the tan-faced cub was a small copse of spruce in the heart of a grassy dip, and here the hunters stripped and hobbled their horses. Twenty minutes later they had come up cautiously to the soft carpet of sand where Thor and Muskwa had become acquainted. The heavy rain had obliterated the cub's tiny footprints, but the sand was cut up by the grizzly's tracks. The packer's teeth gleamed as he looked at Langdon.

"He ain't very far," he whispered. "Shouldn't wonder if he spent the night pretty close an' he's mooshing on just ahead of us."

He wet a finger and held it above his head to get the wind. He nodded significantly.

"We'd better get up on the slopes," he said.

They made their way around the end of the boulders, holding their guns in readiness, and headed for a small coulee that promised an easy ascent of the first slope. At the mouth of this both paused again. Its bottom was covered with sand, and in this sand were the tracks of another bear. Bruce dropped on his knees.

"It's another grizzly," said Langdon.

"No, it ain't; it's a black," said Bruce. "Jimmy, can't I ever knock into yo'r head the difference between a black an' a grizzly track? This is the hind foot, an' the heel is round. If it was a grizzly it would be pointed. An' it's too broad an' clubby f'r a grizzly, an' the claws are too long f'r the length of the foot. It's a black as plain as the nose on yo'r face!"

"And going our way," said Langdon. "Come on!"

Two hundred yards up the coulee the bear had climbed out on the slope. Langdon and Bruce followed. In the thick grass and hard shale of the first crest of the slope the tracks were quickly lost, but the hunters were not much interested in these tracks now. From the height at which they were traveling they had a splendid view below them.

Not once did Bruce take his eyes from the creek bottom. He knew that it was down there they would find the grizzly, and he was interested in nothing else just at present. Langdon, on the other hand, was interested in everything that might be living or moving about them; every mass of rock and thicket of thorn held possibilities for him, and his eyes were questing the higher ridges and the peaks as well as their immediate trail. It was because of this that he saw something which made him suddenly grip his companion's arm and pull him down beside him on the ground.

"Look!" he whispered, stretching out an arm.

From his kneeling posture Bruce stared. His eyes fairly popped in amazement. Not more than thirty feet above them was a big rock shaped like a dry-goods box, and protruding from behind the farther side of this rock was the rear half of a bear. It was a black bear, its glossy coat shining in the sunlight. For a full half minute Bruce continued to stare. Then he grinned.

"Asleep—dead asleep! Jimmy—you want to see some fun?"

He put down his gun and drew out his long hunting knife. He chuckled softly as he felt of its keen point.

"If you never saw a bear run yo'r goin' to see one run now, Jimmy! You stay here!"

(Continued on page 74)

"Red Seal" Camp Out Equipment

For all your camping needs. Thousands of satisfied users everywhere. Built to give long and thoroly dependable service. Our *"RED SEAL" Auto Bed,* for use either in tent at side of car or as an extra cottage bed, is compact, sag and stretch-proof. More quickly erected than any other Auto Bed. Our *Umbrella Tent* is a high grade, roomy, one-pole tent, strongly reinforced at all vital points and guaranteed proof against water, mildew, wind, insects and reptiles.

THE SCHAEFER TENT AND AWNING CO.
1421 LARIMER ST., DENVER, COLO.

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Radio Wherever You Go
Vacation—Outing—Touring

This year go with **Radio.** Camp, fish, hunt, tour with **Radio.** Make your vacation complete. Liven up the rainy days and long, dull evenings. Take the new, wonderful **Ozarka Portable, Long-Distance Receiver** with you. Get the sports returns—the concerts—the special features of hundreds of broadcasting stations. And, best of all, you'll have it for home use when you return. **Ozarka** is built for long distance—1000 miles is not unusual. Simple to operate. Convenient and light to carry. Only weighs 15 lbs. complete. Case is 16x10x5 inches. Completely equipped with aerial, "A" and "B" Batteries, three No. 199 tubes, and one set of head phones. Ready for instant use. Price complete ready to listen in, $65.00. Extra phones, $5.50. Big demand. Order at once. Send $10.00, pay balance on delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Local Representatives Wanted

Ozarka Radio offers the greatest opportunity to make money. Big market—easy sales. Over **1800 Ozarka Agencies** now doing wonderful business. Some territory now open. You're interested, so write today for the **"Ozarka Plan."** Don't fail to give name of your county.

OZARKA, Inc., 71 North Peoria St., Chicago

Famous MONMOUTH MOCCASINS

Nature's footwear—no breaking in—and for every need and use

AMERICA'S BEST and OLDEST LINE

Complete illustrated catalog with instructions and blanks for ordering sent (free) upon request

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Peck's Barbless Hopper

THE OUTSTANDING LURE OF THE CENTURY
GETS THE BIG ONES AND HOLDS 'EM, TOO

Bass and Trout Sizes—50c each. Three Assorted Patterns that will get fish anywhere. Postpaid $1.50.

Write for description of Peck's Barbless and Single Hook, Hook Nature Lures for Fly and Bait Casting.

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KARBOAT FROM CASE TO WATER IN 6 MINUTES

Solid wood boat. No bolts, screws or small parts. Carries 3 full grown men. Can be taken on street car. Very strong. Easy to row. Hard to tip. Four men used one every day for 5 weeks on Lake Michigan. Bone dry. Carries outboard motor. Carries on running board of Ford. Interesting catalog.

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Summer Cottage $346

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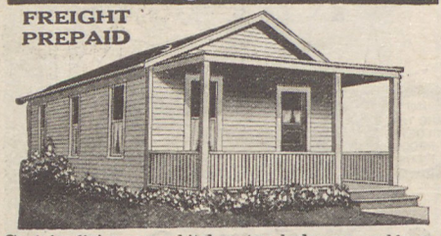

Contains living room, kitchen, two bedrooms, and large porch. Three plans shown in catalog. Buy the complete materials direct from the manufacturer and save four profits on the lumber, mill-work, hardware and labor.

Summer Cottage $468

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THE JOY OF CAMPING Can Be Fully Realized with

LINCOLN
The Tourist's Favorite

Folding Furniture

Big, Double Comfy Bed
Strong, rigid, steel frame, reinforced canvas top, with heavy springs. It really folds; no detachable parts. Can be set up or folded in 30 seconds.

Strong, Sanitary Table
Strong, rigid, sanitary, compact; smooth, flat solid top. Makes a fine card table, excellent writing surface. Set up or fold in 30 seconds.

The best little stool on the market. The exclusive folding features, unusual comfort and convenience, places this handy and serviceable equipment in a class by itself. For touring, camping, fishing and hunting trips.

Ask your dealer or write us today.

McGREW MACHINE WORKS, 1101 North 22nd St., Lincoln, Neb.

A Summer Home on Wheels

The Clare Auto Tour Trailer is equipped with comfortable beds, a 12x14 ft. tent, waterproof.

Space under tent in which to cook and eat meals. Every convenience for comfort. Light and rigid, trails perfectly. Ideal for campers.

Trailers $78.00 and up.

Write today for catalog and prices.

CLARE MFG. CO. Clare, Mich.

Bird Lore

by **Bob Becker**

ERNST KEIL of Dayton, Ohio, a field associate of the department of Zoology, Dennison University, wins the first prize in the Bird Photograph Contest which this department has been conducting during the past year. His picture entitled, "The Quarrelsome Bluejays," which is shown on this page received two firsts out of a possible three.

The decision of the judges is as follows:

By ORPHEUS M. SCHANTZ

President of the Illinois Audubon Society and well known amateur ornithologist and botanist of Chicago.

First, "The Quarrelsome Bluejays," by Ernst Keil of Dayton. "Honorable Mention," the woodcock on its nest, by D. L. McDonald, of New Briton, Conn. (published in the February, 1924, issue).

The most artistic photograph (in my estimation) published during the course of the contest was that one taken by Henry George, of Chicago, entitled, "Lunch Time on the Riviera."

The second judge to pick Mr. Keil's bluejay picture was Jens Eriksen, Art Editor of the Chicago Daily News, who sure knows photographs as he handles and selects from thousands of photographs each year and has been a judge in several amateur photographic contests in Chicago. Mr. Eriksen's decision was as follows:

By JENS E. ERICKSEN

Art Editor, Chicago Daily News

The best bird picture showing the characteristics of a bird, and taken when the subject was in action is "The Quarrelsome Bluejays." In the Honorable Mention class I wish to put the picture "A Caspian Tern and a Herring Gull Disagree" and "A Humming Bird on Its Nest." Both are excellent pieces of amateur work.

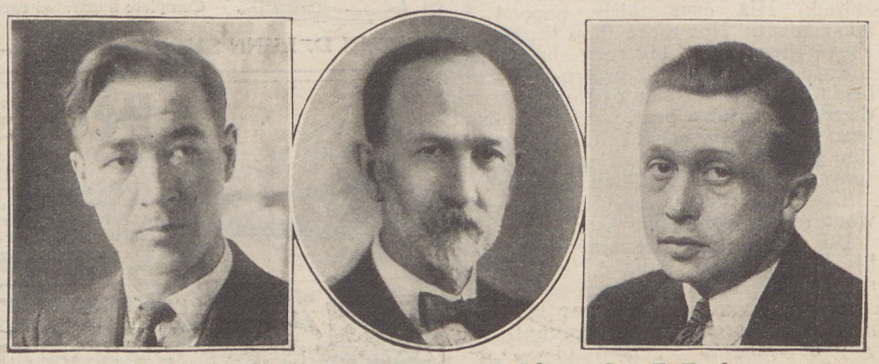
Lyman Atwell, head of the Photographic Department of the Chicago Tribune was the third judge in the contest. His decision was as follows:

By LYMAN ATWELL

My first choice of all the pictures submitted is, "A Red-Headed Woodpecker Feeding Its Young," by Ernst Keil. Honorable Mention, "Lunch Time in the Riviera," by Henry George.

Birdlore was very fortunate to secure the help of the three judges who kindly gave their time and attention to this contest. All are eminently qualified to act in the capacity that they did and this department wishes to thank them

The Quarrelsome Bluejays—prize winning photograph.



The Judges—Lyman Atwell, Orpheus M. Schantz, Jens E. Ericksen.

heartily for their work and the time that they gave to the contest.

We also want to say "congrats" to Mr. Keil the winner. Figurin' that you might be kinda interested in who this man Keil is and what he has been doing in the bird and outdoor game we asked him to shed his erstwhile violet like modesty and tell us about himself. This he did and here is what he writes:

Dear Bob:

Your letter telling me that one of my photographs has won the prize furnishes me a double satisfaction. Nick, my ever cheerful "partner," is all fussed up because the camera is going to be HERS, which is some joy for me and then I feel proud to think that my picture has won out among the many beautiful and interesting prints submitted.

The first camera we used for bird pictures was a postcard size Kodak and belonged to a friend who loaned us the instrument. The prize picture was procured with that camera. Most of our bird pictures were taken right on our home grounds. By means of a foodboard we soon gained the confidence of our feathered friends and they repaid us by obligingly peopling our out door studio. At the present we are clicking a 3¼x4¼ Auto Graflex and have taken a long series of winter-bird pictures during the past season. I am going to send you some of them just to show what can be done with ease and comfort right at one's very doorsteps.

"Harry," that is the Jay clinging to the tree in the picture, has once more chosen a portly frau and the two are busy building a nest in a beech tree close to our cottage. After reading your letter Nick went outside to treat our old friend to a handful of peanuts and while he gobbled them gleefully she told him that he won first prize in a beauty contest. He didn't seem to care very much about the prize, but the peanuts were to his taste in every respect.

Outdoor activity is a wonderful tonic for young and old and there is nothing quite as fascinating as the sport the wild-life photographer enjoys. Although we have always been disciples of field and wooded hill it was only a few years ago that we attempted our first bird pictures, and what a world of pleasure we have had! The birds are particularly close to the heart of every true nature lover. Their great intelligence, their marvellous homing instinct, their untiring devotion to their offspring, their clean and happy family life, their courage in the face of often appalling odds are traits that strike responsive chords in one's heart. Their joys and sorrows touch us deep for they are so genuine, so much like our own. I am sure there exists an invisible bond of friendship between people who really love God's great out of doors and all the little wild creatures that dwell therein. The trim Whitebreasted Nuthatch that perches for a few moments on the filled tray in Nick's hand while she walks toward the foodboard acts as if he knew that she is a friend to be trusted. The Downy Woodpecker that comes for a bite of suet seems to be actuated by the same confidence. Although Nick is posted with the camera only a few feet from his dinner table he calmly settles on top of the post and begins backing down; with a casual look that seems to say, "I know it's only you." He takes no-

(Continued on page 66)

"Every Burch Tent Shipped Day Order Is Received"
Burch Automobile Camping Tent
FROM ROAD TO CAMP IN 5 MINUTES
Two Burch A.C. Tents as used for Larger Parties
Tents for Any Size Party
Burch DeLuxe Auto Tent
Photo Courtesy of Earl Wilcox
Burch Tents Are Waterproof

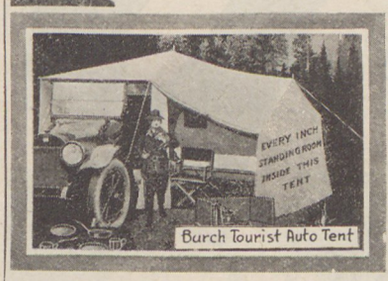
Burch Camp Equipment and Tents for Any Size Party or Use

With vacation, auto touring and camping season now at hand, you should know about the lightest, most convenient, easiest to handle type of tents and equipment.

Burch tents are made from genuine Burch Balloon cloth, water and mildew-proofed with Burch-Bark and guaranteed to please.

Outfits of eight pieces with 7x7 tent as shown in upper corner, 2 Gold Medal cots, etc., for $38. Similar outfit of 9 pieces with Burch Ideal double folding spring bed for $48. Fine outfit with 10x10 Nifty Tent shown below, bed, chairs, table, etc., for $80.

All made out here in the west where camp equipment must make good.



You Should Have Our No. 60 Catalog MAILED FREE

Free information bureau to help solve your camp problems.

F. J. Burch Mfg. Co.

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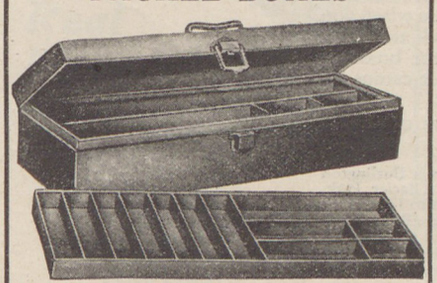
HOBART WATERTITE *TACKLE BOXES*



Plugs, hooks, spinners, reels, gaff, lines, sinkers, etc., etc., etc. Oh, yes, and rods, room for three if necessary. And the water does not get in. Our seamed and soldered joints take care of that.

An olive green baked enamel finish over lead-coated, rust-resistant steel insures long and faithful service. Small sizes also If your dealer cannot supply you, we will. *Write for catalog.*

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Fifty delightful, red-blooded stories by real, sure 'nuf fishermen. Handsome cloth and gold binding. Illustrated. $2.00 at your booksellers or direct by mail from

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Go out to Glacier National Park this summer and know the joy of playing atop the Rockies.
This is a land of fun in the open—keen, healthful enjoyment every minute. Do as you please when you please. If you do not care to ride horseback, tour over splendid "skyways" in comfortable motor busses—or hike. Modern hotels and rustic chalet camps insure restful comfort and good meals.
All expense tours of one to seven days or longer if desired.

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Through trains from Chicago and Kansas City via Burlington Route—Great Northern Railway (Main line) to Glacier Park, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland. En route to The Pacific Northwest, Alaska or California, visit Lake Chelan, Rainier and Crater Lake National Parks.

For free information or booklets apply any ticket or tourist agent or offices Great Northern Railway

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See America FIRST

Low Fares via

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Route of the Oriental Limited

(Continued from page 52)

from automobiles is unsportsmanlike and deserves the severe condemnation of the League; and

Be It Further Resolved that shooting on the public highways is a practice that should be condemned by the League.

WHEREAS there is a tendency on the part of the National Authorities to underestimate the value to the American people of the natural resources of the country.

Therefore Be It Resolved that the Izaak Walton League of America is unalterably opposed to any efforts to sell, lease, commercially develop or otherwise dispose of any part of any National Park, National Forest or any other part of the Public lands or resources.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER

WHEREAS the natural resources of the overflow lands of the Upper Mississippi River are of inestimable value in their present condition and whereas to make other use of these areas would cause great financial loss.

And Whereas, under divided ownership as between the various states, proper law enforcement is difficult.

And Whereas there are now in the prospect many projects to drain these areas and to destroy the timber thereon immediate action is necessary.

And Whereas Under Public Ownership sufficient revenue may be derived to make such public ownership a source of profit, and federal regulations properly enforced would become possible.

Therefore Be It Resolved that the Izaak Walton League of America urges upon Congress the immediate enactment of such laws as will provide for public ownership and Federal control of such overflow lands.

WHEREAS the Illinois Division of this League at a Convention assembled on the 27th and 28th of February, 1924, courageously adopted a resolution protesting against threatened legislation, the effect of which would be to increase the pollution of the Illinois River

Now Therefore Be It Resolved that the League commends the actions of the Illinois Division in resisting any legislation on the subject that does not tend to correct or alleviate the condition of pollution in that once beautiful and valuable river.

TIPPECANOE VICTORY

WHEREAS, since the adjournment of our First National Convention, the Indiana Division has won a signal victory for the cause of true conservation by resorting to the long-established law of the state of Indiana, whereby the dredging of the historic Tippecanoe River and the resultant desecration of that state were prevented:

And Whereas, that splendid achievement was accomplished by the lofty and patriotic spirit of our Hoosier Waltonians and their willingness to make adequate personal sacrifices for the common good of the people of their state and nation.

Now Therefore Be It Resolved that this Convention express to the Indiana Division its special commendation and appreciation for distinctive service.

OVERDRAINAGE

WHEREAS millions of acres of land have been ruined or depreciated in value from excessive artificial drainage through operations of laws designed to facilitate drainage projects and make difficult their obstructions.

And Whereas, good educational work is now being done by our Agricultural School and Soil experts to convince private landowners that the productivity and adaptability of the soil have been materially lessened by artificial drainage in many instances, along with complementary losses of natural resources in lakes, rivers and game refuges.

Now Therefore Be It Resolved that this League further this educational work among the farmers as to the inevitable result of artifically lowering local water tables, by every legitimate activity at the command of this organization.

WHEREAS, the laws of all our states now afford to riparian owners and the public adequate means whereby

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much of the municipal and industrial pollution of our waters may be restrained or eliminated.

Now Therefore Be It Resolved that this Convention urge upon the several State Divisions and individual chapters that due assistance be rendered in their respective localities to riparian owners of valuable water rights which have been destroyed or may be threatened with destruction or damage by industrial or municipal pollution or other forms of public or private nuisance, and

Be It Further Resolved that we urge that where the evils of water pollution cannot adequately be disposed of by suits to protect such riparian rights, efforts in that direction be based upon considerations of the public health, for the effective protection of which most of our states now have fairly adequate laws.

REMOVAL OF DAMS, ETC.

WHEREAS, in the denuded state of vast areas of the country the problem of regulating the seasonal flow of waters is annually becoming more important and its solution more urgently necessary, for the maintenance of public health and recreational facilities, and for protection of life and property against destruction by floods.

Now Therefore Be It Resolved that we are opposed to the removal of permanent dams or natural obstructions to the flow of water needed to maintain existing lakes and streams at their present normal levels.

WOMEN'S FEDERATION ALLIANCE

WHEREAS The Izaak Walton League of America has received the united and valued support of the general Federated Women's Clubs, which support has signally aided the efforts of the League in bringing the attention of America to the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill now before Congress, and

Whereas recognizing that in preserving this portion of outdoor America for generations to come, the general Federated Women's Clubs have shared the responsibility with the Izaak Walton League of America, therefore, now

Resolved that the Izaak Walton League of America in convention assembled at Chicago, this 11th day of April, 1924, declares its sincere appreciation of the splendid cooperation of the allied woman citizenry of America and, feeling that this cooperation has been of such inestimable worth, further declares that in the future crises affecting our outdoor America, the same support will again be solicited.

BUREAU OF FISHERIES

WHEREAS the Bureau of Fisheries is doing valuable and constructive work in the rescue of fishes from overflow lands in the Upper Mississippi River and the culture and distribution of mussels.

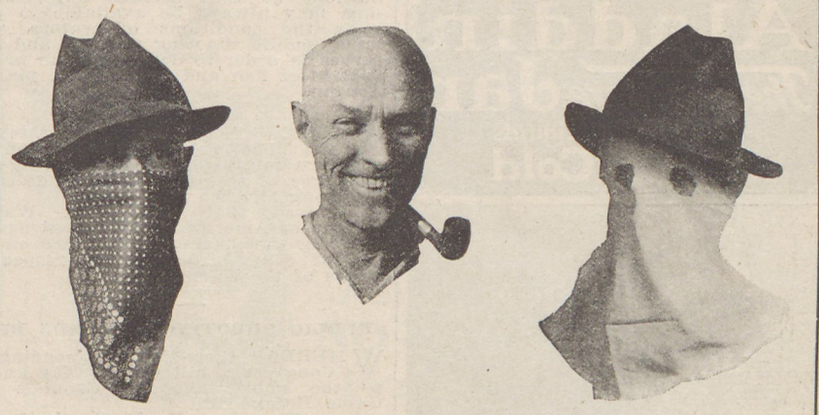
Therefore Be It Resolved that the Izaak Walton League of America hereby offers its hearty encouragement to the continuation of this constructive work and commends the Bureau of Fisheries for its able and effective efforts.

EFFICIENCY

RESOLVED: that we deplore the effect of politics upon the conservation movements and conservation commissions of many states and bureaus of the federal government and that, insofar as may be practicable and possible, we urge that these commissions and their officials and employees be selected for their competency, integrity and ability to perform the duties of their respective offices.

And Resolved Further that we urge upon the several states the need for concentrating, for conservation work exclusively, all public funds collected from hunting, fishing and other outdoor sources, rather than longer permit the practice, prevalent in many states, of collecting such funds in the general state Treasury and appropriating only fractional parts of their total for conservation purposes.

We urge the establishment of a suf-



JOSEPH HORNE CO.
PITTSBURGH

EXECUTIVE OFFICES

February 22, 1924

Mr. S. E. Strong
206 Central Viaduct
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Mr. Strong:

I am glad to write a few words regarding "Noburn."

Both my brother and I have very fair complexions and thin skin and very easily sunburn. In fact, my brother during fishing trips or continuous days in the sun, has been obliged to wear a handkerchief over the lower part of his face and I have manufactured a mask for myself which I have worn for hours at a time to prevent excessive sunburn.

During my last two trips to Florida, I have used "Noburn" with the greatest success. In fact, in my last trip, I was able to discard the mask entirely and by putting on "Noburn" suffered no discomfort from sunburn. My brother's case was similar.

Yours very truly

Just one application of NOBURN before each exposure and you are sunburn proof. You get the tan but not the burn. Not a healing agent, but a scientific preventive. An invisible, odorless, harmless liquid. Easily put on, quickly washed off. You can't tell you have it on.

STRONG-COBB & COMPANY
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Enclosed is $1.00 for a bottle of NOBURN. You agree to refund the dollar if it fails to prevent sunburn and windburn.

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Real living!

Your next vacation can be the best you've ever had if you camp out. There's nothing real men enjoy more. Our

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are the result of long experience. They're the kind used by guides and trappers—waterproof, light, practical, full weight and full size. Send for our new catalog—it's a guide to the outdoors.

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Tentmakers for 80 years
Send for our Catalog No. 612
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NEW LEFEVER NITRO-SPECIAL ONLY $29.00

O.K.'ed and purchased in quantities by the U. S. Navy. Well finished, considering the price. Built to shoot right and stand as much use as the most expensive gun. Most durable lock ever put in a gun—first lock fired over 77,000 times.

Every gun proof-tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., and 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. with 14 in. stock and about 2⅞ in. drop. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for Catalogue*

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PATENTED
Aladdin
Thermalware Jar
Keeps Food or Liquids
Hot or Cold

Gallon Size
NOW $5
$5.50 in far West. $7.00 in Canada.

16 big cups
-icy cold *or* piping hot

Drive until you locate the prettiest spot and everyone is hungry. Then, without delay, serve a savory hot, home-cooked dinner from the big gallon Aladdin Thermalware Jar.

Tender chicken, potatoes, gravy, stews, "wienies"—eight pounds—enough for all. Your fill of frosty lemonade, milk, water—or fragrant hot coffee—from another Aladdin Jar.

Aladdin Jars—the *original* and *largest selling* thermal jars—are rustproof, wear-proof, leakproof and sanitary throughout.

Duplicated in size and color only. Get the genuine Aladdin with patented leakproof neck-seal and eleven other exclusive features.

Green enameled, steel jacketed jar with non-porous porcelain-like inner, gallon size, now $5. "De Luxe" models (polished aluminum, ebony striped, glass lining): Gal. $8.50; 2-qt. $7.50. All jars 50c more in far west. $2.50 more in Canada.

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SECTIONAL STEEL BOATS
NON-SINKABLE
Carry on running board of car, strong—quiet. Easy to handle, cannot come apart in the water—patented construction.
Send for information and prices.
ALFRED C. GOETHEL CO.
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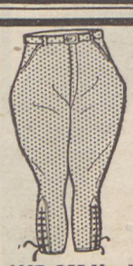
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



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WOOL BREECHES
$1.50
Like cut—new—in sizes from 32 waist to 40 waist. Strong light weight wool, for summer wear. Made for the Home Guards.
Catalog Free
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1627-CM North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ficient number of biological experiment stations so that scientifically trained men may always be available to pass upon the conditions of waters, wild lands, public shooting grounds and preserves in order to determine the proper species of fish and game to be planted therein.

WHEREAS the ruthless slaughter of the bobolink or reed bird on its southern migration is endangering the existence of this innocent and defenseless song bird, be it

Resolved that the Izaak Walton League of America go on record as advocating the placing of this bird on the list of song birds by the respective states of the Union.

PUBLIC SHOOTING GROUNDS BILL

WHEREAS there is now pending in Congress a bill (H. R. 745) known as the Public Shooting Grounds and Game Refuge Bill

Now Therefore Be It Resolved that this League is committed to the principle and precedent of this bill and hereby dedicates itself to the enactment of this vital legislation by Congress at the earliest possible date.

Whereas the so-called Public Shooting Ground and Bird Refuge Bill now pending before Congress places the entire burden of purchasing or leasing game and fish refuges, and of maintaining same solely upon the sportsmen of this country with no expense whatsoever to the public, and

Whereas, There Is a Crying Need to Conserve for posterity these places of the wild, to set them aside for the boys and girls of today and tomorrow, so that extermination of our fish, our game and our song birds and of the animals of the woods and marshes shall not come to pass.

Be It Therefore Resolved that we urge the men and women of our nation and our representatives in Congress unitedly to support this bill to the end that there be saved for all America, the lakes, the woods, the waters and beauty spots of our great out of doors.

HORICON MARSH

Whereas Horicon Marsh in Dodge County, Wis., consisting of more than 40,000 acres, was but a few years ago the greatest wilderness paradise in the northwest, and

Whereas the Drainage of This Vast Area has been attempted with barren results, and adding nothing of agricultural value, and

Whereas this drainage project has reduced the Marsh to a desolate waste and has destroyed its natural beauty, and it is now shunned as a pestilence by wild life of nearly every description.

Therefore Be It Resolved by the Izaak Walton League of America that we stand unqualifiedly for the restoration of Horicon Marsh to a condition where water fowl and fish, and the little four legged animals may find for themselves a sanctuary, and be saved for themselves as well as for the recreation of the American boy and girl.

SUPERIOR NATIONAL FOREST

WHEREAS there are now pending before the Congress the amended Fuller Bill H-488 and the amended McNeary-Fuller Bill S-2563 and

Whereas these Bills provide for the acquisition of isolated tracts of privately owned land scattered here and there contiguous to the Superior National Forest, and

Whereas these Bills provide for the extension of National jurisdiction in reforestation and the administration of areas similar to, and adjoining the forest, and of areas now geographically within, but not officially included in, the forest to the end that large areas of denuded forest land may be reforested, the control and prevention of forest fires facilitated, and the recreational and economic aspects of the forest safeguarded now

Resolved that the Izaak Walton League of America heartily endorses the passage of these bills for the benefit of all America.

ISLE ROYALE

WHEREAS, it has been made to appear that the owner of a tract of land consisting of over 21,000 acres and comprising the easterly end of Isle Royale in Lake Superior, proposes to grant to the Federal government the title to said acreage subject only to the reservation of the mineral rights therein, for the purpose of a National Park; and likewise proposes to grant under similar condition an additional area of approximately 35,000 acres, providing other land now separating the said tracts can be secured for the same purpose; and

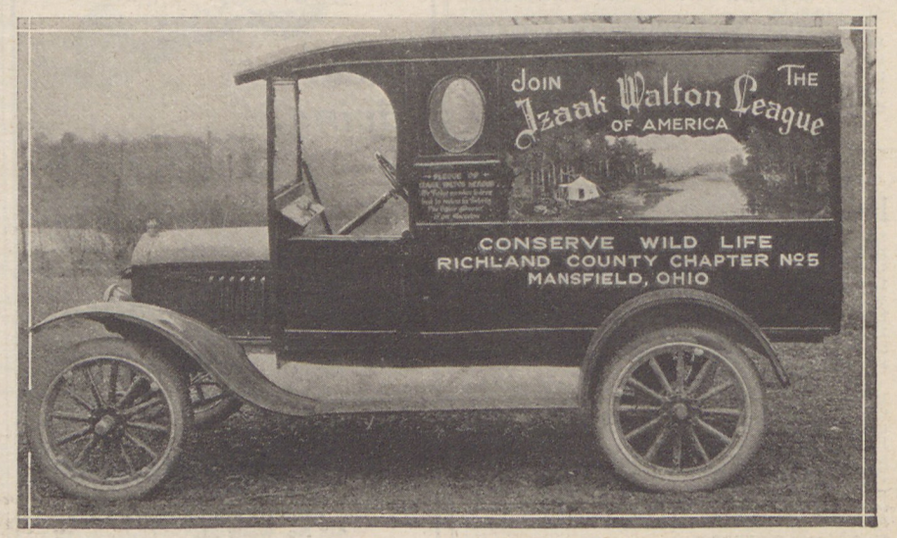
Whereas, there is upon said island a large number of Moose and Woodland Caribou, Virgin forests, inland lakes and streams abundantly stocked with game fishes, and a shore line affording excellent fishing facilities:

Now Therefore Be It Resolved: that we approve the project to erect Isle Royale into a National Recreation Ground to be known as the Benjamin Franklin National Park, provided that provision is made which will certainly prevent the shooting of Moose, Caribou or Deer upon that Island.

REPEATING SHOT GUNS—GANG HOOKS—LIVE DECOYS AND BAITED FEEDING GROUNDS

WHEREAS the rapidly vanishing supply of our game and game fish challenge more moderation in the total we take.

Now Therefore Be It Resolved that this league recommend to the sportsmen of the nation, the more limited use of repeating shot guns, firing more than two consecutive shots without reloading, for hunting purposes; and abstinence from the use of gang hooks on artificial lures in angling for game fish, to the end that when game is killed it will be killed cleanly and fairly; and when fish are taken only sportsmanlike tackle and lures be used, and we especially commend the use of single and barbless hooks.



This is known as a sport car and delegates at the National Convention saw it parked for three days in front of the Morrison Hotel.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Be It Further Resolved: that we condemn the use of live bird decoys and the baiting of wild fowl shooting stands.

ANTI-PISTOL

WHEREAS, a determined campaign has been and is now being waged with increasing intensity, seeking by open declarations and insidious propaganda, to create a public demand or sentiment for the passage of drastic and un-American laws prohibiting the manufacture and regulated sale of pistols and revolvers by and to a free and law-abiding citizenry; and

Whereas the purposes of this program are exemplified in certain proposed laws now pending before the Congress:

Now Therefore Be It Resolved that we condemn the said program in its entirety as pacifistic and un-American in principle—and as calculated to benefit the lawless elements of our population and to establish another vicious object of "bootleg" merchandising.

CONSERVATION WEEK

Whereas we realize that the rapidly increasing destruction of the wild life of America has reached a point where it constitutes a serious menace to the future welfare of our nation, and

Whereas the peremptory obligation to prevent such further destruction cannot be ignored by the Izaak Walton League of America, and

Whereas the President of the United States, through the Secretary of War, has strongly approved the establishing of a Conservation Week.

Be It Resolved by the Izaak Walton League of America in National Convention assembled, that we recommend that the first Sunday of May of each year be known as Conservation Sunday, and that the clergymen of America be earnestly urged to devote the services of the day to the furtherance of the protection of God's outdoors.

Be It Further Resolved that the entire week beginning on Conservation Sunday be known as Conservation Week, and that all clergymen, teachers, members of the Izaak Walton League of America, sportsmen and lovers of the great outdoors be urged to devote some portion of each day to instructing the children and adults of America in the meaning of the colossal benefits, and the patriotic purpose of conservation of all wild life.

Be It Further Resolved that a copy of this resolution be mailed by the Secretary of the Izaak Walton League of America to the President of the United States, the governor of each state, and the Secretary of each chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America.

LEAGUE PURPOSES

WHEREAS: The efforts of the Izaak Walton League of America to preserve the wild life of America, have, in some localities, been construed to mean the curtailment and even the abolition of both fishing and hunting, and desiring to make the stand of the League clear and convincing, now

Resolved: That the Izaak Walton League of America again states its position in favor of

"The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods."

Further: That its purpose in this regard is solely to keep the wild life of America from being ruthlessly slaughtered either through malice or ignorance.

Mindful of the wanton and careless use of the great but exhaustible resources of the United States, the League of the present generation unselfishly endeavors to leave to unborn Americans not a "plundered heritage" but an estate of which future generations will be proud.

The July Issue

will contain an illustrated article on the great

OKLAHOMA DIVISION

which on April 29 attained leadership in the nation with 103 chapters.

A plan of conservation involving game preserves and fish hatcheries has been worked out by this division and conservation history is being written by the chapters of Oklahoma.

E-Z-HARNESS

PATENT APPLIED FOR

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Another NO-C-UM Product

COMFORT FOR TROUT FISHERMEN. No matter how you may twist or bend, or stoop to crawl through fences, the **E-Z HARNESS** holds your equipment always comfortably in place. Easy to don; easy to wear; easy to adjust.

BOOTS HELD FROM SHOULDER STRAPS. The **E-Z HARNESS** eliminates that distressing pull of the boots from the hips. Suspended from wide shoulder straps the boots are always held up snugly and without strain.

EQUIPMENT ALWAYS HANDY. The waterproof bag, a part of the **E-Z HARNESS,** holds all the necessary equipment of the trout fisherman and does away with the need of an awkward, hot, cumbersome coat. No annoying search for or loss of equipment in pockets of coat or trousers—it's all right handy in the waterproof kit bag.

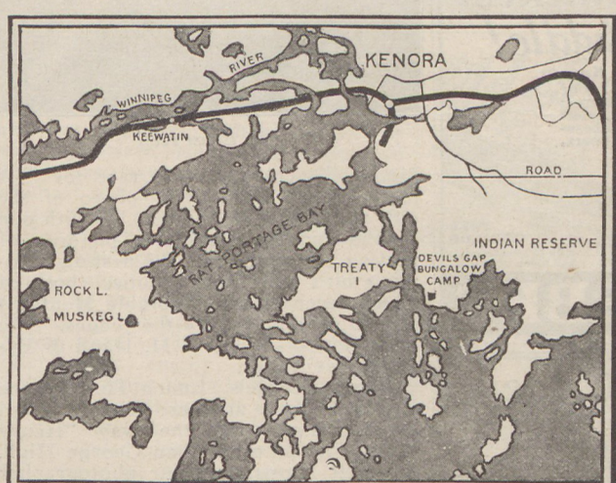
PERFECT BALANCE. The kit bag and creel are in perfect balance, and are always held in place, despite the position of the wearer. The **E-Z HARNESS** prevents the creel and bag from flopping.

BEST MATERIALS—GUARANTEED. Made of the best grade of leather and baked black enamel fittings, the **E-Z HARNESS** is built to last a lifetime. It is **FULLY GUARANTEED**—your money back if not entirely satisfactory.

THE PRICE. At your sporting goods dealer's, or direct on receipt of remittance, $5.00. (Price does not include creel).

"One Day on the Stream and You Will Never Be Without It."

The Kinnickinnic Tackle Co.
River Falls, Wisconsin



Lake of the Woods
Bass and Muskies

Tackle-busters—that's what they are, up here. Wicked water tigers. In season, so much hell-fire . . . You don't need to start out for muskies. Pick on the bass, and see what they start! Then there's pike and other gamy fighters. Get your outfit in good shape. There's all the fishin' fun you could want around Lake of the Woods.

For latest information write to
A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent,
Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, Canada

Canadian Pacific

"Travelite and Travel Right"

The Travelite Swing Bed

A Practical Outfit for the Tourist, Camper, Sportsman and Woodsman. Gives extreme comfort, full ventilation and absolute protection from insects. Used with a fly, as shown, on a porch or within a wall tent. Easily converted into a table. Light, yet strong and durable. Built to support 1,000 pounds. Woodsman's type of double bed weighs only 12 pounds. Best of materials. Types and sizes to meet the different needs.

PRICES

$14.00 and Up

Write for Circular

The Travelite Mfg. Co.

Box 204 DULUTH, MINN.

Responds Quickest to your Paddle!

DIP in your paddle and your **Kennebec** responds instantly to your slightest movement. For 14 years the most perfectly balanced, steadiest, lightest, safest and strongest canoe built. Low priced, beautifully finished. **Guaranteed for 5 years.**

Kennebec Boat & Canoe Co.
P31 Waterville, Me.

FREE CATALOG

FREE CATALOG with 15 latest models and name of dealer.

KENNEBEC

Joe Welsh Leaders

Proven, Tested and Pronounced Perfection by the most discriminating anglers. Let me send you a sample card showing the six sizes, no knots, no splices, transparent and of great strength.

25c for a 3 ft. Trout or Bass—50c for a 6 ft. Trout or Bass

Registered in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain under the name of

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN OK SEAL OF QUALITY TRY-OUT & TESTING DEPT

TELERANA NOVA

Manufactured by William Robertson Glasgow, Scotland

JOE WELSH, Pasadena, Calif.

Sole Agent for United States and Canada

Mille Lacs Indian Trading Post

USEFUL ARTICLES for sale, of CHIPPEWA INDIAN make. Elegant beaded chains for ladies' neckwear and girdles. Handmade hickory bows and arrows. Genuine INDIAN TANNED buckskin gloves and moccasins. Will send for selection on approval to parties furnishing proper references.

H. D. AYER, Trader. P. O. Address, ONAMIA, MINN.
(U. S. Licensed Post)

Bird Lore

(Continued from page 61)

tice of her presence and then begins his meal. The click of the camera, as she snaps his picture, does not alarm him in the least."

E. K.'s last paragraph (in his letter) sounds the slogan of every bird lover. It has a sincere ring as we know he has enjoyed many an interesting hour because he has made friends with the birds. Here is what he says:

"Make friends with the birds! A foodboard, a pan of clean water for drinking and bathing will bring them quickly to your homegrounds, be they ever so restricted. Hang out a few nesting boxes and you will become a landlord giving shelter to the most desirable kind of tenants; they will repay you in a princely manner with their cheerful songs."

It was not surprising to us that several of the photographs submitted gave

Mr. Ernst Keil

Mr. Keil's entry a close race for first place. Walter Hastings' photo of the gull and tern made a great hit with one of the judges. The two pictures of nesting woodcock and the nesting humming bird were also beauties (both of which received an Honorable Mention) and so pronounced by the judges. The latter was made by C. M. Hand of Paducah, Kentucky.

Henry George's "Lunch Time on the Riviera" was another that received great praise. By the way "Henry George" is no other than George High, the well known amateur photographer of Chicago, a member of the Chicago Camera Club who is nationally known for his expert work.

In fact the "gentlemen of the jury" commented on the general excellence of all the entries, saying that it was remarkable how amateurs had procured such corking fine stuff. And now, as the curtain rings down on the contest we want to thank every one of you for your interest.

As we consider June the month that all outdoormen love we think of this little verse by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"One that claims that he knows about it,
Tells me the earth is a vale of sin;
But I see the bees and the birds—and doubt it,
And think it a world worth living in."

(Continued on page 67)

The Famous "WARD KIT BAG"

ONE YOUR SON WILL INHERIT

The Peer of Hi-Class Hand Luggage

It's Hand Made to your order, cut from a beautiful heavy California leather (no fibre or paper filler), handsome two-color leather lining, large pockets in both sides, English steel frame, cast bronze trimmings. A bag for the most discriminating buyer who wants style and quality. Your initials hand tooled in small art panel on side of bag, name and address stamped on bottom. We take the risk, ship C.O.D., subject to your examination. If you find it the handsomest and best bag made in America pay expressman, if not tell him to return to us at our expense. Made in three colors: Tan, Seal-brown and Black, state which.

Price, 20", $48.00; 22", $50.00

The Famous Ward Sole Leather Gun Case

Write for Illustrated Circular.

WARD MFG. CO. West Plains, Mo.

ARE YOU *Motor Touring* IN 1924?

You can travel
ANYWHERE-ANYTIME
ALWAYS IN COMFORT
and it
COSTS LESS THAN LIVING AT HOME!

Why not go right?

ask the
WAYNE WORKS, RICHMOND, IND.
Wayne
TOURING HOMES

BINOCULARS

Achromatic, Adjustable, Clear White Crystal, Eight Power Lenses. French Make. Hinged Body. Large field of vision. Ideal for Hunting, Camping, Fishing, etc. Guaranteed perfect. Well made and serviceable; will last a lifetime. Black Morocco covered Body. Case and Shoulder Straps included.

Astonishing Value. Our special price, only... **$8.75** C.O.D.

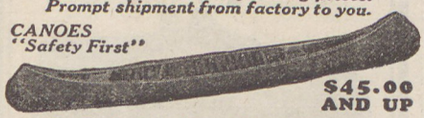
Order today. This instrument guaranteed to please or money cheerfully refunded.

BENNER & CO. D-6 Trenton, N. J.

THOMPSON
BETTER-BUILT BOATS

The best that skill and experience can produce—at real money saving prices. Prompt shipment from factory to you.

CANOES "Safety First"



$45.00 AND UP

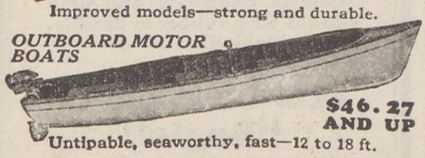
15, 16, 17, 18 ft. long. Finished in any colors. Strong, swift, safe and beautiful.

ROWBOATS and DUCK BOATS

$32.00 AND UP

Improved models—strong and durable.

OUTBOARD MOTOR BOATS



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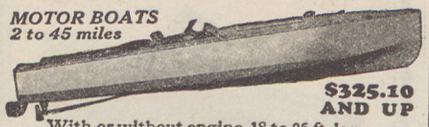
Untipable, seaworthy, fast—12 to 18 ft.

MOTOR BOATS 2 to 45 miles



$325.10 AND UP

With or without engine, 18 to 26 ft. long. For lakes, rivers, shallow water, weeds.

Catalog Free—Save Money—Order by Mail

Please state kind of boat you are interested in.

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO.
407 Ellis Ave. Peshtigo, Wis.

$3,500.00
worth of Prizes for the big fish caught this year!

If you catch a game fish of any species this year that is a bit above the average size, be sure to enter it in *FIELD & STREAM'S* Fourteenth Annual Prize Fishing Contest.

The prizes are splendid. For instance: brook trout, first prize, value $100.00; small mouth black bass, value $148.00; large mouth, value $151.00.

Get the June issue from your newsdealer and read conditions (they are very easy; no charge or entrance fee) and list of prizes. Better still, send 50c now for a three months' trial subscription.

Field & Stream

45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Bob White Quail Eggs
May and June Delivery
Booklet on Quail Hatching and Rearing Under Bantams

(Continued from page 66)

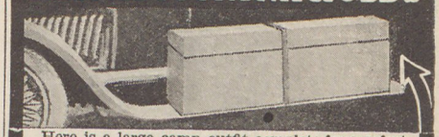
If there ever was a time when a fellow wants to echo the above sentiment it is in June. This is the month when the bass are hittin', when the trout look over the ardent fisherman's wares, when the muskies are sharpening their teeth on the rocks and rarin' to wallop the life out of a fellow's lure, and in the woods and the fields happy interesting pairs of birds are tending to their nesting duties.

We are hoping that you DID put out some nesting boxes this spring. If you did June will be an interesting month for you. As this is written a couple of wrens have gotten us all "het" up as they seem to have taken a fancy to one of our bird boxes and maybe we can take down the "for rent" sign on that nesting box. A pair of wrens, like the bluebirds, will have two and sometimes three families of children during the summer. That's what makes the bird box game so interesting—the "renter" has all kinds of chances to watch the results of "child psychology" as practiced by Mother Wren. And here's another thing that you may notice this season if you have some wren houses out. Sometimes (and we must just whisper this) after the first family of wrens has been launched into the bird world Mr. and Mrs. Wren agree on a divorce and before you know it you will see each of the two birds setting up housekeeping in another nesting site with a new mate.

Some people are apt to think that there exists a never ending devotion between a pair of mated wrens. Judging by the courting and love making one might believe that it was a case of "till death do us part." But, as far as the jaunty little house wrens are concerned this is not always the case. The partners will usually stay together until the young birds are out of the nest and then—look out. A male wren just freed of his household obligations sings and chatters and the first thing you know has run away with his neighbor's wife. However, sometimes a pair of little house wrens will not only stay mated all one summer but will set sail for the south together proving that all members of the family are not so fickle in their affections.

This is the time of the year that you want to be on the lookout for the bird killing cat if you have any nesting birds in your yard. The house cat is the bird's worst enemy. In fact the breeders of game birds in different parts of the country state that the half-tame, half-wild house cats which are running free do more damage to birds than hawks or other bird enemies. It's as natural for a cat to hunt and kill birds as it is for a duck to swim so there is little hope for breaking a tabby of its deadly habit.

THIS AUTO TRUNK HOLDS



Here is a large camp outfit complete for comfort. All contained in a trunk 56"x21"x10" carried on the running board. Completely folded inside is full equipment of

AUTO TOURIST BUNGALOO

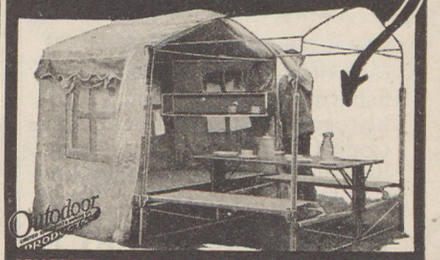
1. Big Tent 9 ft. long, 6½ ft. wide, 6½ ft. high center, 6 ft. high sides. No center pole. A family tent.
2. Big Table 56 in. long by 36 in. wide. Folds to form box. This space can be used for extra bed.
3. Big Bed 6 ft. 6 in. long, 45 in. wide. Two use with comfort.
4. Benches for 6 people with lots of room for all.
5. Cupboard 112 in. of shelf space for dishes, etc. Curtains to divide sleeping quarters when 2 beds are used.
6. Windows netted and fitted with storm flaps, which can be raised or lowered from inside tent.

Strong, durable, guaranteed materials throughout. All parts interchangeable. Best workmanship. **Absolutely waterproof.** Fits into small auto trunk. Anyone able to open and close a folding bed can put this furnished bungaloo up in five minutes without tools, bolts, ropes or stakes. Handsome, light tan, highest quality duck, snappy green trim. **Weight only 150 lbs. Comfort** in camp with complete outfit **without trailer worry.**

TENTS of all kinds and sizes—exclusive patented features.

CHICAGO DEALERS:—Marshall Field & Company, Thos. E. Wilson & Company, The Fair, Boston Store. Send DIRECT to us for name of dealer in your town or nearest town and for our complete catalog of camp equipment sent FREE. **AGENTS** with cars, write for proposition.

THIS BIG CAMP OUTFIT

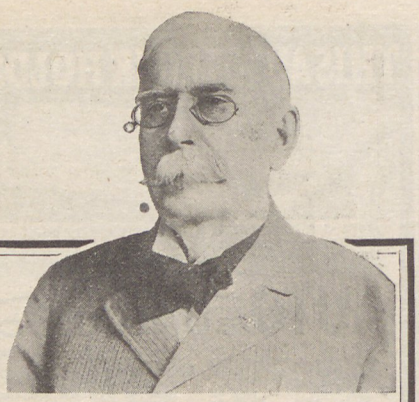


UNITED STATES TENT & AWNING CO.
723 N. SANGAMON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

"Old Town Canoes"

"You can guess his weight by the breadth of his tail"

AN OLD guide's axiom is, "A pound of fish to an inch of tail." It's surprising how near it holds true. But there is another saying of the woods proved by years of constant use, "If you're going by water, go in an 'Old Town.'"



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BOOK OF THE BLACK BASS

A new, thoroughly revised edition of the best book for bass fishermen ever written. A life history of the bass, explanation of angling and fly fishing, description of all tools and tackle. Illustrated. $4.50

BASS, PIKE, PERCH
AND OTHER GAME FISHES OF AMERICA

Habits, habitats, and methods of catching ninety different varieties of game fishes found East of the Rockies. New edition beautifully illustrated. $3.00

Send for free illustrated Catalog of books for sportsmen.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY
35 W. 32nd St., New York

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Be Sure

LEONARD'S SKEETER SKATTER

KEEPS AWAY MOSQUITOES

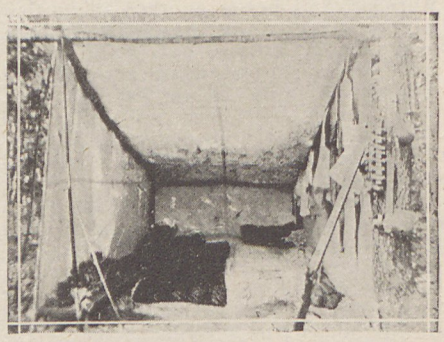
This truly remarkable repellent will positively protect you from the pests.
Most practical and pleasant to use. Recommended by best outdoor experts. *No more mosquito bites or sleepless nites.*

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
At Drug and Sporting Goods Stores 50c.
Direct from us, 1 bottle 60c., 2 bottles $1.00. prepaid
LEONARD CHEMICAL CO.
4202 W. Adams St. Chicago

Our Outdoor Calender

(Continued from page 39)

tell you it is not easy but only acquired by much practice. I am in favor of fishing rather close to the fringe of lily-pads, not over forty feet, if the boatman is that expert. Deep waters bring up few bass. But, again, the bait caster needs accuracy in long-distance casting whenever a deep and narrow cove confronts him. To take the boat in there is to scare out any bass who may have appropriated it as his hunting grounds. So you let drive for a long cast, landing the bait in a high arc to fall directly into the head of that cove and not too near any shore of it. Then, during the long travel of the bait out to the boat there are a million chances of lurking bass in the cove seeing it and making their well-known and exciting strike. There is a boiling swirl, a smash of foam—and **Biff!** he is going down with it before you can hardly collect wits enough to strike! And then arrives the interesting problem: Is that energetic little fury going to snag you on any one of a dozen stubs, lily roots,



"The old Nessmuk shanty tent made by a boy of twelve."

sunken branches that line that cove, or are you going to work him successfully out into deep water where there is a chance to play him tired? It takes skill and nerve and quick thinking, too, gentlemen! One classic mistake of the tyro is to rush his bass to the boat as fast as he can crank the reel. Very often he will come without much opposition; he is swimming with your pull to see what this is all about. But never is he more dangerous than when he gets his first glimpse of all that hostile boat and man and landing net. If you have any doubts, just try yanking him on board. Better keep a cool head and a taut line, letting him work off some steam before trying anything like a landing net on him!

This June is not a bad month for camping-out. There are two star attractions, in the first place, trout and bass. In the East the tendency of the game laws is now to put the bass season over until July, but a number of other states open it with the 20th of June. The trout season is still in its heyday early in June, particularly in the northern tier of states. Above all, the hot weather has come, the warm, dry spells when all the woods are "homey" and one is neither fighting the cold nor continually drying out bedding. It means a lot to him who wants comfortable camping! It is hatching-time for all the feathered folk; a man can learn a lot just visiting daily a chain of nests. To give you an idea of what the comforts of June camping mean to the woodser, I call your attention to the photograph of the old Nessmuk shanty tent herewith. The

RUSSELL'S

"Apache"

FORMERLY known as the "Scout Special", choicest of *genuine* moccasins for camp and outing wear. Shaped to natural lines of the foot. Made in chocolate and gray elkskin with rubber or flexible, sturdy Maple-Pac soles.

RUSSELL'S

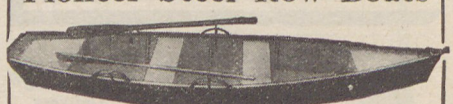
"Bogie"

The true moccasin golf shoe—comfortable and flexible. Plenty of room for toes and yet good support for the instep. Crepe rubber soles. Furnished all one color or a combination lustrous and dull brown. Also made of imported waterproofed veals. Shoe or oxford heights, all sizes.

The Russell Catalog illustrates and describes footwear for all outdoor sports — hunting, fishing, camping, hiking, golfing, skiing—all painstakingly made from quality leathers for solid comfort. If your dealer doesn't sell Russell's Moccasin Footwear, write for a copy today.

The
W. C. RUSSELL MOCCASIN Co
924 CAPRON ST. Berlin, Wis.

THE LIGHT RUNNING
Pioneer Steel Row Boats

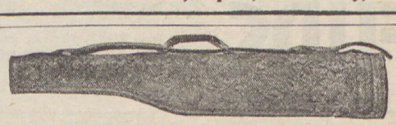


A BOAT FOR EVERY NEED
Pleasure—Fishing—Hunting—Trapping

Safety, Beauty, and *Service* are combined in the Pioneer. A safe boat for the family—a popular boat at the summer resort.

Your catalogue is waiting for you —write today.

PIONEER MFG. CO., Dept. E, Middlebury, Ind.



A Hardy Tailor Hand Made Gun Case
will not only fit your gun, but protect it. It's the cheapest insurance you can buy for your gun. Leather or Dupont Fabrikoid lined. For descriptive folder enclose stamp.
CAPT. A. H. HARDY, 2345 Elm St., Denver, Colo.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

negative of that picture is 35 years old today. The tent was made by a boy of twelve. It was set up on a woodsy promontory overlooking a bass lake, where the morning sun could shine into it for hours after sunrise and warm up the two lazy sleepers therein. All day long the leaf shadows and the blotches of sunlight filtering through the trees played on its roof. At night a fire, built against a huge flat stone, lit it up, while a small sowet owl sat up in the tree to the right of the picture and made obscene noises. For a month the boy lived there, fishing, frogging at night with a jack lantern and a gaff made of a stick and a pickerel hook, taking nature hikes, making scientific collections, enjoying his June generally. That boy was me. School let out on the fifteenth of June; it was not many hours later before I was aboard a train with my tent and an absurd amount of paraphernalia, bound for the little lake I knew of in the hills of lower New York State. What a month! Precious are those memories; precious the photograph, for it is a reminder of a freedom and happiness that seldom comes to later years!

"A strictly modern June outfit with its owner smoking happily on his doorstep."

I show finally a most modern June camping outfit, with its owner seated happily in it and smoking the good old brier. Unlike the alleged tent of the **Nickobulus,** which was a mere square rag weighing two pounds, this one is large and roomy, high enough to stand up in and to work in in bad weather, yet light as a feather. It is of the "Snow" variety, put up with a pair of shears, and it weighs some seven pounds. The sleeping bag is of light waterproof gabardine lined with eider-down, and the carrying pack for it is discoverable forming a head to the bed. A light wall-pocket, hung on tapes within the tent wall, holds all this outer's small duffle, the kind that is continually getting lost in the leaves or mislaid unless you have such a container. Some day I am going to have a strictly modern outfit like this one!

"To My Fishing Pal, Bill Stahl."

YOU know, I love to sit and think
Of the days that are to come,
When you and I'll together be out in the open spaces.
I smoke my pipe in silence, and day dream
Don't you see, of the ones we'll miss, in the
Holes we fish, and lots of other places.
Of the ones we'll land out on the sand,
Or maybe on some gravel bar; but the real
Joy'll be—the ecstasy—in seeking, near and far.
Then the peace and rest, when the shadows fall,
And we crawl into "the hay,"
Lulled to sleep by the night bird's call,
To dream of another day—
And then, Oh, boy, at the peep o' day, we're up and all a'quiver—
Tackle in hand, we're on our way to the Bass
That leap in the river.

Harry Forbes.

ITHACA WINS

Mr. E. W. Ehmann of California with 25 ducks shot with an Ithaca 20-gauge.

Mr. E. W. Ehmann of California with 25 male Sprig ducks shot in 45 minutes with an Ithaca 20-gauge. Mr. Ehmann and all his duck shooting friends who use Ithacas have learned that Ithaca Lockspeed improves their shooting. Ithaca Lockspeed will improve your shooting."

Double guns for game $37.50 to $700.
Single barrel trap guns $100. to $700.

Ithica Gun Co., Box 14, Ithica, N. Y

THE FIRE BIRD

By GENE STRATTON-PORTER

Every child in America—and many of us no longer children—are debtors to Gene Stratton-Porter. Her books of the Limberlost are wonder tales, and her thousands of readers will welcome her as an American poet. ***Price $1.75***

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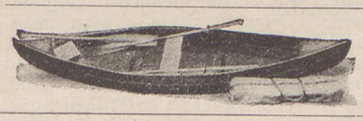

FOLDING PUNCTURE - PROOF CANVAS BOATS
Light, easy to handle, no leaks or repairs; check as baggage; carry by hand; safe for family; all sizes; non-sinkable; stronger than wood; used by U. S. and Foreign Governments. Awarded First Prize at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. We fit our boats for Outboard Motors. Catalogue.
KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO. 433 Harrison St., Kalamazoo, Michigan

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Engineer and General Contractor
Chicago, Illinois

River and Harbor Work
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Concrete Construction
Industrial Plants

"GETUMS" Do Get 'Em

(Patents Pending)

DEWEY'S FEATHER-GETUM

Wounded Minnow Action

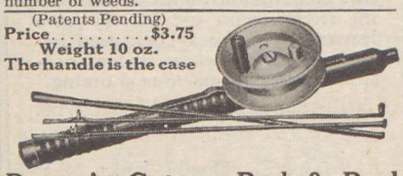
6 Color Combinations

No. 4—¾ oz.....85c | No. 2—½ oz.....75c
No. 3—⅝ oz.....80c | No. 1—⅜ oz.....70c

No. 20—Red body, red fins, red-white tail.
No. 30—Red body, yellow fins, white tail.
No. 50—White body, red fins, white tail.
No. 60—White body, yellow fins, white tail.
No. 110—Black body, red fins, mottled tail.
No. 120—Black body, yellow fins, orange tail.

The FEATHER-GETUM wiggles and darts like a wounded minnow and travels shallow, medium or deep, just as you want it to. It goes right into the weeds and comes out with the fish. Indestructible metal body, pure rubber fin weed guards, hackle feather tail and imported removable single hook; catches the maximum number of fish and minimum number of weeds.

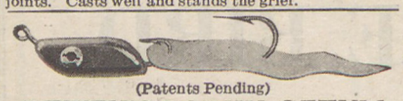
(Patents Pending)
Price.....$3.75
Weight 10 oz.
The handle is the case



Dewey's Getum Rod & Reel

Fits the Pocket Book as well as the Pocket. Rod only, fitted with Reel Seat.....$2.50

Single action, detachable, aluminum, self oiling reel, phosphor bronze bearings, hollow metal handle which serves as case for three spring tempered steel joints. Casts well and stands the grief.



(Patents Pending)

DEWEY'S PORKY-GETUM

Some Wiggler

No. 4—¾ oz.....65c | No. 2—½ oz.....55c
No. 3—⅝ oz.....60c | No. 1—⅜ oz.....50c

Four Colors: Red, White, Black, Yellow

The PORKY-GETUM is some little wiggler, a sure hooker, practically weedless, indestructible metal body and removable hooks.

These lures catch fish in any water, weather, time or place. Let us honor your tackle box with an assortment of these fish-getters.

OUTING M'F'G. CO.
Manufacturers of
Outdoor Equipment
ELKHART, INDIANA

Watch for our other Outdoor Specialties

Bucktail Trout Flies

Though lacking the beauty of standard patterns of trout flies, the bucktail fly has won the reputation of being the most powerful surface lure for trout in all conditions of fishing. Our bucktails are of the best material and workmanship. The "NIGHT PROWLER" (illustrated) is made especially for late evening and night fishing. Six "NIGHT PROWLERS," or "HERB'S HALF DOZEN," an assortment of bucktail trout flies for general use, containing two of the above will be sent postpaid on receipt of a dollar bill or your check.

L. M. THURSTON, Owosso, Mich.

YOUR BAIT PROBLEM SOLVED

Pat. applied for.

The J. & L. Spinner, a combined spinner and fly. Prove our claim as hundreds of fishermen have that the J & L is "An every day bait for every fisherman." **Bass size $1.00. Trout size 75c.**
Postpaid on receipt of cash. Send for booklet.
Leberman & Jacobs Meadville, Pa.

Angling Memories

(Continued from page 56)

will be sure to find one before morning and make life miserable.

I met an "old timer" one afternoon on the stream, a friendly old Swede. He told me that he had fished the Manistee for close to forty years and that at one time it was literally full of grayling, a wonderful and game fish, but now they were but a memory of the past, gone forever. The old fellow seemed to have a touch of remorse at the recollection of the passing of these fine fish and it lent me an additional feeling of determination to assist the encouragement of conservation and propagation of fish and game in our present day. The old Swede was an expert fisherman and knew every inch of the river for miles. I followed him along for quite a while picking up a few pointers. I drew some big trout stories from him of wondrous catches of trout made years ago.

The beauty of the Manistee brook trout is something to marvel at. Their color is of a lighter tone than that of the trout of most streams. The delicate mottled olive color on the back blends harmoniously into the shining silver sides, specked with scarlet and gold. The whole body glistens with a lustre and splendor that is truly beautiful.

Leaving the Manistee we journeyed to the Au Sable, not many miles distant and pitched our tent on the banks of that fine stream.

The Au Sable gave us all the pleasures and thrills looked for, and we caught a goodly number of fine trout during our three days' stay there.

An outing of this nature makes a new man out of one and you come home with a brighter view on life and better fit to perform your daily work. Are we going again? The ayes have it!

Chapter News

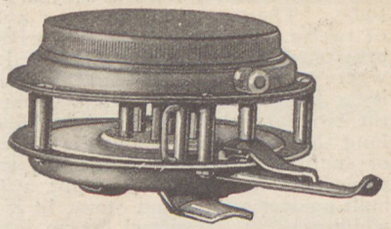
First Florida Chapter

(Continued from page 43)

Again he remarked: "I did not know that Florida held THIS," as his eyes swept the vast expanse of fascinating landscape. "It is in Florida, but it SHOULD belong to the Nation. What a pity and a shame to ever change THIS."

Leaving the Flats, we crossed a creek and entered the untouched pine forest destined to be slaughtered in the interests of unsympathetic lumbermen probably, but now beautiful beyond compare. Over a grass grown road, carpeted like velvet, we penetrated the forest. For twenty odd miles we had not met a man, woman or child. Tracks showed travel to be indeed light. Perhaps not more than one or two a week cross the Alapatta Flats where we did. And so at last we passed through Ft. Drum, and came to J. J. McLaughlin's home some six miles further on. It was 3 p. m. Mr. McLaughlin offered to guide Mr. Dilg, my son and McKibben to Blue Cypress lake, nine miles further, and with my lawyer driver, R. R. Roebuck, of Stuart, I returned, getting back in good time that very night.

Will Dilg had addressed the Woman's Club of Stuart, thanked 'em one and all for endorsing "our" Mississippi bill, and



OUTPLAY HIM!

With your game fighting at the end of light tackle, every lightning-like dash challenges your fishing skill. With the lever of one of the

MARTIN AUTOMATIC
FISHING REELS

under your thumb or little finger, one hand is *always* free to play your fish or handle your net. You let the reel take instant care of all slack line.

The lightest, strongest, most compact of automatics, a Martin will contribute more fun to your days of real sport—for many years.

Send for catalog, describing all the Martin styles and sizes for every kind of fishing.

Martin Automatic Fishing Reel Co.
Mohawk, N. Y.

Moonlight Baits are Fish Getters

"They're all fish getters" say the fishermen. There's a Moonlight for surface or deep water fishing day or night. The Moonlight Floating Bait is the best night bait on the market Get one for your kit this year sure.

FREE Folder describing entire line Moonlight Brand Baits. GetYours

If your dealer does not carry Moonlight Brand Baits write factory for prices.

Moonlight Bait & Novelty Works
PAW PAW MICHIGAN

Canadian Representative
UNITED DISTRIBUTORS, LTD., MONTREAL, QUE.

Kinney's "Old Hickory" Casting Rods

will "OUTCAST" and "OUTLAST" any other rod. My "OVAL" rod IS A BIG WINNER. 10% off to members of Izaak Walton League of America. Rod Dope FREE. "GET IT." Address

"OLD HICKORY"
579 Wallcraft Ave., TAMPA, FLORIDA

The Winona

For Reel Satisfaction

A reel everyone can use and afford. No noisy gears, snarled lines or sore thumb from spooling line.

ASK YOUR DEALER
To show you a Winona. You will find it the best reel you ever used. Price only $5 and $7.50

Free Souvenir and Folder
Write today for yours. Get full information before you buy a reel.

BOYER MFG. CO.
Dept. 20, Winona Lake, Ind.

More Fun More Fish

MORE THAN 250000 FISHERMEN

have written for HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS on flies and spinners. It's brimful of fish-taking tips on catching trout, bass, pike, pickerel, muskies and other game fish. It illustrates in detail the

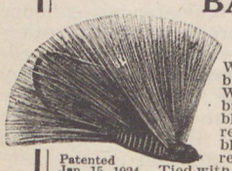
Complete Hildebrandt Line

the result of more than a quarter century devoted to the exclusive manufacture of spinners and flies. Ask your dealer about Hildebrandt baits for casting, trolling, fly fishing and live bait fishing.

FREE Write for HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS today—no obligation. You will want to save the cover and color sheet.

THE JOHN J. HILDEBRANDT COMPANY
465 HIGH STREET LOGANSPORT, INDIANA

KELLY WEEDLESS BASS FLIES



The Result of 30 Years' Fly Fishing

White — black — red — brown — yellow — blue. White, black tail & wing; brown, red tail & wing; black, white tail & wing; red, yellow tail & wing; black, yellow tail & wing! red, black tail & wing; Tied with solid silk body. Made of horsehair — not a bucktail.

Patented Jan. 15, 1924

Will Outwear a Dozen Feather Flies
Weedless but not fishless. Gets the bass where they lie in the weeds, moss or snags. Order a dozen now — $4.50 — 40c each. Tied on finest 2/o Eyed Pennell with reinforced leaders. Also Ringed Sproat Hooks without leaders.

KELLY BROS., R. F. D. No. 4, Box 195, PEORIA, ILL.

High-Grade Split Bamboo FISHING RODS

Write for Special Booklet describing
Thomas Special and Dirigo Rods
Made at the Rod Shop of
THOMAS ROD COMPANY
BANGOR, MAINE
Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

THE PRESCOTT SPINNER "GETS-EM"

WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL
9 IN. OVERALL
WEEDLESS 30¢
PLAIN 25¢
ASK YOUR DEALER—SEND FOR CIRCULAR
PRESCOTT SPINNER MFG. CO.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. BY CHAS. H. STAPF. PRESCOTT, WIS.

FREE! 1924 Catalog of Firearms, Fishing Hunting, Camping & Athletic Equipment *Saves You Real Money*

SPORTSMEN'S EQUIPMENT CO.
Dept. L, 1418 Vine St., CINCINNATI, OHIO

had spoken to a few assembled to see if a chapter might be formed, but his big effort was to come on Friday night, four days off. And I agreed to get him back to Stuart in time for his talk, little knowing what I was promising.

Came Thursday morning, and with Marion McGhee of Stuart, who owns a sea-going car, I set out for Dilg, having in mind to pick up a movie-operator in Ft. Pierce and make a "picture" of his Blue Cypress Lake Camp for Chicago consumption. All went well until with the three of us, McGhee's car entered the Alapatta Falls in a threatening rain along about 1 p. m. By 3 we were irrevocably "lost," having left the road somewhere back. By four we were all out pushing the car to help the engine, having no chains, and being in the midst of a torrential downpour. By dark we got to McLaughlin's, and he promptly informed us that the best we could hope for was to get within a couple of miles of Mr. Dilg's camp in the dark. "It's a sort of rough road in there," he remarked, "and there's a heap of water from this big rain. No, I reckin we-all will have to camp out and go in after daylight." So that is what we did. And the last two miles proved Marion McGhee's to be a miracle car. It ran when BOTH running boards were at least 8 inches under water. It pulled out of bogs that would have mired a light baby carriage. It just naturally "done itself proud, begosh." McGhee nearly sold me the car on the strength of that performance.

At last we reached the president of the league, and his camp was wet, he was sick, or at least half-sick, had sat up one night entirely, half-slept the next, hit his head on a tent pole, waded abdomen deep to a canoe, nursed a strained back, ate unaccustomed camp fare, watched the rain ruin everything ruinable, yet—I say, YET, he met me with the statement that

"THOSE ARE THE FIGHTIN'EST BASS I EVER CAUGHT IN FLORIDA. I am glad you came to get me out of here, for our car won't cross that swamp, but I'M COMING BACK IN MAY."

Can you beat it? It is that spirit that wins battles; that puts over bills against reluctant support, that in a word, Saves Out-Door America. "Bill" had only had four hours of fishing in four days, but those four hours repaid him for all his discomfort.

I violate no confidence when I say he roasted my camp equipment to a dainty brown, and declared I preferred to encounter hardships or I would have an air mattress, a tent floor-cloth, cots, and other luxuries, including mosquito bars. He forgets I am only 54, tough as nails, and consider my camp equipment perfect; but he is right at that. The big idea is to go into the woods and on the waters of the wilderness and muzzle its teeth, so that you are as comfortable as you are at home. So, I hate to confess it, but I've bought an air mattress, slept on it, and like it fine. Good-bye palmetto beds; good-bye smudges to run off insects; good-bye "roughing it." Bill Dilg has made a change in my ideas of outdoor equipment.

We got him back to Stuart Friday night. He spoke for fifteen minutes. We now have Stuart Chapter Izaak Walton League of America, with sixty-one paid up members, and enthusiasm plus. Need I say more?

See B-K-BAIT
Before Buying
I will send you one on approval
(Not C. O. D.)

Weight ½ ounce Patent applied for

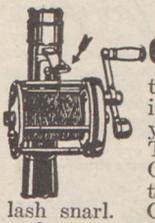
A Real Fish Getter
(Made by a fisherman to catch fish)

Can be used with feathered fly, Bucktail, or Plain hook with Frog, Minnow or Pork Rind. Change hook in a few seconds without tools or detaching Lure from Line. Keel weights keep hook upright avoiding weeds and snags making it more effective when fish strike.

B-K-Bait with our assortment of flies can't be beat.

Equipped with Peacock Bass Bug $1.00
At Dealers or Sent Direct
Write for Circular
W. C. BAILER 405 Breckenridge Street BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Fishermen, Prevent Back Lash **Snarls**
By Attaching a



Gem Self-Winder

to your reel. It automatically winds and spools your line WITHOUT THUMBING or FINGERING, and you positively cannot get a back lash snarl. Can be attached to any reel or rod. No more sore thumbs.

Sold by leading Sporting Goods Dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price, $2.00.

GEM REEL WINDER COMPANY
212 Brumder Bldg. Milwaukee, Wis.

FREE
Hardy's Anglers' Guide

Veteran Angler and novice alike will find its 400 pages of angling and tackle lore, a revelation indeed. The plates of flies in natural colors are an education in themselves.

Send for your copy today (a postal will do) and become acquainted with "Halford" Floating Flies, leaders, etc., and "PALAKONA" (reg'd) Split Bamboo Rods and reels as made by Britain's leading Fishing Rod and Tackle Manufacturers.

HARDY BROS., Ltd., Alnwick, England
London Showrooms, 61 Pall Mall

Every Bite Now a Delight!

PETESCH *Improved Fish Hooks*

Fish hooks that have a direct pull. Evenly balanced; do not tear the gill; pierce only a small hole; will twist automatically without fail; have weedless action. Nothing to obstruct the fish from getting caught, also can easily be guided out of the gill. Send for samples and particulars to

PETESCH MFG. CO.
P. O. Box 154-W. Council Bluffs, Iowa

Anglers
Try My Flies
Everything for Fishin'
Complete Stock of Guaranteed Tackle
Biggest & best assortment of Fly, Rod and Lure Making Materials.
"On the Job" Service. Are you one of my friendly Customers? Send for my interesting catalog.
J. F. WILLMARTH Roosevelt, New York

You men who want to make real money read this

No matter what you may be doing now—whether you own land or not—it is *now* possible for you to build up a business of your own that will make $2000 to $5000 a year profit for you—and you can do this without interfering with your regular work in any way.

Windswept Silver Foxes can earn it for you

Windswept customers all over the country are making *real* money. Ross Phelps made 137% cash profit and 200% animal increase profit in just two years. A. C. Olson made 75% cash profit in one year. Rev. Matheson made 200% cash profit in two years. Dozens of men are doing likewise—and by using one of our Four New Plans, you can do the same thing—we'll care for your Foxes if you wish.

If you really want to get started towards an independent future write at once for our big Booklet. Give us complete information in your first letter so you can begin at once. *When you start with Windswept you start with the Leaders in the Fox Industry.*

Windswept Silver Foxes

315 WINDSWEPT BLDG.
Henderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

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THE SUPER FOX
TRADE MARK
SILVER FOXES

Big Money in Fox Raising But you must know—must plan and start right. We teach you, tell you how to select breeding stock, how to feed, house and care for them—reducing mortality and nsuring profitable results.

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Ranch and fox-raisers' school at Prince Edward Island and Hackensack, Minn.

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Raise Silver Foxes

Easy to raise. Larger profits than any other live stock raising. Stands strictest investigation. Recommended by Government. 4 different plans. One will suit you. Complete description free. Send today.

C. T. DRYZ Box 1012 EAGLE RIVER, WIS.

DOG BOOK FREE

32 page book—how to keep your dog well—how to care for him when sick. Result of 36 years' experience with every known dog disease. Mailed FREE. Write today. Dept.—O. A.

H. CLAY GLOVER, V. S.
129 West 24th St. New York

The Kennel Department

By ANDREW BROOKS

Former Assistant to Ozark Ripley

Pointer or Setter

HOW long back the controversy existed between pointer and setter men we do not know, but this much we are certain of: that the pointer gained but little recognition until the great short haired dog, King of Kent, was bred on American bitches or his get. Before the presence of this animal began to show the pointer only here and there had admirers, and his work in the field trials never stamped him as anything above the ordinary. The setters then had it their own way, and for so long that never was it considered probable that the honors they had justly won would at any time in the future be wrested from them. The pointer was not taken seriously by the setter men. There are still lots of setter men that even in the present times will not consider the pointer seriously. They point to them as dogs with luck, dogs that have won in ordinary company, dogs that will run a dog track with the persistence of a hound on a fox trail.

Some things said about the early pointers were true, lots without real backing for the assertion. But the coming of the blood of King of Kent changed field dog affairs, and thereafter the pointers had their part in making field trial history.

"Shott," owned by Judge W. J. Conway, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis. Pointing Prairie chicken.

There are the critics also among the pointer men of today. They refer to setters as brainless wonders, dogs with one cell brain, dogs that run only as roaddogs without the bird instinct dominating them, dogs that know nothing else but to run. They have foundation for their assertions, but like the setter men criticising the pointer they have attributed all the faults of certain individuals to the entire breed. For quite a while the field trials developed a queer tribe of setters. They were outcroppings of intense breeding for certain purposes, especially some individuals, not the entire breed by any means. They were bred for speed and going qualities and shone in this respect only. The matter of bird sense seemed an unimportant factor in their makeup. This was caused by the field trials giving so much prestige to dogs that were fast and ranged wide over dogs of slightly inferior speed that did excellent bird work. There was a rage for speed and range which for a while nothing seemed able to stop, until judges began to demand a little higher class bird work and that bird finding ability, pointing, and staunchness on point were absolutely necessary.

When the over classy dogs were in the ascendancy, pointer men bred carefully and began to show their goods. Their dogs had speed, range and most of all began winning through bird work. They cashed in on a bird brain, endurance and pointing instinct being developed to the highest order. These very things are what put the pointer right where he is before the public. The setter men changed their attitude in breeding, and began to get on a sensible level with the great short haired dogs. What caused the biggest setback to both breeds was the indirect effects of field trials: people out to sell dogs through the reputation of the winning sires. They bred hundreds of bitches that had never been in the field, or hundreds of bitches that had been in the field and were very ordinary workers, to the great winners for the sole purpose of selling the puppies, which they did. Such matings could not under any circumstances enhance the value of a breed. On the other hand the progeny from such breedings were so inferior, as naturally they should be, since the sire could not make up for the faults of the dam, that the field trial dogs of the best kind had to share in the reputation of these inferior dogs.

On the other hand when select bitches were bred to field trial sires—bitches that were bird wise and had everything that the sire had in the way of natural field ability, the offspring followed the laws of Nature that like produces like and were very desirable bird dogs. These were the kind that kept pointers and setters in records of winners, and as great field workers.

"Lady Moore," owner L. L. Moore, Joplin, Missouri.

A man must be prejudiced in favor of no breed in answering the question of pointer or setter, and then his arguments will never convince the particular lover of either side. Each breed has its strong characteristic that cannot be neglected by the fair minded man, though he fads a particular kind.

The setter men claim that setters will work in any cover, their coats will turn briars, they will retrieve out of water when necessary and they will work in marshes where a pointer will

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

be out of place. Moreover, they declare with emphasis that a setter can stand more cold than a pointer. Then some go so far as to state that setters have more style, they are faster and wider rangers.

The intense breeding of the 100 per cent Llewellen has made a dog with an extremely fine coat. One should not hide this fact when the argument is on. Some of them will flinch briars badly; some of them will chill in the marshes; some of them cannot stand cold any more than the most sensitive pointer. Add to this another thing, the pointer can stand more hot weather and will work amidst cockle burrs where the fine coated Llewellens, some of them, constantly are stopping to rid themselves of the pests despite that most of their coat has been clipped before they entered this kind of shooting country. But remember there are some pointers that despise burrs as much as a setter, and some pointers will enter a briar patch any setter will, or retrieve out of water any setter will and not chill in the least if they are kept going after the bath. But there are lots of pointers that hate water and lots of setters that cannot be made go in it, unless they are very hot and the pool is only belly deep.

The above are mainly the arguments used in traducing either breed by pointer and setter men, but the real things—bird sense, speed, range and endurance, what about them? If the dogs are bred as carefully as their opponents, then there is little to choose between. If you love setters select them for your shooting; if you love pointers select them for your shooting, because if you change from your old love on the suggestion of someone to another and by chance happen to acquire an inferior animal you will be unjust; you will condemn the entire breed instead of the dog you own. You will find faults now and then, also, that you will vow, whether true or not, never existed in your old favorites.

Our entire fault today is buying youngsters on mere pedigree reputation. Seldom we buy old dogs that are trained except on ten days' approval. We do the youngsters and it is all guesswork until they mature. That very thing of reputation is the hidden rope that trips you up. You buy on the reputation of a sire, on his field reputation in the trials which you seldom know a thing about except from reading. One seldom hears the demerits of a winner or the times at trials that he lost on account of these demerits. One does not often hear of bad qualities of temperament and lack of efficient bird work. But though a dog may have lost race after race by some faults such as failure to do bird work, blinking, which is often the case, or failure to point consistently, the first time he is a winner, no matter the company, and he is advertised well, the public wants puppies from him and seemingly don't care a whoop what the dam could do.

If you want to be satisfied with setters or pointers and want real dogs and are going to buy from field trial strains, which is about the best route to follow, pause and think a while before acting. Get some back numbers of the papers reporting the field trials and follow the performance of the sire just as closely as possible, then demand that the mother of your dog was a real hunter, not one that was supposed to be. With

(Continued on page 77)

Champion Bero of Elmview

"Strong Heart" Police Dogs

character—plus *appearance*

Champion Bero, Grand Champion Komet von Hoheluft and other noted dogs at stud. Pups for sale at reasonable prices.

"You can pay more, but you can't get a better dog"

SUN BEAM FARM
STRONG HEART KENNELS

EASTERN ROAD, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

English Springer Spaniels

We take pleasure in offering the American Sportsman some of the best bred hunting and show type Springers in the world. Our dogs are all field workers and the show qualities were demonstrated at the New York, Chicago and Milwaukee shows this Spring and many shows last year. International Champion Horsford Harbour (the only International Champion Springer in the world) and Ch. Horsford Highness having each won two American Championships in the last year. Send for instructive and interesting circular and full information about the puppies ready for June, July and Aug. delivery from $65 to $150. You will be cordially welcomed at our spacious kennels at any time. One and one half miles North of City Limits on Trunk Line 15. Typical Springers Sires at stud, fees from $35 to $100.

Int. Ch. Horsford H.

Winnebago Kennels, Reg. 72 N. Oakland Ave. OSHKOSH, WIS.

"The Home of Champions"

Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to FEED AND TRAIN your dog KEEP HIM HEALTHY and CURE DOG DISEASES How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dog leads, training collars, harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES
Dept. 70 Bound Brook, New Jersey

Labrador Retrievers

Beautiful Labrador Retriever puppies and broken dogs for sale. Blood lines of England's best. ABSOLUTELY NATURAL RETRIEVERS.

Bertsch Labrador Kennels, Glasgow, Montana

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Recommended by the leading breeders and fanciers.

Free Kennel Manual

How to care for your dog.

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Bred from the very best imported strains. Puppies ready for shipment.

PRICES REASONABLE

CATALOG 10c.

Arkansas Valley Kennels
D. C. Davis, Prop.
Cimarron - Kansas

DOG WORMS QUICKLY AND SURELY REMOVED

in 24 hours with DOG-AID WORM CAPSULES. See your dog improve at once, $1 per box postpaid. Write for FREE book on dogs, TODAY.

DOG-AID MEDICAL CO.
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The Aristocrat of Aristocrats

Ranch Raised Puppies. Excellent Blood-Lines. On approval. Prices reasonable.

GEO. E. HINEMAN
DIGHTON, KANSAS

DOG INSURANCE

Policy covers Death from any cause, theft and loss by escape at reasonable rates.

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PEORIA ILLINOIS

The Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Dept. C, Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum Hounds, Bear and Lion Hounds, Varmint and Rabbit Hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. Stanley Blake, Mgr., also keeper of Blue Grass Stud Book.

SEND FOR YOUR COPY

Two hundred page illustrated dog book about world's largest kennels and its famous strain of Oorang Airdales specially trained as companions, watch-dogs, automobile guards, stock drivers, hunters, retrievers.

Ten cents postage brings book with price lists of trained dogs, puppies, supplies, feeds, medicines, etc.

OORANG KENNELS, Box 130, La Rue, Ohio

BOARDING and SUMMER TRAINING

Yard breaking and force breaking to retrieve. Gun dogs my specialty. English setter pups of the very best breeding for Sale.

H. CAMERON, FAIRFIELD, CONN.

Beagle Hounds

SAM PATCH GRIT
14½ inches

FIELD WINS OF SAM PATCH GRIT: 2nd Buckeye Trials, 15 inch, all age, Dennison, Ohio, 1922, 17 starters. 1st Wisc. Snowshoe Trials, 15 in., all age, in a 4-hour test on HARE, Woodruff, Wis., 1923. Member of pack placed 3rd in SPECIAL PACK STAKE, same trials. 1st Wolverine Trials, 15 in., all age, Allegan, Mich., 1923, 19 starters. We have puppies sired by **this great hound**, and out of **crack hunting bitches. Order your pups now** and own the best rabbit hound you ever had. Satisfaction guaranteed. Puppies always for sale.

Masterly Beagles Registered
Desk H Watertown, Wis.

ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIELS

From best imported Field Trial and Show Bench strains. Puppies and young stock, usually, for sale. Eligible to registration. Prices reasonable. DR. W. B. STEWART, Monessen, Penna.

AIREDALES THAT ARE AIREDALES
I BREED THE REAL STUFF
DR. KNOX, BOX 50, DANBURY, CONN.

Help the Izaak Walton League and subscribe to its magazine OUTDOOR AMERICA

I Invite You to Come Up to

Camp Senia

In the Beartooth Region and Grasshopper Glacier Country. 700,000 acres of startling beauty and mountain wonders.

Come—ride or hike our miles of fine saddle trails—climb our mountains—slide on our glaciers—explore our canyons and ***fish for trout in our lakes and miles of streams.***

CAMP SENIA in the Beartooth Mountains

is in strict keeping with its environment — rough — rugged — friendly — scrupulously clean — wholesome — and of a nature that will pull you back again. Cabins—tents—accommodations in general are comfortable and just what an active mountain visitor would desire. Then, too, there are no conventionalities at Camp Senia — wear your old clothes or outing togs—you are on a vacation—enjoy it.

A. H. Croonquist
Camp Senia, Via Red Lodge, Montana

A. H. CROONQUIST,
Camp Senia, via Red Lodge, Montana

Just write your name and address below and send this advertisement to me, and I will send you a beautifully illustrated booklet — and tell you about our rates and the low round-trip railroad fares, etc.

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Street .....

City .....

State .....

Muskallonge *at* Mantrap Camp

Season opens May 15th, when the tigers strike fast and furious. Also Large and Small Mouth Bass fishing. Camp opens May 15th with special rates for May bookings. Mantrap Lake head chain of twelve lakes. Good eats at main dining hall, cottage plan. Boats and guides reasonable.

Write for Booklet.

E. M. WILSIE - Dorset, Minn.

(Continued from page 59)

He began crawling slowly and quietly up the slope toward the rock, while Langdon held his breath in anticipation of what was about to happen. Twice Bruce looked back, and he was grinning broadly. There was undoubtedly going to be a very much astonished bear racing for the tops of the Rocky Mountains in another moment or two, and between this thought and the picture of Bruce's long lank figure snaking its way upward foot by foot the humour of the situation fell upon Langdon. Finally Bruce reached the rock. The long knife-blade gleamed in the sun; then it shot forward and a half inch of steel buried itself in the bear's rump. What followed in the next thirty seconds Langdon would never forget. The bear made no movement. Bruce jabbed again. Still there was no movement, and at the second thrust Bruce remained as motionless as the rock against which he was crouching, and his mouth was wide open as he stared down at Langdon.

"Now what the devil do you think of that?" he said, and rose slowly to his feet. "He ain't asleep—he's dead!"

Langdon ran up to him, and they went around the end of the rock. Bruce still held the knife in his hand and there was an odd expression in his face—a look that put troubled furrows between his eyes as he stood for a moment without speaking.

"I never see anything like that before," he said, slowly slipping his knife in its sheath. "It's a she-bear, an' she had cubs—pretty young cubs, too, from the looks o' her."

"She was after a whistler, and undermined the rock," added Langdon. "Crushed to death, eh, Bruce?"

Bruce nodded.

"I never see anything like it before," he repeated. "I've wondered why they didn't get killed by diggin' under the rocks—but I never see it. Wonder where the cubs are? Poor little devils!"

He was on his knees examining the dead mother's teats.

"She didn't have more'n two—mebby one," he said, rising. "About three months old."

"And they'll starve?"

"If there was only one he probably will. The little cuss had so much milk he didn't have to forage for himself. Cubs is a good deal like babies—you can wean 'em early or you can ha'f grow 'em on pap. An' this is what comes of runnin' off an' leavin' your babies alone," moralized Bruce. "If you ever git married, Jimmy, don't you let yo'r wife do it. Sometimes th' babies burn up or break their necks!"

Again he turned along the crest of the slope, his eyes once more searching the valley, and Langdon followed a step behind him, wondering what had become of the cub.

And Muskwa, still slumbering on the rock-ledge with Thor, was dreaming of the mother who lay crushed under the rock on the slope, and as he dreamed he whimpered softly.

(To be continued)

In July

The Fisherman

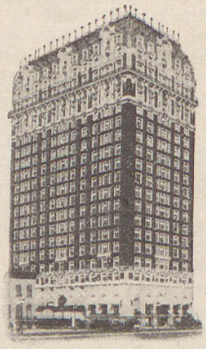
By

ZANE GREY

SPORTSMEN!

When going through Chicago on your fishing or hunting trip—north, east, south or west—make your headquarters at

THE BLACKSTONE
South Michigan Avenue facing Grant Park
or at
THE DRAKE
Upper Michigan Avenue facing Lake Michigan



The Blackstone

These two magnificent world famed hotels are equi-near the center of the city's activities. They are connected by the Famous Boulevard Link, an important part of Chicago's "City's Beautiful" Plan.

Booklet on request

THE DRAKE HOTEL COMPANY
Managers Chicago

TROUT FISHING

In the Heart of the Rockies

Would you like to visit a fishing camp, 8500 feet above sea level, 15 miles from gasoline, where the only means of transportation would be a saddle pony, with mountain streams and lakes teeming with Eastern brook and Cut-throat trout?

With Good Food, Good Beds, Good Fishing and Good Scenery THAT IS WHAT WE OFFER

This makes a wonderful side trip on your way to the Yellowstone Park.

Ask any Northern Pacific or Burlington ticket agent. Special round trip rates.

Send for Booklet.

CAMP SAWTOOTH
F. I. JOHNSON, Prop. RED LODGE, MONTANA

COME TO **EAGLE KNOB LODGE**

On Beautiful LAKE OWEN

A camp run to meet the taste of discriminating out-of-door-folks. A strictly moral, high grade vacation paradise for the entire family. Best Bass and Great Northern Pike fishing in Wisconsin's forest country.

Send for booklet. Reservation required.

WALTER H. REED, Cable, Wis.
Member of Izaak Walton League of America—Rotarian

Through sleeper with special rates daily over C. & N. W. R. R. to Lake Owen station, May 15 to Sept. 30.

SKIFF LAKE

is a native home of land-locked salmon and it is kept well stocked. LACOOT LAKE is a virgin, speckled trout lake, fished only by my guests. I have comfortable, clean camps, with complete, good equipment at both lakes. Each camp accommodates four sportsmen and has separate quarters for guides. 7 P. M. Boston train gets you in camp the following noon.

References and rates upon request

DICK SHAW, Reg. Guide
Canterbury, N. B., Canada

An Apology

THROUGH an unaccountable error, the name of O. W. Smith was left off the big bill board at the League's second annual convention supposed to contain all the names of those artists and writers whose contributions, absolutely without pay, have helped to make the League's magazine, "Outdoor America," the splendid publication which it is. We wish to take this occasion to apologize to Mr. Smith for this oversight and to thank him for his delightful stories which have appeared in the magazine.

The Editor.

The Tragedy of Jackson's Hole

(Continued from page 9)

large doses. When we capitalize beauty we capitalize it so that it looks like Coney Island on a crowded day.

How can people learn better if you destroy to begin with the things that will teach them? What hope is there for a nation if it levels down to a common denominator of destruction all its distinguished features? A hundred years from now, if we keep on as we are going, the school children of America will be unable to think of a forest without associating it with tin cans and their idea of solitude will be merely a paved road that, for a moment, happens to have no other car on it but their own.

Meanwhile, there is still some beauty left, and you can save it if you will. The matter is in your hands. And never forget that it is your inheritance that is at stake. But there must be some play, and some direction, and some common sense.

First Bait for an Angler

THE Sport Books tell of bass and trout
Of plugs, of bugs and flies;
But not one word is told about
"The Worm That Never Dies."

Perce Ve Rance.

RED FEATHER CAMP

A SPOT in the heart of "The Land o' Lakes" in the Northwoods of Wisconsin where city folks may spend their summer vacations in rare comfort. One, two or three room cabins. Best of beds—our table will satisfy you.

Musky, bass and pike fishing—390 miles north of Chicago—10 miles from railroads. Join the Red Feather Tribe.

Write for booklet.

CHAS. B. NICHOLS

RED FEATHER CAMP, Rest Lake, Manitowish, Wis.

COME TO MINNESOTA

"The Land of Sky Blue Waters"

"America's Finest Summer Recreationland"

Here nature has created a summer playground with surpassing natural advantages—to these are added man-made comforts not the least of which are **over 1600 summer hotels and camps.** Matchless facilities for every summer pastime.

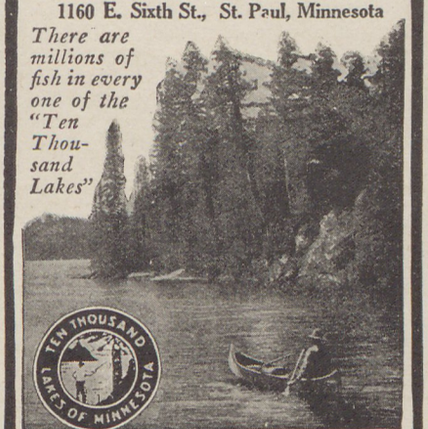
Many millions of dollars have been and are being spent by the State on **good roads**—broad highways throughout the State lead to the famed "Ten Thousand Lakes."

You are assured that no matter what your means or taste you will find a hotel or stopping place to suit your purse and requirements; you can camp on the broad highway if you wish—and thousands do—without paying a penny to anybody.

Minnesota bids you come. Get free particulars first if you wish. Address,

Ten Thousand Lakes Association
1160 E. Sixth St., St. Paul, Minnesota

There are millions of fish in every one of the "Ten Thousand Lakes"



FLY AND BAIT CASTING, hand line fisherman, notice! We are located on the Illinois River in the best and largest territory left in the State. Boating and bathing. Write for particulars and reservations.

W. T. BOYD, Sheldons Grove, Illinois

BIG GAME HUNTERS

COME TO

QUESNEL LAKE, B. C., CANADA

Spring hunting. Black and grizzly bear. Summer fishing and camping. Fall—caribou, moose, goat, bear, deer and wild fowl. Guides and camps. Guaranteed results. Write

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CANADA'S WILDS
NORTHERN ONTARIO

TIMAGAMI Wabi-Kon Camp
Lake Timagami
Ontario, Canada

The unspoiled country—A real North Woods Camp with every comfort in the heart of **four million acres** virgin forest—**1502 lakes. Wonderful fishing.** Guides, Boats, Canoes and Launches. Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto. Excellent table. **Write for booklets.**
MISS S. ORR, 250 WRIGHT AVE., TORONTO, ONT.

OH IKE! It's great fishing in Long lake for Muskie, Bass and Pike and in the nearby streams for Trout. Special attention given to fishing parties. Cabins furnished for housekeeping to accommodate parties up to six. Board and lodging at reasonable rates.
Write for folder.
WHITMAN'S LODGE, Phelps, Wis., Vilas County

"The Maples"

Located in the heart of best Bass, Pike and Trout territory in Michigan. Abundance of common small fish. Good eats, clean beds and good boats. Also furnish cottages for rent. Tourist camp, reasonable rates. Write for booklet, The Maples.

W. C. GREEN, Prop.
Box 157, Bellaire, Michigan

Pike, Bass, Musky, Pickerel

JUNE is the month of big catches. 27 lakes without a portage. Write for booklet. Electric Lights, Running Water, Garage, the log-cabin resort.

LAKE BREEZE
THREE LAKES WISCONSIN

GIRLS CAMP IN COLORADO

Camp Kimoho in the Rockies affords unique advantages. Illustrated book free.

MRS. G. F. R. CURRENS, 1447 Grandview Ave., Boulder, Colo.

Wouldn't You Like a Camp Like This

up in Northern Wisconsin where the bass and the muskies are plentiful and game abounds? Let us help you find the ideal spot. Our service is free. We are not brokers.

Write for our circular of summer cottage plans which describes the extensive service of this institution.

The Outer's Store In the Land o' Lakes.

WILSON LUMBER CO.
WOODRUFF, WIS.
"At the sign of the Green Arrow"

EAGLE LAKE CAMPS
Formerly Titus' Camps

For Hunters and Fishermen. On Eagle Lake, one of the famous Fish River chain that stretches from Central Northern Maine, through virgin forests, almost to the Canadian border. A group of 18 camps. Ideal location. Real comfort, cabins heated and well ventilated. Electric lights and running water in every cabin. Magnificent views. And the pick of sports. In the heart of the big game country; there is no limit to the sportsman's enjoyment. Eagle Lake Camps are Nature at its best. Easily reached. For particulars, address

SAUL MICHAUD, Manager
EAGLE LAKE, ME.

Northern Ontario, Canada
The Unspoiled Country for the Real Fisherman and Hunter

Black Bass, Pickerel, Pike, 'Lunge, Salmon and Speckled Trout will furnish you thrills and your catch will only be limited by your skill. Moose, Deer, Bear, Ducks, Partridge and Rabbits in season. 24 hours from New York, Chicago or Pittsburgh. Canoeing, Bathing, Hiking and Motor Boating.

For folder or referenees, write
E. L. Hughes, Mgr., CAMP CHAMPLAIN
Trout Mills, Ontario

GOING FISHING?
then come to
LAKE VIEW COTTAGE
and
LOG CABINS
Connecticut Lakes **Pittsburg, N. H.**
and get the best Trout and Salmon fishing in the East. Write for booklet and rates.
M. W. REYNOLDS, Prop.

WHITE PINE CAMP
on beautiful Lake Owen, in the Heart of the Great North Woods. **Come on up,** the fishing is fine. We will show you where to catch the Big Ones. Comfortable cabins, wholesome food, open-hearted hospitality. Radio.
Booklet on Request.
KOEMPEL & WILLIAMS, Cable, Wisconsin

The Moon of the Jumping Frog

(Continued from page 35)

a big fish-net bag. This was easy for there was no one guarding the cave.

"When he got out and started to cross the swamp with his load of wealth he sunk down into the mud, going deeper and deeper every step until he got down to his knees and then to his waist, and was sinking farther every minute and still he would not throw away his load of stolen Wampum and try to get out without it.

"Instead he called on his Medicine to help him out, forgetful of the fact that no Medicine is strong enough to help one do evil things unless he is one of the Evil Gods himself.

"So his Medicine could not help him and he sank on down in the swamp mud until he was up to his neck and still he would not throw away his stolen wealth of Hiqua Shells and get out before it was too late.

"So Wah-wah-hoo sank down into the mud and when only the end of his nose was above the muddy water he let go of the bag of Wampum and called for help with the last breath he had before the mud closed his mouth.

"As he had thrown away his Wampum his Medicine Spirit could help him, so now he appeared just in time to say, 'I will change your shape so you will not smother in the mud; go you now and be H'nash-ka, the Jumping Frog, and live always in the swamps because you are not wise enough to live like men; you can think of only one thing at a time, so you can sit in the sun and think of what you did with your great wealth of stolen Wampum which will do you no good now, and you can think what you would have done if you had been honest; now I leave you, for I will not be your Medicine any more because you are too big a fool.'

"So now you know how it came about in the first place that Wah-wah-hoo, a fine young man, was changed into H'nash-ka, the small Jumping Frog that you find everywhere sitting in the sun on the muddy edge of the lake, trying to remember where he left his bag of Wampum.

"He will never find it, for it sunk to the bottom of the swamp and the Beaver Chief, Capa, the Wise One, found it and took it back to his cave under the lake.

"Capa, the Beaver, told his friends Waka-dan-hi-yu-zapi, the Bass Chief, and Ta-mah-he, the Chief of the Pikes, and all of the Under-the-water-living People how Wah-wah-hoo had stolen his Hiqua and been changed into H'nash-ka, the Frog, by his Medicine because of his evil ways.

"Now the Beaver Chief, Capa, being a good friend of all the Water-living Tribes, when they heard how the Young Man had been changed into the Frog they all got bad hearts and began to chant their war songs and to hunt for H'nash-ka, the Jumping Frog, to kill him and eat him.

"So now you know why the Frog is good for bait if you want to catch the tribes of Hoh-ganza, the fishes; they are all ready to make war on this thief who stole the Wampum belonging to Capa, the Beaver Chief, who is their friend.

TROUT

Yes, square-tailed, red-spotted fontinalis, fly-fishing, average 2 to 4 lbs. Veriest tyro can take 'em on a fly. Only 27 hours from Toronto or Montreal on virgin waters in Northern Ontario

North of Nipigon Rivers

Trips May 24th and from July 4th throughout summer of 10, 14 and 21 days, by reservation only. Write for particulars.

MOOSE

On the Northwestern Quebec and Northern Ontario areas of THE NEW NORTH.
Our guests killed 33 Moose and 3 Bear in 1923. Record head '23 of Canada killed here, spread 67".
Lodges, Hunting Camps, ease of access, real guides: complete trip at a definite cost. Hunting license $25.00. Trips here of 14 days.

Now is the time to secure reservation. Correspondence from sportsmen solicited. A limited questage. Write

S. E. Sangster, Man.-Dir. **Canuck's Camps** **(Box 393) Ottawa, Canada**

THE WILDERNESS OUTFITTERS
at ELY, MINNESOTA
"Where the Wilderness Begins"

Complete and reliable outfitting service. Canoe and Fishing Trips arranged into Superior National Forest and Canadian Wilderness. 6,000,000 acres virgin wilderness – 10,000 lakes – 8,000 miles canoe trails – unexcelled fishing. Complete camping outfits for rental. Food supplies, full line of tackle and camping accessories for sale. Guides reserved. Maps, rates, literature, and information furnished on request.

We Furnish Everything

Fiske Camp On Intermediate Chains of Lakes. Fine Fishing — Rooms or Cottages — Fine Sandy Beach—Tennis Court. Rather primitive, but comfortable. Khaki Clothes — Home Cooking—*BOOKLET on REQUEST.*
C. B. FISKE, Central Lake, Mich.

FISHERMAN'S PARADISE
Located on chain of six Lakes. Black Bass, Pickerel, Mackinaw and Speckled Trout, *Bathing, Tennis,* Motor Boating. Finest Log and Stone Bungalow Dining Room this side of Rockies. Perfect Sanitary Conditions. Lodge Cottages, Close-to-Nature Houses, Tents *Write for Booklet.*
H. D. SMITH, Bellaire, Mich.

SUMMER COTTAGE FOR SALE
Ready to occupy—Minocqua, Wisconsin
Seven rooms; sleeping porch; bath; hardwood floors; birch trim; fireplace; electric lights; running water; hot water heater; American Radiator Heating Plant; awnings; garage; garden; shrubbery. A real summer home well located in Minocqua, Wisconsin, offered at a sacrifice for quick sale! For photographs, price, and particulars, address
GEORGE WILSON, WOODRUFF, WIS.

FOR SALE One of the finest sites for private fowl ranch and hatchery in Wisc. For information, write GEO. W. ALLEN, Stevens Point, Wisc., Box 54.

VARNEY'S CAMPS On shore of Connecticut Lake near Canadian Bort der. Log camps, open fire. Detached sleeping cabin. Good eats and boats. Good guide. Salmon and Trout Fishing, May to October. Deer and Bear Hunting, October to December. At reasonable rates.
Write for Booklet.
A. L. VARNEY **Pittsburg, N. H.**

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Wallace the Huskie

(Continued from page 38)

swim up to us jumping into his old position in the center of the canoe.

We all feared that we had contrived to spoil dear old Wallace for his usual life of "work and no play" in the service of his master and that he would have some stern disciplining ahead of him the following winter. We recently learned, however, that our camp pet together with the fellow members of the trapper's dog-team hauled their master to Alaska and back last winter and that despite his unusual and luxurious vacation Wallace still maintained the place of honor, which he had held for many years as Leader of the Pack. Perhaps in his dreams, under the bright stars of those clear, cold northern lights, Wallace forgot the cold and hardships of his present existence and lived over again the happy care-free summer days spent at camp. We fondly hope that some day in the near future we can return to that wonderful north country and introduce our baby son to the kindest and noblest of huskies, Wallace of Bear Island, Temagami.

The Kennel Department

(Continued from page 73)

such a dam, a sire that has won with a bird brain and stamina and other qualities you are almost sure of getting a youngster that is the kind worthy of a breed and expending your time and money on training.

Now and then you hear men vow that a pointer in bird work, speed and range is the equal of a setter, but they are more difficult to handle. This is not true. Others declare that a pointer is the easiest to handle and this is not true. If one animal has it over the other it is that the pointer may be a little harder to train, but stays trained better than the present day setter and not so likely to get flighty and from sheer nervousness at times be unable to hold point. But there are high strung dogs in each breed and one should take pains in handling them carefully instead of knocking the breed.

One's love for breeds comes with the way he started. If he got in with setters first and hunted with them for years, he will never be able to see any other breed. If he began with pointers and fadded them for years it will take a mighty fine setter, extra classy in every way for him to give these animals the slightest credit. I have never seen a setter show something in the field which at another time I did not see a pointer do. It is the selecting of the dogs; the young prospects or the dog ready to put to work that counts and the way in which they are worked.

Any breed will look bad from poor handling and poor judgment in selecting the pointer or setter for field purposes. One man will work a young setter at six months of age and if it points go on with its training and then give it the hardest work on game during the shooting season, just so it keeps

(Continued on page 78)

Glacier

Go to Glacier Park this summer and refresh your soul. Here the Rockies surge and toss in the wildest and grandest confusion of mountain grandeur in America.

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Your Burlington tour to Glacier may embrace a portion of scenic Colorado without extra cost and you may have a free side trip from Denver to Colorado Springs and return. For only $4.50 more your Glacier tickets may include transportation to the gateways of the Yellowstone geyserland embracing the world-famous Cody Road—90-mile scenic mountain highway through the heart of the Buffalo Bill Country. Very low summer excursion rates. Stopovers anywhere.

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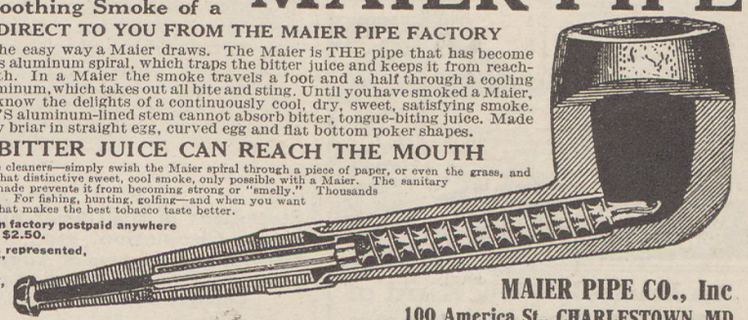

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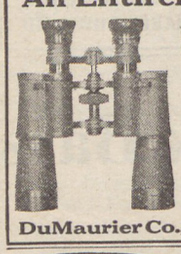

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(Continued from page 77)

going. In two years he has a dub on his hands and berates every member of that breed on account of the slowing up of the dog. Another man will take the same material, work it differently and have a wonderful dog. That man has a dog with real class and with fire and a great hunting instinct years after the other dog has passed out of memory. It was not the breed but the man behind the breed that counted.

Not so many years ago the writer endeavored to induce a man to buy a young pointer of very high class. The dog was sent to him on approval. He sent it back and declared that it was brainless and all it cared to do was to run, and after that nothing in the world could ever make him look at a pointer of field trial breeding. Several seasons afterward he accompanied the writer on a shooting trip with some friends. They had two dogs, among them an eight year old pointer that ran away from the setters, outpointed and outfound them. The truth was he was a former field trial winner. The man that years ago condemned the young pointer simply raved over this old dog, and called attention to his single bird work, saying that no dog of field trial blood ever could have done it. This was the very dog he had turned down when a youngster.

Taking all things in account, whatever dog you have, whether pointer or setter, be satisfied with it, have confidence in it. Love it, give it your best, and afterward you will not be bothered about whether the breed of another kind is best for your shooting.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,
of Outdoor America, Published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1924.

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared M. S. Heiss, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Izaak Walton League Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Editor, Will H. Dilg, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, Will H. Dilg, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. Business Managers, M. S. Heiss, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Will H. Dilg, Pres., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.; Thomas Ambrose, Vice-Pres., 330 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.; Fred N. Peet, Secretary, 214 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.; Charles W. Folds, Treas., 208 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.; M. S. Heiss, Executive Secretary, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

M. S. HEISS,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1924.
[SEAL]
CLYDE C. POSVIC,
(My commission expires May 5th, 1927.)

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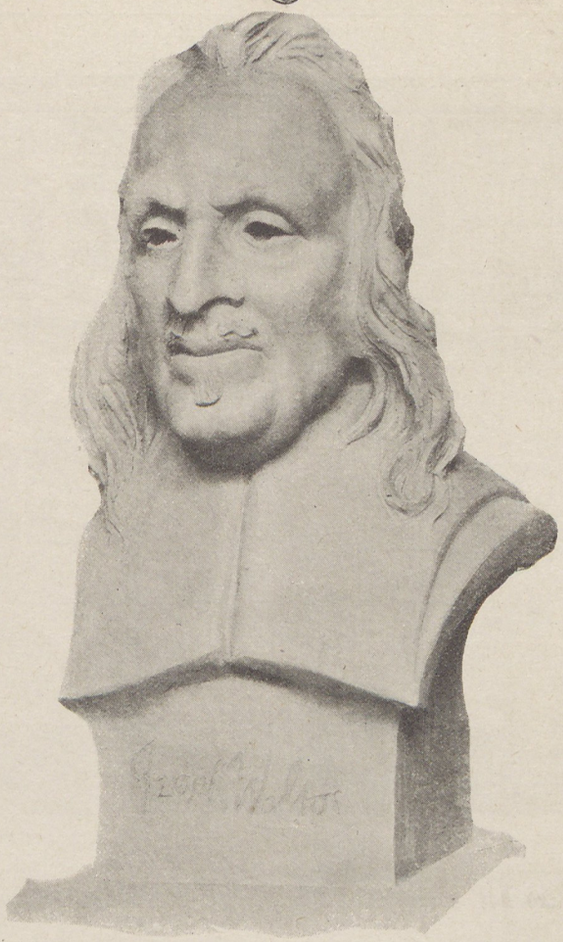
Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America



Here's the Bust of Izaak Walton!

As Unveiled at the Second Annual National Convention by Dr. Henshall Before Pathe Weekly Camera

WE hope every Chapter and every Izaak Walton League member will obtain one of these Busts. Unveiled at the Convention, before the assembled delegates, it was dedicated as the Official Emblem of the Izaak Walton League of America.

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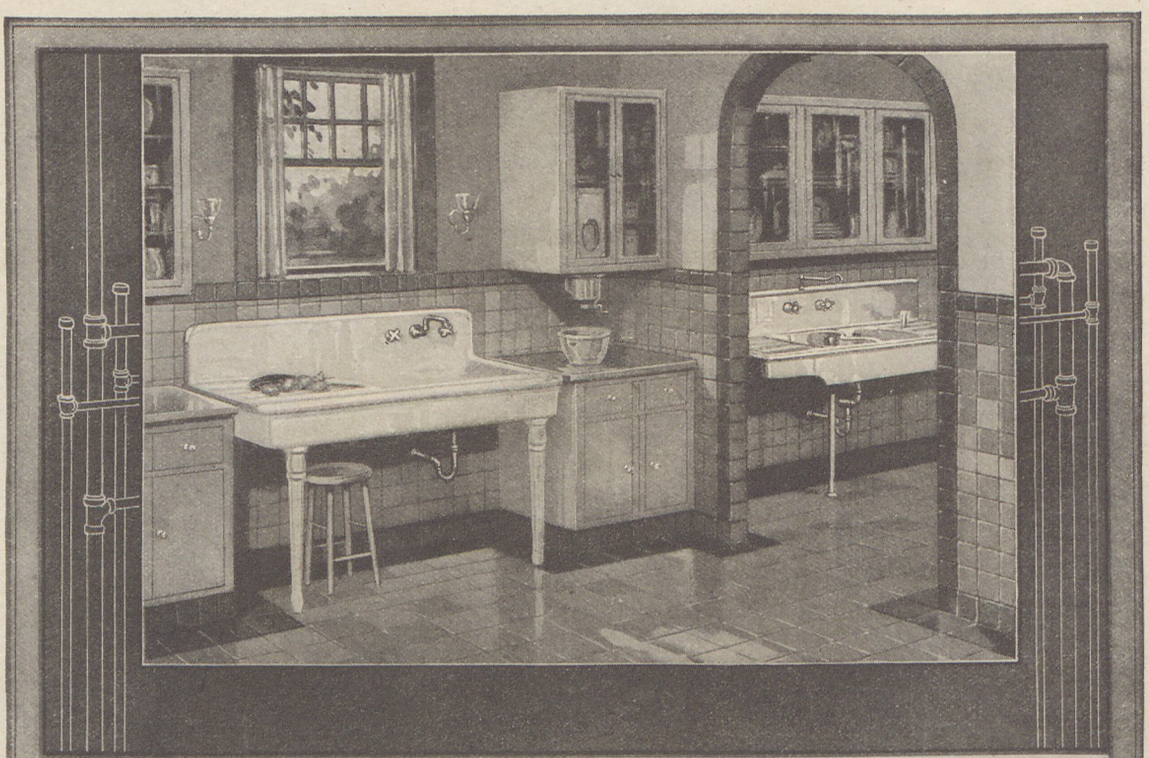

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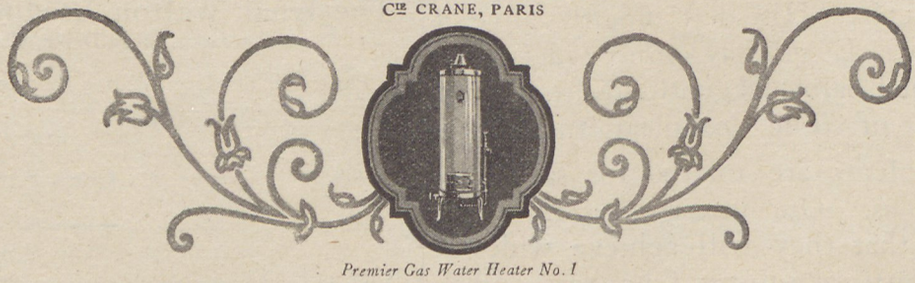

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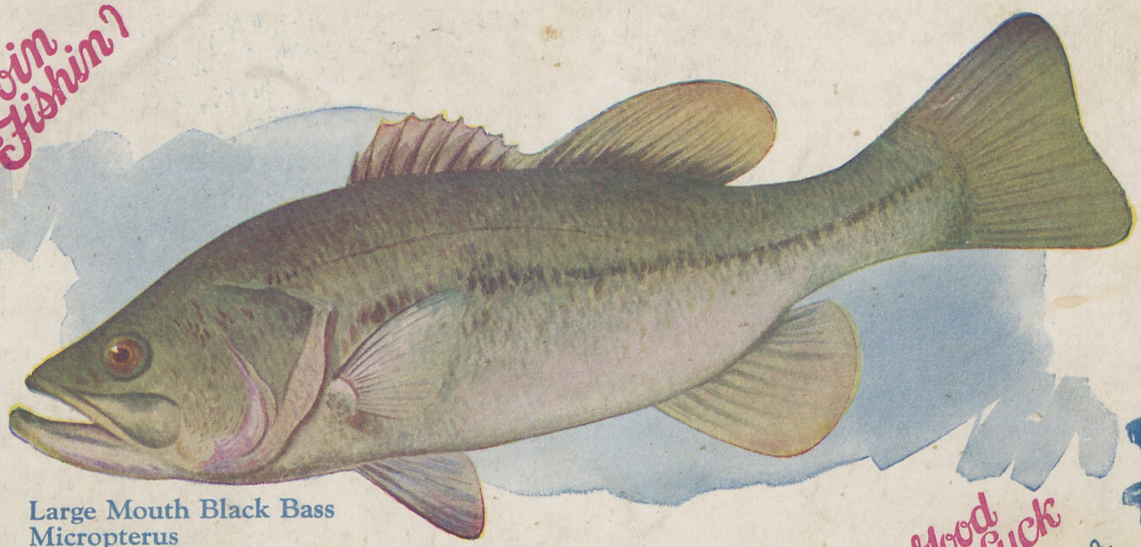
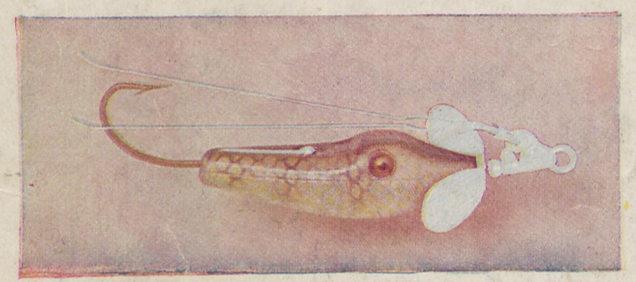


Large Mouth Black Bass
Micropterus
Salmoides

Good Luck

Jim Heddon

Single Hook Lures *for* Bait Casters



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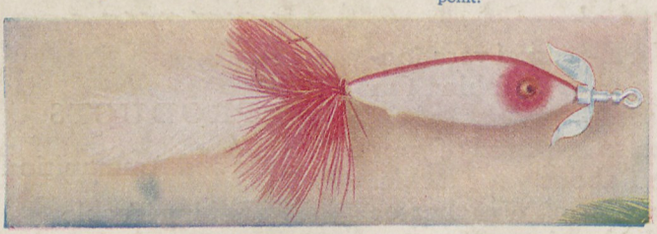

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The Heddon Stanley has the triple lure of minnow body, spinner and pork rind. The Walton Feather-tail combines the minnow with the now famous feather principle of the Wilder-Dilg Lure. Both are made in the well known Heddon standard of quality. Every Waltonian should have two or three of each in different color combinations.

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